Collier's
TEN CENTS
MARCH 10, 1945

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

THE FIRST SHORT STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

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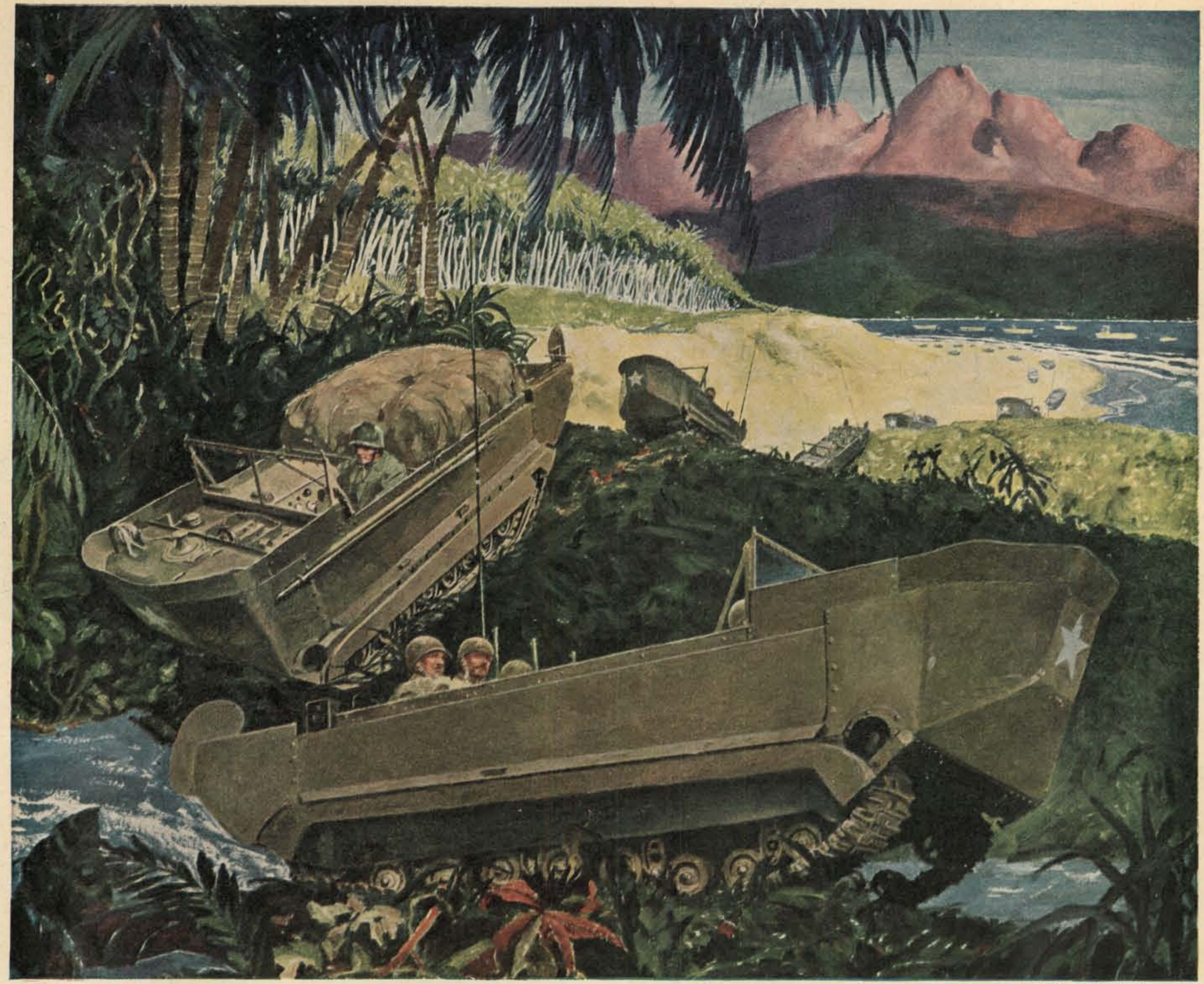
PHOTOGRAPH BY FORD FREEMAN

Mar. 10, 1945



© 1945 The Studebaker Corporation

It's a jungle "Weasel" too!

IN the forbidding tropical undergrowth of the Pacific islands, Studebaker's amazing new Weasel personnel and cargo carrier is now in action with our armed forces.

It's advancing, as it has been doing in Europe, over terrain that seems impossible for any mechanized military vehicle to negotiate.

Swiftly and stealthily, the Weasel glides forward in mud and swamp as well as on sand and snow. And it floats like a boat in lakes and rivers, as its tracks, powered by its Studebaker Champion engine, propel it from shore to shore.

A many-purpose vehicle, this new "Champion" in invasion warfare not only transports men and supplies but also serves to carry wounded back to hospital areas. It's geared to clamber up seemingly impossible grades on its flexible rubber-padded tracks. With its help, light artillery pieces, and the ammunition to feed them, can often be moved up to otherwise inaccessible positions.

Built by Studebaker and powered by the famous Studebaker Champion engine, the Weasel is just one of a number of Studebaker war production assignments which include Wright Cyclone engines for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress as well as heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks.

Awarded To All Studebaker Plants

Studebaker

PIONEER AND PACEMAKER IN AUTOMOTIVE PROGRESS

Wartime builder of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks—the Army's versatile personnel and cargo carrier, the Weasel.

Your War Bonds help keep the Flying Fortresses flying

Keep on buying War Bonds and keep the War Bonds you buy. They're the world's best investment. Every $3 you invest pays you back $4.

In years of testing

Listerine Antiseptic users had

FEWER COLDS AND FEWER SORE THROATS

Why is Listerine Antiseptic such an effective aid . . . why does it so often help nip a nasty cold in the bud for so many people . . . why have years of testing shown fewer colds and fewer sore throats for the test subjects using Listerine?

The answer, we believe, is simply this . . . amazing germ-killing power with safety.

This delightful antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of potentially troublesome germs called the Secondary Invaders. (See panel at right.)

They are the very types of bacteria which, unless held in check, so often can stage a "mass invasion" of throat tissue to produce much of a cold's misery and discomfort. Bad customers, all of them.

If you have been in close contact with other cold sufferers, if you are tired, if your feet get wet or cold, and you have been exposed to drafts or sudden temperature changes, gargle Listerine Antiseptic quick!

Such factors can often reduce body resistance and make a "mass invasion" easier. Listerine Antiseptic, used early and often, gives Nature a helping hand in halting such germ invasions.

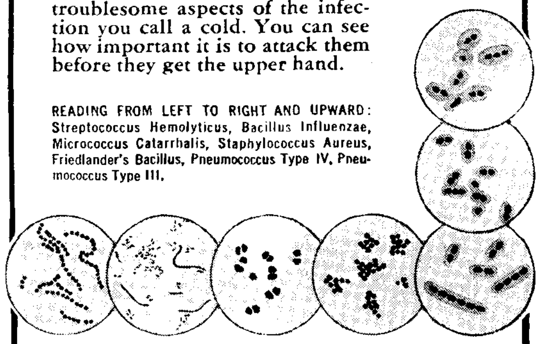
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Note:—Germs Were Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Below are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered, when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.



READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT AND UPWARD: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus, Friedlander's Bacillus, Pneumococcus Type IV, Pneumococcus Type III.

1930 - 31
1931 - 32
1934 - 35
1935 - 36
1938 - 39

1939 - 40
1940 - 41
1941 - 42
LISTERINE

BETTY GRABLE Says...
"JUST BE SURE IT'S A Motorola Radio"
F-M & A-M HOME RADIO • AUTO RADIO • AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS • TELEVISION • F-M POLICE RADIO • RADAR • MILITARY RADIO
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO 51, ILL.
FAMOUS "HANDIE TALKIE"... ANOTHER MOTOROLA FIRST

BETTY GRABLE—20th Century-Fox Star

Collier's
FOR MARCH 10, 1945

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DONALD CONGDON	Fiction

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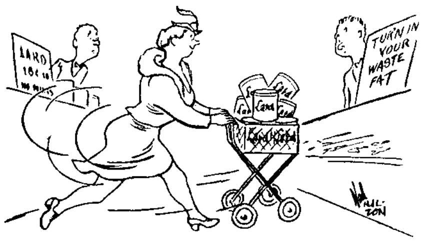
COVER By *FORD FREEMAN*

any week

A LADY in Bronxville, N. Y., asked us if we would be interested in knowing how, up until a few weeks ago, you could legally buy red ration points for seven cents each. Before we could say yes, she outlined the procedure: You went to your market and bought a pound of point-free lard for eighteen cents. Next, you stepped over to the meat counter, turned in the lard for government use and you got your two red points, plus four cents.


LARD 18¢ lb
TURN IN YOUR WASTE FAT
WIL-SON

WE'VE just returned from a trip to sea in an airplane carrier and if the naval censors don't object, we hope soon to pass along some things you ought to know about your Navy. Meanwhile, we'll confine ourselves to an incident involving a colored messboy we'll call Jackson. Summoned before the skipper for overstaying his liberty, Jackson was reminded that he had been confined to the brig on bread and water for ten days on many another occasion for the same offense. "Now," said the captain, "when are you going to start behaving yourself?" Jackson, envisioning ten more days of meager subsistence in the sneezer, looked dejected. "Well, Cap'n," he said, "I reckon befo' I start behavin' mahse'f, I'm goin' to be jest skin an' bones."

ACCORDING to Mr. Howard Shambaugh, of Wilmington, Ohio, folks around his neck of the woods were scandalized to no small degree by Mr. Gerald Mosler's contribution in our issue of January 27th concerning the names of certain male and female animals. Specifically, Mr. Shambaugh objected to Mr. Mosler's statement that a hog and sow produce a farrow. "I've lived on a farm, man and boy, for nigh onto forty years," Mr. Shambaugh writes, "and until today I never heard of a pig being called a farrow. To my notion, farrow isn't what a pig is—it's what happens to him when he's born. Out here, pigs is pigs, changing into shoats and eventually into just plain hawgs, the tarnation critters."

WE JUST got a telephone call from a lady who asked us for our address. We wanted to know why. "I want to send you an invitation," she explained. "Invitation to what?" we demanded. "I'd rather not tell you," she said. "If I did, maybe you wouldn't come."... G. W.

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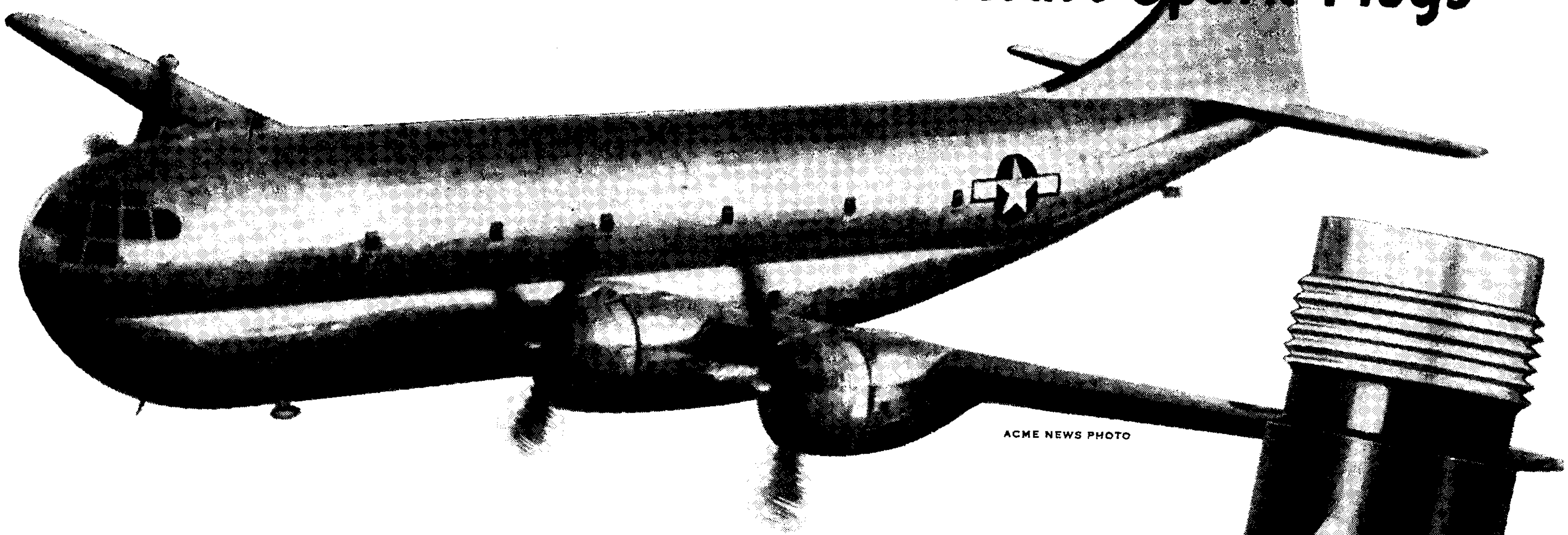
TRANSCONTINENTAL RECORD *Smashed!*

by Army-Boeing-Wright "C-97" TRANSPORT with AC Aircraft Spark Plugs


ACME NEWS PHOTO

SEATTLE TO WASHINGTON, D. C.—6 HOURS, 3 MINUTES, 50 SECONDS

MORE THAN 383 MILES AN HOUR

AC Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs fired all four of the great Wright "Cyclone" engines which carried the mammoth Boeing-built Army transport 2,323 non-stop miles—and broke the speed record for planes of *any* size.

Achievements like this demand *utmost reliability*—the quality for which AC Spark Plugs have been known to motorists, operators of buses and trucks, yachtsmen, and farmers since 1908. This same reliability is also now serving our armed forces, in the air, on the ground, and on the water—and is keeping essential transportation on the job all over America.

BRING YOUR SOLDIER HOME SOONER—BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND THIS MONTH

SPARK PLUGS—have them cleaned regularly

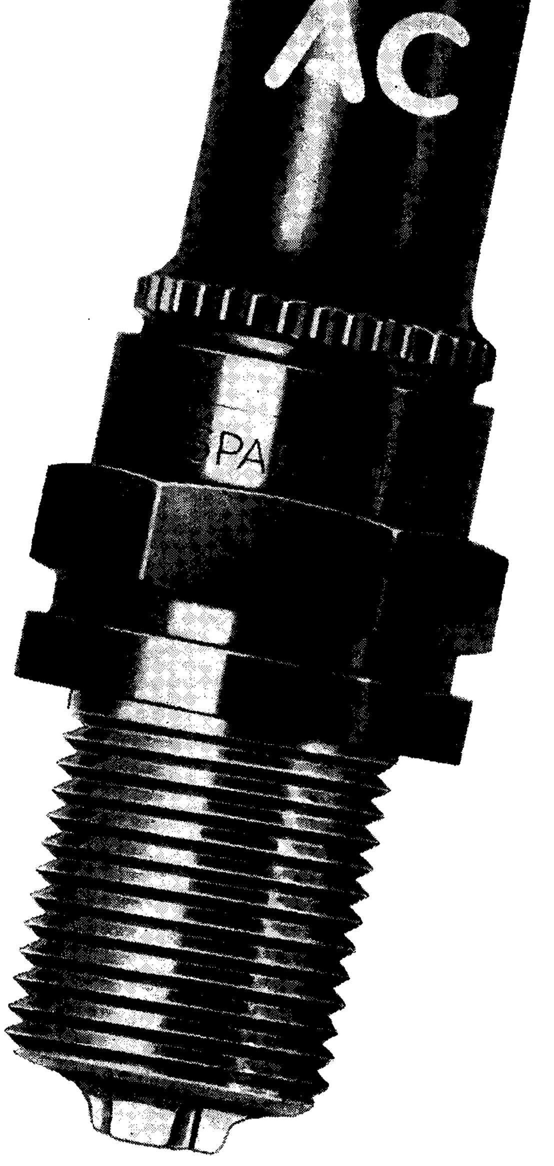
AIR CLEANER—have it rinsed when your car is lubricated

FUEL PUMP—have it checked thoroughly at 35,000 miles

OIL FILTER—have it checked when your car is lubricated

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—have them repaired promptly

SPARK PLUGS


AC

PA

AC CERAMIC AIRCRAFT SPARK PLUG

The Florsheim Shoe

The Dearborn

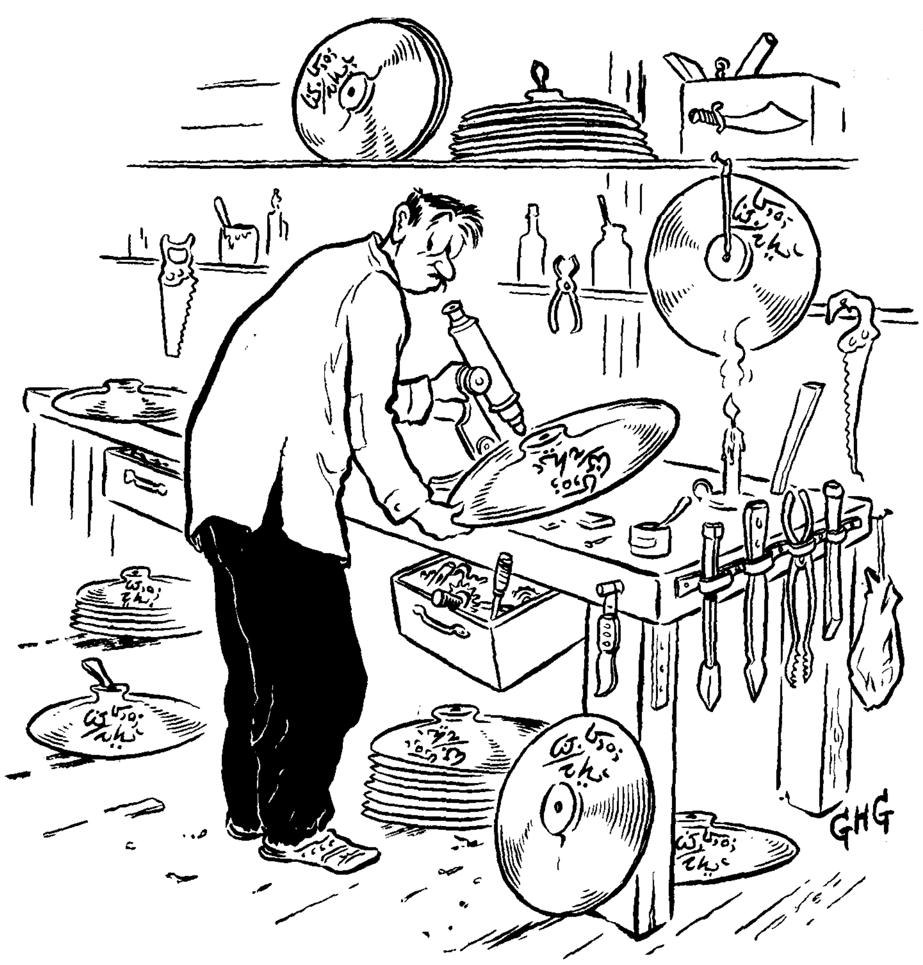
Look for the FLORSHEIM SHIELD —the Sign of Shoe Quality

Confidence in the Florsheim name stems from 53 years of quality shoe making. Men look for it today, because they want the one pair they buy to be the finest pair they can own.

Most Styles $10^{50} *and* $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



GEORGE H. GREEN

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

For 322 years, virtually all fine band and orchestra cymbals have been made by an Armenian family named Zildjian, now living in Quincy, Massachusetts. Their monopoly is the result of a secret process passed on by word of mouth only to the senior male of each generation. And even the world's best metallurgists have failed in their attempts to reproduce the sound of these cymbals. About 50 years ago in Mexico, Karekin Zildjian, a relative who believed he had learned the secret while working in the family shop, set up a cymbal factory, but his first mixture of metals and chemicals exploded and blew off his head.—*By Arthur C. Conley, Brighton, Massachusetts.*

The term "ack-ack," short for antiaircraft, is not an imitation of the sound of such guns, as commonly believed. It is the letter a, used twice as an initial, as it is pronounced for clarity in spelling over the radio and telephone by the British military forces.—*By Rosalind C. Newman, Ardmore, Okla.*

On the civil airways of this country since 1938, all traffic-control instructions broadcast to and acknowledged by planes in flight have been automatically recorded on records which can be played back to determine who was at fault in case of accident.—*By Lieutenant Commander George W. Shaw, Alexandria, Va.*

In Tokyo, the world's third largest city, hundreds of streets are unnamed and thousands of houses are unnumbered. Moreover, when used, numbers bear no relation to one another, as they are usually selected for their meaning by the owner. Thus, a house numbered 23 might be next door to 118 and across the street from 297.

Impotence is not a ground for divorce today in 15 states and the District of Columbia.

Military training in peacetime is compulsory in 45 major countries, while it is voluntary in only 10, including Australia, Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Between 1920 and 1940, the number of telephones on American farms decreased 39 per cent, while those in towns and cities increased 89 per cent. Today, only 26 out of every 100 farms have phones, although 65 out of every 100 are adjacent to existing lines.

The most stupendous musical event to take place in America was the World Peace Jubilee, held in Boston from June 17 to July 4, 1872, to celebrate the end of the Franco-Prussian War. Supplemented by a chorus of 20,000, the orchestra comprised 2,000 instruments, including a bass drum 25 feet in diameter. To lead this vast aggregation in a rendition of one song, The Beautiful Blue Danube, the composer, Johann Strauss, was brought from Vienna at a cost of $20,000.

The planes of the U.S. Army Air Transport Command no longer render nonmilitary services gratis, now charging an average of between 12 and 13 cents a mile for civilian passengers and approximately $1 a ton-mile for commercial freight.

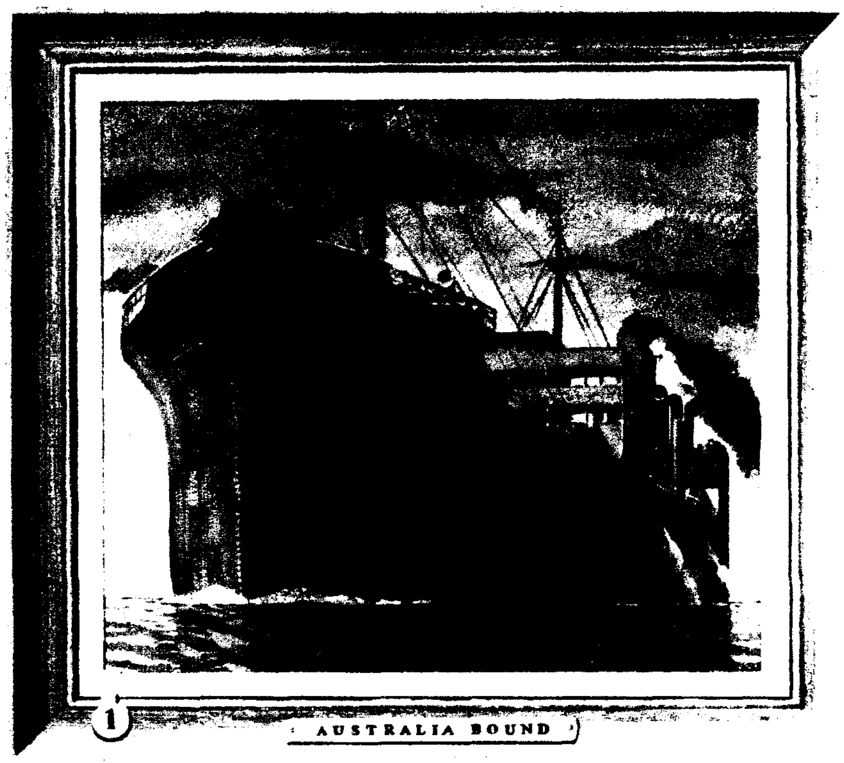
In New York State, masquerade parties are prohibited in all public places and require police permission when held in a house or other private place. . . . While 90,000,000 native Americans speak English in the same general manner, 26,000,000 have a Southern accent and 10,000,000 an Eastern accent.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

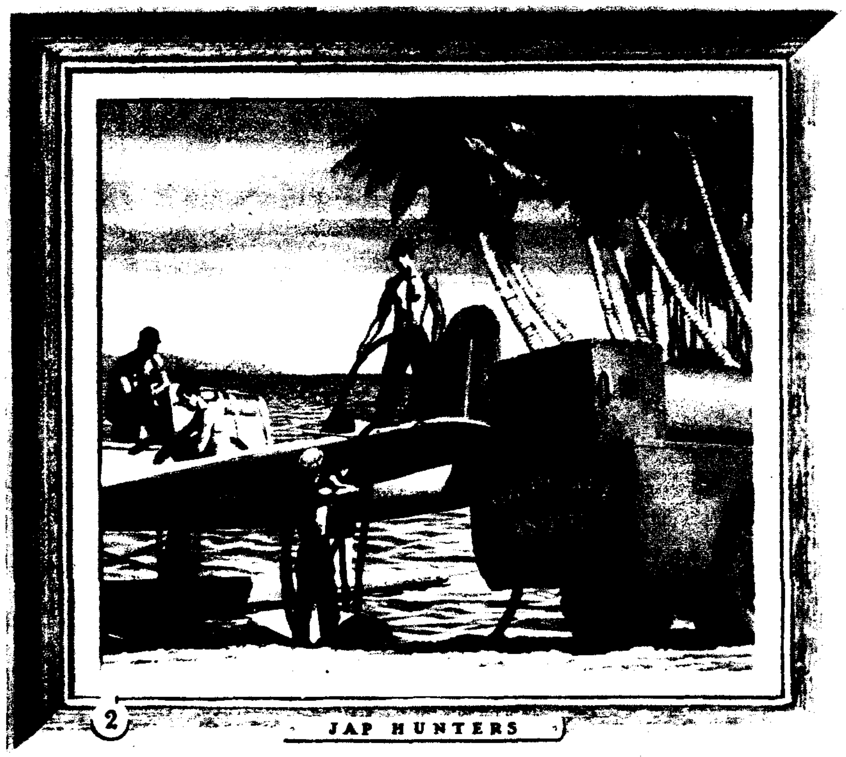
In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Wednesday night (at 9:00 E.W.T., 8:00 C.W.T., 7:00 M.W.T., 6:00 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network

What's wrong with these pictures?

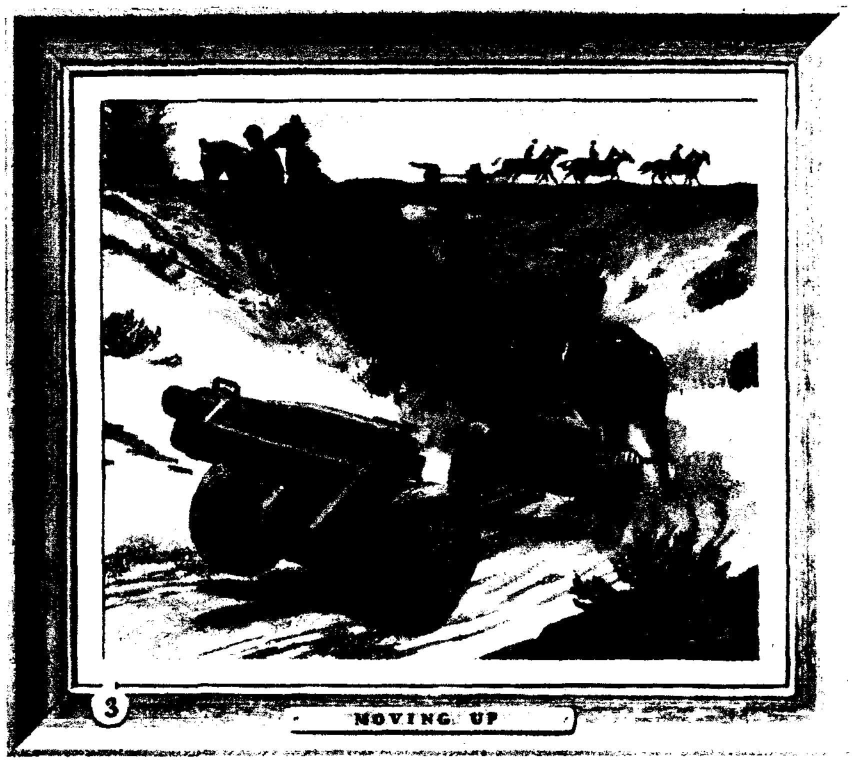
Look closely. See if you can spot the mistakes the artist has made before you check with the answers below.



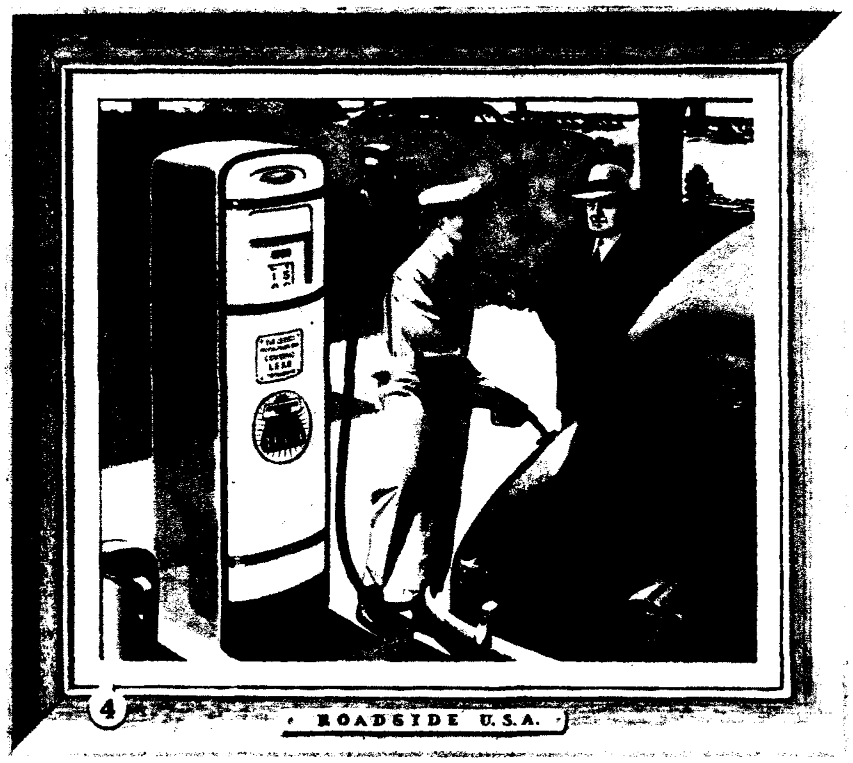
1 AUSTRALIA BOUND



2 JAP HUNTERS



3 MOVING UP



4 ROADSIDE U.S.A.

Here's what's wrong:

1 If the tanker is bound for Australia, or any other point in the Pacific, she would be loaded to the gunwales—probably with high octane gasoline—and would float *deep in the water*. Only an empty tanker would ride as high as the one in the picture.

2 Look closely at the lettering on the back of the truck. It reads "low octane gasoline." All Army and Navy airplanes must have *high octane* gasoline. Practically all this high octane fuel is stepped up with a generous portion of Ethyl fluid—and that's why Ethyl gasoline has been absent recently from many civilian gasoline stations.

3 That's the wrong kind of "horsepower" for World War II. Today nearly all artillery is moved with gasoline power. Gasoline requirements of this war are said to be eighty times those of World War I.

4 The Ethyl trade mark on the pump is upside down . . . and remember the Ethyl emblem is something to keep your eye on. After the war, as before, it will be your guide to top-quality gasoline and to the very best performance from any car you may buy.

Ethyl Corporation

Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.

ETHYL
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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PETER ARNO
INSTRUCTRESS

"You're making wonderful progress since you've got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'."

HOW'S YOUR PROGRESS?

What's the good of your shave if it doesn't *last!* Sturdy, super-keen Gem Blades get the beard at the base clean and close; positively prevent "5 o'clock Shadow"! Keep you chin-clean far longer. Try Gem!

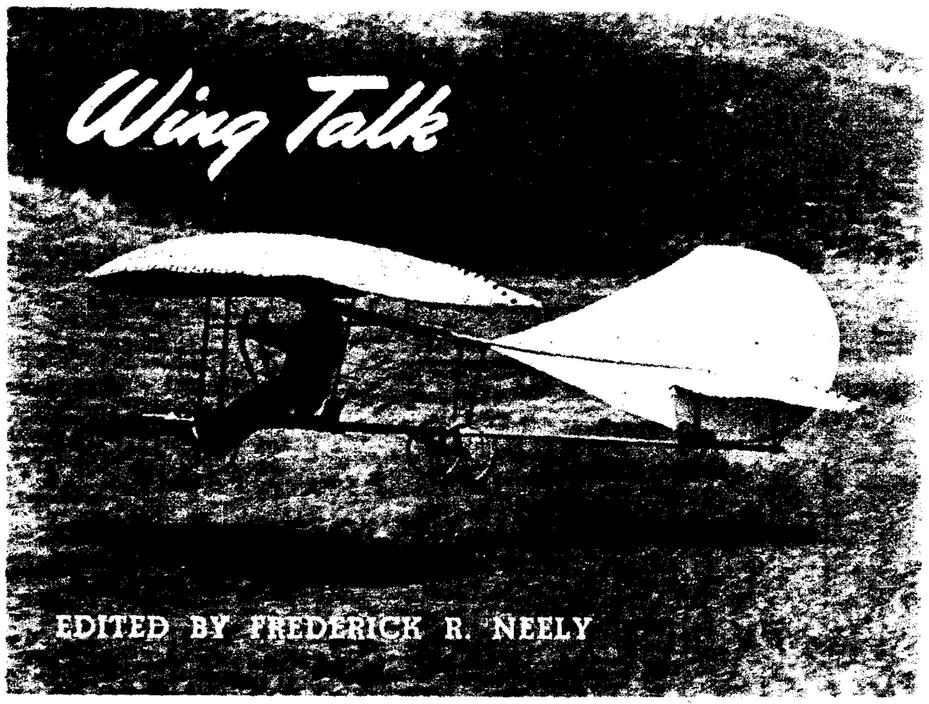
AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

GEM

RAZORS and BLADES

GEM SINGLEDGE GEM BLADE

PAPER PACKS A WAR PUNCH!
Fight Waste · Save Paper for Salvage



Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Twenty-eight years after his first flight, in 1883, John J. Montgomery is shown landing his 1911 model. He was killed in it a few weeks later

AT THREE o'clock that August morning in 1883, young Jim Montgomery got up without waking his folks and went to the barn. He fed the mules, Fanny and Jim, and then piled some hay in the wagon. Above him, on the stringers, lay a curious contraption of wood and unbleached muslin cloth covered with linseed oil. In the dimness of the lantern-lighted barn it looked like a huge sea gull with a wingspread of about twenty feet.

Back in the ranch house Jim's brother, John J., now was astir. He padded about silently, cooking bacon and eggs and hot cakes, making coffee. Outside, the gray false dawn was silvering the mists that flowed silently into the Otay Valley near the southern tip of San Diego Bay in California. A few miles to the south ran the Mexican line.

Jim Montgomery harnessed the mules and came back to the house. The brothers sat down to breakfast by the light of an oil lamp, whispering so as not to disturb their sisters, Mary and Jane.

"We'd better take the guns along, Jim."

"Guns—why?"

"Well, if anyone wants to know what we're doing up on the mesa, we can say we're deer shooting. We don't want anyone to think we're crazy."

"Hm. All right."

They stacked the dishes in the sink, packed a lunch, turned out the oil lamp and, closing the door softly behind them, went over to the barn and hitched the mules to the hay-filled wagon.

They lifted down the wood and muslin contraption and laid it gently atop the hay. It weighed thirty pounds and it was an all-Montgomery affair. Mary and Jane had sewed the muslin on the frame with linen thread; John and Jim had fashioned and bent the ribs and put the parts together.

The boys stowed away the lunch and a bottle of water, along with the deer guns, under the hay, mounted to the seat, clucked to the mules and drove out of the yard and up the valley. The west wind was whispering in from the Pacific; it grew stronger as the dawn came, and they turned up a narrow canyon road that led to the sloping top of Tía Juana Mesa. They unhitched the mules and left them in a little draw.

"Jim," said John Montgomery, hitching up his faded overalls, "let's get flying. . . ."

"I hope," added Jim.

They lifted out the muslin gull, headed it down the long slope of the mesa which, luckily enough, also headed it into the freshening breeze. Jim took a light 40-foot rope, attached it to the center of the wings and walked ahead to the rope's limit. John climbed into a sort of saddle between the wings, placed his heavy farm shoes into rude stirrups and grasped two handrails.

"Now, Jim," he said, "wait for a good gust, then run ahead and when—and if—it flies, let go. Don't forget to let go. It won't carry both of us."

Jim ran down the slope, hauling at the rope. He felt the machine drag behind him. Then the drag grew less—and then it was nothing. The rope was hanging from the wings, directly above him. He let go, and looked up. He could see the tense face of his brother, hanging on. The wings were forty feet above the mesa. The contraption soared like a gull for a few seconds, then came gently to earth. John sat silent for a minute while Jim came running up. "She flew all right, Jim."

"Quite a way, too. Must be more than a hundred yards."

They measured it with the 40-foot rope: Six hundred feet.

That was the first time anyone had ever flown over the American continent on wings.

IN WASHINGTON, Chester Alan Arthur of Vermont was president. A few months before, the French had started to dig a canal across the Isthmus of Panama; a few weeks before, the Brooklyn Bridge had been opened; a few days before, in Predappio, Italy, a bambino had been born to Old Man Mussolini, who named the brat Benito. In America, electric light, the telephone and the phonograph were new fads that everyone said soon would be forgotten, and no one ever had heard of an automobile. As for flying machines—well, look what happened to Icarus.

Today, if you ask an average man who made the first winged flight he'll say the Wright Brothers. The Wrights soared in 1900. Ask a scientific man and he'll probably say Lilienthal. Lilienthal flew in 1892. In December, 1903, the Wrights put a motor on their plane and made the first powered flight carrying a person, but Montgomery had soared twenty years before that.

The first man to fly in America was one of a family of six children, three boys and three girls. His ancestry was Norman-French and Irish. His father was an attorney, first in San Francisco, later in San Diego. His mother had been Miss Regina Cleary.

The Montgomery legend maintains that young John J. became interested in flight at the age of five, when he speculated publicly on the possibility of ascending a hill upon which a cloud rested, mounting the cloud and sailing off aboard it. A year later he was studying the flight of geese, and at eight was flying kites.

At eleven, he inspected a balloon, the Avitor, flown around San Francisco, by a Mr. Mariot, a friend of his father. This led to experiments with toy balloons and childish attempts to control them in flight. At fifteen he started studies at Santa Clara College, later going to Saint Ignatius College in

(Continued on page 53)

Diary of a Frontier Wife

"In a jiffy I had breakfast under way on my beautiful new gas range—coffee perking, toast browning, bacon sizzling. What a cheerful start it gave us this zero morning!"

SHE LIVES ON A LONELY RANCH. The coyotes howl at night. The wind has an unbroken sweep of hundreds of miles. But a gas range! That makes a different picture . . .

Yes, "rugged living" out beyond the gas mains—and that means in some big city suburbs, as well as on farms and ranches—is softened and tempered where Shell distributors deliver Shellane, gas in steel cylinders.

BOILING POINT 45° BELOW ZERO—Shellane, a petroleum gas product of Shell refineries, is compressed to a liquid and forced into steel cylinders, which are delivered to the consumer. At any temperature *down to 45° below zero,* when the pressure in the cylinder is eased by "turning on the gas," the liquid begins to boil.

Like boiling water changing to steam, boiling Shellane changes to gas. Piped to your range or hot water heater from the cylinder installed outside your house, it responds precisely like "city gas" when you light a burner. It burns with the same intense flame—smokeless, sootless, odorless, *hot* . . . Piped to your gas refrigerator, it creates cold storage and ice cubes.

Distribution of Shellane is limited by transportation and servicing facilities. Where available, Shellane is another important civilizing influence that stems from petroleum science.

Out of petroleum, PLUS IDEAS—finer motor fuels and lubricants

Speedy, flexible transportation is still the *greatest* civilizing factor—the family car which links the "frontier" home, and almost every home, with churches, schools, markets, theatres.

Wartime research ideas of Shell scientists are being translated into finer fuels and lubricants for the family car, ready when the word comes!

For distinguished service—Shell's Martinez and Wood River Refineries have been awarded the Army-Navy "E"

ARMY E NAVY

SHELL

Horizons widen through Shell Research

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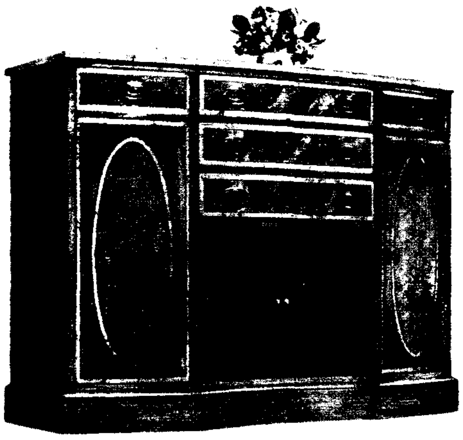

Philco is First by an average of 3 TO 1 . . .

in repeated Polls of Post-War Radio Buying Preference

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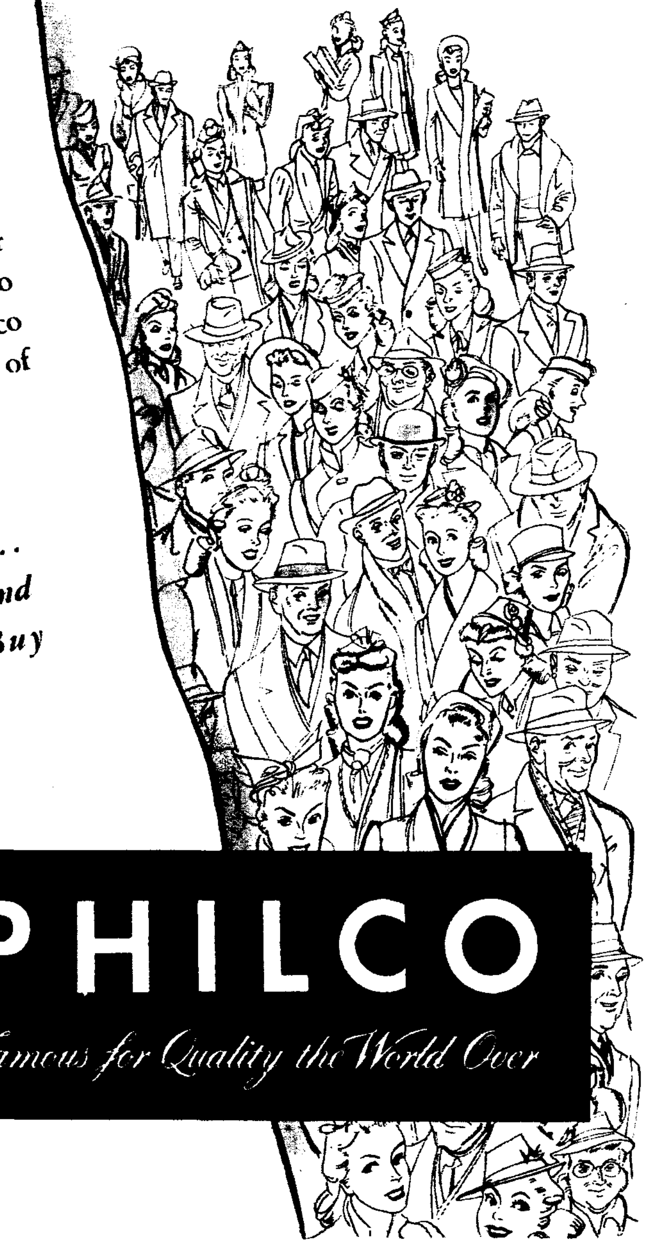

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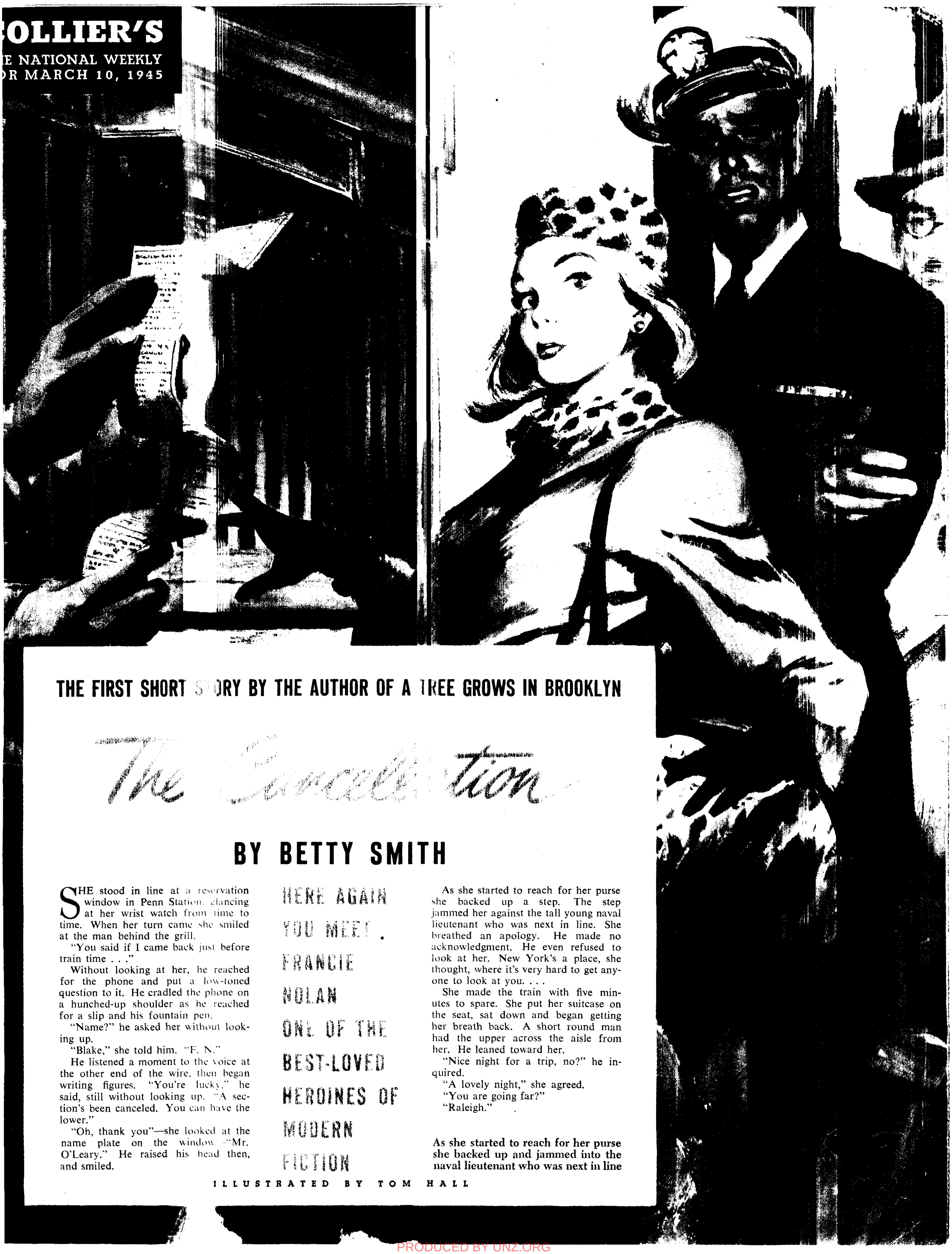


THE FIRST SHORT STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

The Cancellation

BY BETTY SMITH

HERE AGAIN YOU MEET FRANCIE NOLAN ONE OF THE BEST-LOVED HEROINES OF MODERN FICTION

SHE stood in line at a reservation window in Penn Station, glancing at her wrist watch from time to time. When her turn came she smiled at the man behind the grill.

"You said if I came back just before train time . . ."

Without looking at her, he reached for the phone and put a low-toned question to it. He cradled the phone on a hunched-up shoulder as he reached for a slip and his fountain pen.

"Name?" he asked her without looking up.

"Blake," she told him. "F. N."

He listened a moment to the voice at the other end of the wire, then began writing figures. "You're lucky," he said, still without looking up. "A section's been canceled. You can have the lower."

"Oh, thank you"—she looked at the name plate on the window—"Mr. O'Leary." He raised his head then, and smiled.

As she started to reach for her purse she backed up a step. The step jammed her against the tall young naval lieutenant who was next in line. She breathed an apology. He made no acknowledgment. He even refused to look at her. New York's a place, she thought, where it's very hard to get anyone to look at you. . . .

She made the train with five minutes to spare. She put her suitcase on the seat, sat down and began getting her breath back. A short round man had the upper across the aisle from her. He leaned toward her.

"Nice night for a trip, no?" he inquired.

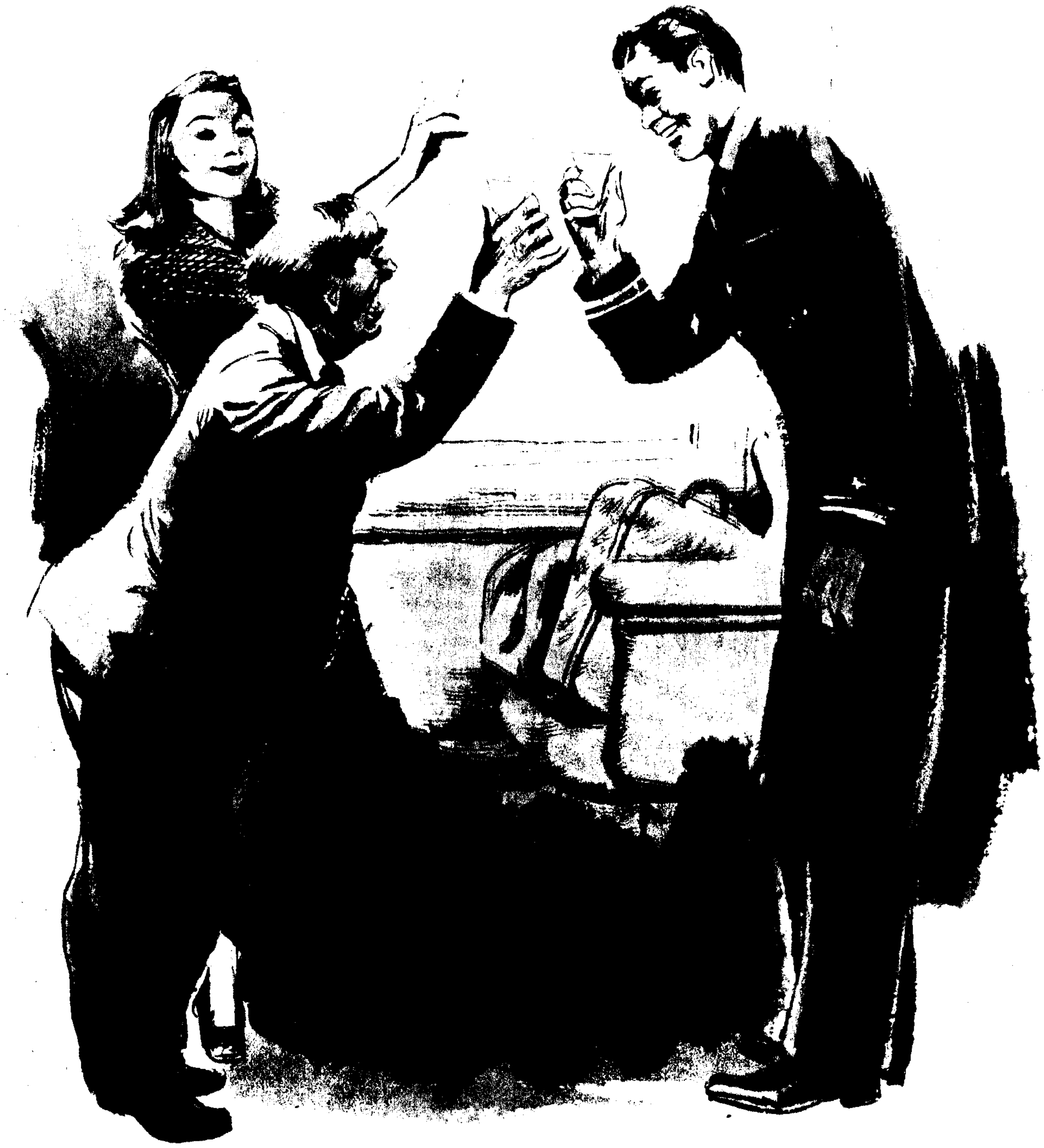
"A lovely night," she agreed.

"You are going far?"

"Raleigh."

As she started to reach for her purse she backed up and jammed into the naval lieutenant who was next in line

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL



"To something we should drink," the Brooklyn man said. All waited. No one suggested anything to drink to so they drank to nothing

"Why Raleigh?"

"I get a bus from there to my home."

"And home is where?"

She named a small Southern town about twenty miles from Raleigh.

"You don't talk like from the South," he commented.

"No. I was born and brought up in Brooklyn."

"Me, I'm from Brooklyn also."

They smiled at each other.

"Too bad about the Dodgers," she said. She didn't care, really. She was just making Brooklyn conversation.

"In the cellar they are, and there should they stay," was his comment. There was a pause. Then, "You heard, maybe, about a club—they shouldn't say mean things about Brooklyn?"

"Never heard of it," she said smiling.

The train gave a preliminary starting jerk. The Brooklyn man relaxed. "Now I read," he stated. He unfolded the next morning's edition of the News and was immediately absorbed in its pages.

SOON after the train got under way the passenger who was to share her section came down the aisle. It was the young lieutenant she had bumped into at the ticket window. Not looking at her, he threw his luggage, an expensive pigskin bag and two tennis rackets in frames, on the seat and went away again.

She sat back and relaxed, enjoying her feeling of well-being. She was happy that she had been able to get a Pullman reservation at the last moment. She was pleased when she looked at her blue fabric suitcase with the cowhide bindings and the shiny brass catches. She was happy about the way her name looked spelled out in full in gilt letters above the handle. Listen to me, she thought. Happy because I've got a name! Although the car was warm, she pulled her leopard-fur-lined coat closer about her, enjoying the feel of it.

The lieutenant came back and glanced at her briefly as he sat down opposite. A look of annoyance jumped into his face when he noted that she wasn't very young or very pretty. She saw the look and thought: I've disappointed him somehow. She opened her suitcase, removed a novel, snapped the suitcase shut and stood up to put it under the seat. The lieutenant stood up, too.

"I'll do that," he said.

She stood in the aisle, not wishing to bump him again. As he took the handle, he read the gilt name: Frances Nolan Blake. He shoved the suitcase under the seat. They sat down.

After thanking him, Francie said, "You were behind me in line at the ticket window."

"I wouldn't know," he said curtly. "I seldom notice women." But he wiped out his rudeness by a smile. And the smile was like a wound not quite healed over.

"Going far?" she asked.

"Florida."

"Your home's far away?"

"My home's in Michigan. But I'm not going home."

"I used to live out there. I went to the University of Michigan." She was pleased that they had a point of contact.

"I went to Yale." And it was as if he were sneering at what she was and all she might be.

She gave up the attempt to be friendly. What's hurting him so, she wondered, that he feels he has to give hurt in return, even to a stranger? He changed his luggage to the aisle side of the seat and sat next to the window. He stared through the black pane as though he were looking for something out there in the darkness.

With his eyes turned away from her, she had a good chance to study him. His face was deeply tanned and his blue eyes were light in contrast. Although he was young—under thirty, she guessed—his face had the gauntness of an older man's.

She looked around the car, interested in the other passengers. Most of them were servicemen—officers. They sat in quietness, aloof from the other passengers and from one another; it was as if each one had a somber problem to study out. There was a quartet of sleek-looking, middle-aged businessmen who seemed to have a lot to talk over, and a couple in the section in front of the Brooklyn man—a smartly dressed young matron and her successful-looking youngish husband. Good job, maybe in business for himself, deduced Francie. Owned their own home in a smart suburb; called their friends "our crowd." He was, decided Francie, what they call a good mixer.

The mixer's wife got up and went to the ladies' washroom. As though he couldn't stand being alone for a moment, the man got up and looked around the car for someone to be with until his wife returned. He chose the lieutenant, Francie's silent companion. He stood in the aisle, before their section, smiling in a friendly way while he extracted a cigarette from a package.

"Well, Lieutenant," he began breezily, "having a little vacation from the wars?"

The lieutenant turned his head slowly; still slowly he examined the man from his shoes to his head. Then, without having said a word, he turned his face back to the window.

THE mixer was not to be rebuffed. "Mind if I sit down?" he asked rhetorically, preparing to step over Francie's feet to get to the space opposite the lieutenant.

The officer put his feet up on the seat. "We're crowded," he said curtly.

"That's all right," said the mixer. "I'll sit right here." He put the pigskin bag on the floor of the aisle and gathered up the rackets. The lieutenant got to his feet. "If you've got to have this seat," he said, "for God's sake, take it. *I'll* move." He tried to step out into the aisle.

The mixer prevented this by replacing the rackets and bag on the seat. "Keep your seat, Mac," he said. "I've got a seat of my own."

The lieutenant sat down again and resumed his scrutiny of the darkness beyond the train window. The mixer went up front and started to talk to the businessmen.

The train was quieting down for the Newark stop. The mixer's voice came up out of the new quiet. "So he said, 'For God's sake, take it, I'll move.' "

The lieutenant's hands clenched. He turned his head to listen.

"Well, I understood right away," explained the mixer. "War neurosis. Away from home so long . . . nothing but fighting . . . they get edgy. It stands to reason, a man gets over there and does nothing but kill and kill. Then he comes home. His nerves are raw. He looks for trouble. . . ." His words trailed off.

The lieutenant was walking down the aisle toward the mixer.

The man started backing up toward the vestibule. "Now, Lieutenant, I meant nothing out of the way," he started explaining too loudly. The officer kept taking slow measured steps toward him. Then the man's wife came from the vestibule behind him and put her hand on her husband's arm and stared at the officer. The passengers stopped what they were doing and stared first at the officer, then at the frightened couple. For a second, the car was filled with the alertness of fear. The lieutenant turned and came back to his seat. The passengers went back to their own affairs.

There was a movement at the berth's curtains and then she saw the lieutenant's face staring at her

The train rocked on into the night. The businessmen had set up a suitcase, and the four of them were playing gin rummy. The mixer and his wife sat close together, speaking to each other in low tones. The lieutenant stared out of the window. The man from Brooklyn finished his paper, folded it back to the first page and leaned across the aisle, intending to hand it to the officer.

Francie caught the eye of the man from Brooklyn and shook her head at him. The round man looked as puzzled as a child, stared at the profile of the officer and sighed. He offered Francie his paper. She took it, thanked him and held it in her lap.

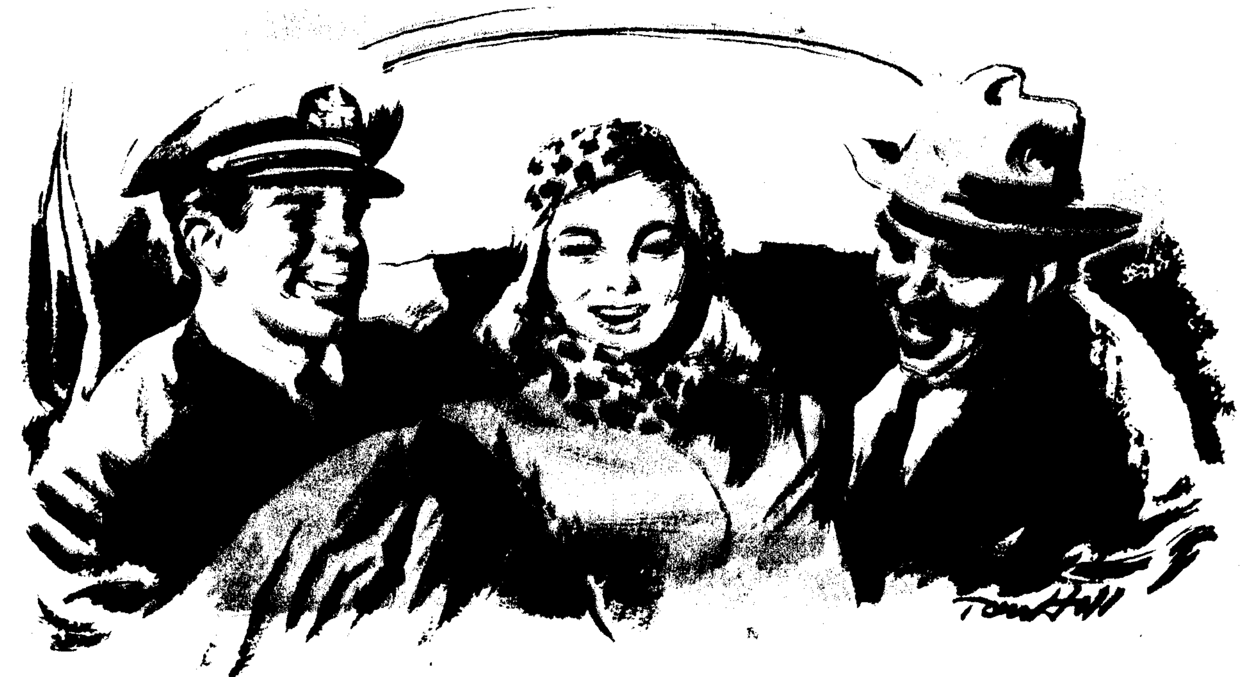
The Brooklyn man stared at the officer for a long time. Eventually, he stopped staring and took a worn letter from his pocket. He unfolded it and started to read. But before he began getting into the letter, he lowered it and waited until he had formed a deep bright smile on his face. As he read on his smile deepened. He folded the letter and put it back in his pocket. Then he took a bottle of rye from his suitcase, and took a long drink.

The porter began to make up the berths. Feeling a bit uneasy about the naval lieutenant, the porter avoided his section and that of the Brooklyn man opposite until the last. Finally he stood before the Brooklyn man. The man took his razor, shaving cream, toothbrush and paste from his suitcase.

"Tomorrow I see my boy in Front Bragg," he confided to Francie, and then looked at the lieutenant to see if he was impressed.

"That's nice," she said.

He added his bottle to his toilet articles and went off to the washroom. He was back in a few moments. His berth was nowhere near made up. He looked questioningly at the lieutenant and then at Francie. Francie moved over until she was sitting directly across from the officer. The Brooklyn man slipped into the seat she had made available for him. The lieutenant turned his head and scowled at the Brooklyn man.



The driver glanced into the rearview mirror. All three of his passengers were smiling, so he started to whistle along with the radio

They said goodby to the lieutenant. On an impulse Francie leaned over to whisper something in his ear

"He's got to sit someplace while his berth's being made up," she said. Her tone was half commanding, half pleading. The lieutenant permitted the man to sit there. The round man took this as encouragement.

"You will have a drink?" He held out the bottle.

"No."

"How about you, young lady?"

"No, thank you," refused Francie.

The round man took another drink. The next time he spoke, the edges of his words were a little blurred. He leaned forward and beamed at the lieutenant.

"Like an admiral you look in that suit," he announced.

The officer jerked his head around. There was naked surprise in his face. He looked at the man, then looked at Francie.

"So my boy looked, like a general with his two stripes," continued the man.

There was silence for a while. Again the round man leaned toward the officer. He nodded at the tennis rackets. "Tennis, you play, no?"

"I used to be a professional."

Francie was surprised at the sudden warmth in the officer's voice.

"So?" encouraged the Brooklyn man, but the lieutenant said nothing more. Once more a drink was offered and refused. Once more the Brooklyn man had another drink. Suddenly he spoke again, this time somberly and clearly: "My son was in the Bastogne fighting."

"I thought you said Fort Bragg," said Francie.

"Now I speak of my other boy, the good one." He set his bottle down carefully between his feet and took the worn letter from his pocket. His hands trembled as he unfolded the single sheet. The smile deepened on his face. "I will read you last letter I got from him." He read the first few lines to himself. Then he read aloud: "'. . . to make it short, she's through with me. Her letter says the engagement was a mistake.'"

THE round man looked up and explained, "My son, he went to N.Y.U." He continued reading: "'She writes she had a year to sit home and think it over; that it's not anything sudden. Well, Pop, I guess it wasn't much fun for her to sit around waiting for me to come back. It's not been fun for me, either. But I have no say over being away. I keep thinking the letter's a mistake. It's always been Joannie for me since the first night I met her. We had our flat planned. She wanted a Swedish kitchen. I was to get to paint the cupboards blue.

"'I used to duck fast when the shells came over, thinking of her fussing around in that kitchen. Now, I don't see much percentage in ducking any more. But I'm just talking. You know me, Pop—I'm just as scared of getting killed as the next one. I'm no hero.

"'I never did get around to telling you and Mom in so many words how I thought about you—the best parents a boy . . .'"

The man from Brooklyn folded the letter and put it back in his pocket. "The rest is just about home."

There seemed nothing to say. Finally the lieutenant spoke harshly: "He's well rid of her."

"No, no," objected the father. "To break the engagement, she had right. It's a free country, no? But it was the wrong time. She knew he was where the fighting was. She knew how he would feel. She couldn't wait; to do it little by little. All of it she threw at his head just before he went into a action. Such bad timing like they say in show business."

"How old is he?" asked Francie.

"Twenty-one."

"He'll get over it."

"You think so? In your heart you think so?" His smile deepened.

She didn't answer, because she really didn't think he'd get over it. People adjust their lives to grief but they never get over it.

The Brooklyn man shrugged. "Maybe, yes, he'd get over it, maybe no. That I will never find out. You see, we got the telegram last week." He took a yellow slip from his pocket and made them read it.

There was a while of silence. Francie smoothed the dust cover of the book lying in her lap. Irrelevantly, she noticed the strong bright pictures of the cover.

The lieutenant sat looking down at his shoes. Suddenly he spoke, and his voice was gentle: "I'd like to have a drink with you."

The Brooklyn man's smile cut deeper into his face. "And you, young lady?"

"I'd love one, too," said Francie.

The smiling man asked Francie to hold the bottle while he went to get paper cups.

He returned almost immediately, and three cups were filled. They held the fragile containers carefully while the man again placed the nearly emptied bottle on the floor.

He stood up. "To something we should drink."

The other two stood up. All waited. No one suggested anything to drink to.

"Well, we just drink, then," said the man.

They drank to nothing.

The porter adjusted the ladder on the upper berth opposite. "Your berth's made up, sir," he announced.

The man picked up his bottle. Just before he climbed the steps, he said, "You shouldn't think I hate Joannie. I just feel bad because she picked the wrong time." He turned awkwardly on the top step to get into the berth. Before he drew the curtains, he turned and smiled at Francie. "Good night, you should sleep well."

"You, too," she said. "Good night."

The man addressed the lieutenant: "And you, also." The officer said nothing, but he looked up and smiled.

The porter stood before the officer. "This is the last section, Captain. I just *got* to make it up now," he said.

The lieutenant ignored him, turning to Francie instead. "Smoke?" he inquired.

She nodded, yes, and they went out to the vestibule. They smoked a while without saying anything. The vestibule was dark and drafty. In spite of the warming drink, and the fur-lined coat which she held tightly about her, she trembled with cold. Then he started to talk. He spoke low and rapidly in the dark, as though there was an urgent need to get it out quickly.

"For two years I saw nothing but that ship. Now I have a twenty-day leave." He held his cigarette and studied the glowing end of it in the darkness. "I'm no hero. I didn't see much action. There was just that always being on the ship."

HE MADE a sudden transition. "A man fell overboard once. They lowered a boat. He was one of my men, so I was in that boat. But we couldn't get to him. The water sucked him in toward the ship's screws. It was like something being put through a giant electric meat chopper." She shivered. He went on: "I counted on this leave. I thought that once I got home, I could forget a little . . . for a while." Again he looked at his cigarette. "I'm married," he announced curtly.

She looked at his left hand. His cigarette's glow shone dully on a wide golden band. "I know," she said needlessly.

"We married just before I shipped out. There wasn't time to get home so she came to Norfolk. It wasn't a war romance. We'd known each other a long time."

"She wrote every day at first. I didn't get a letter every day, though. Once I got twelve in a batch. She seemed happy. There was a baby on the way." He started to discard his cigarette, then thought better of it. "After the baby came, she stopped writing every day, and when she did write, her letters sounded different. After all, two years is a long time. With me it was different—I had nothing else to do except think about her. But she had a lot of friends. She was always one for going out a lot. Then she had the baby to think about. She didn't *have* to keep thinking about me the way I did about her."

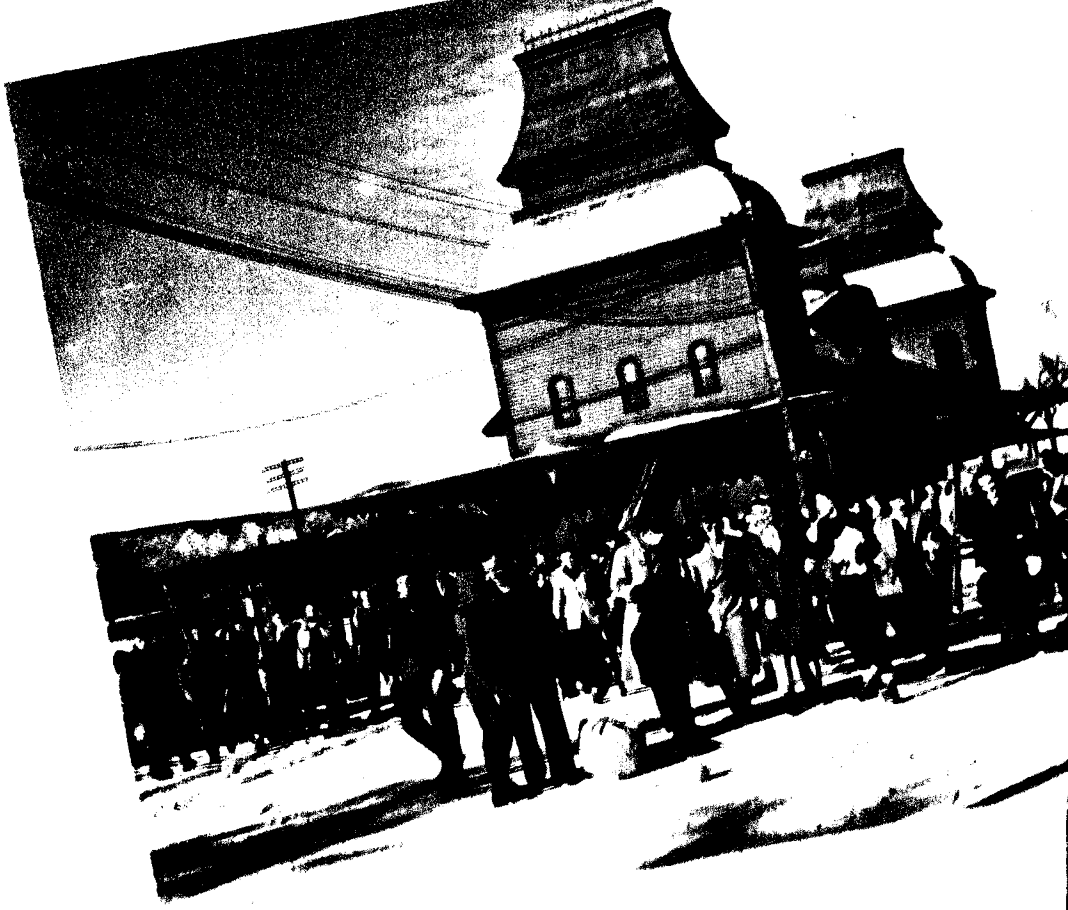
He dropped his cigarette reluctantly. He looked down on it a long time before he ground it out. "Well, I got a letter, too, like this Brooklyn guy's son did. It was waiting for me at my sister's home in New York. She knew I'd stop there and she wanted to be sure that I got it.

"She told me not to come home this leave; that it was all over—had been over for a long time but that she hadn't had the heart to tell me while I was

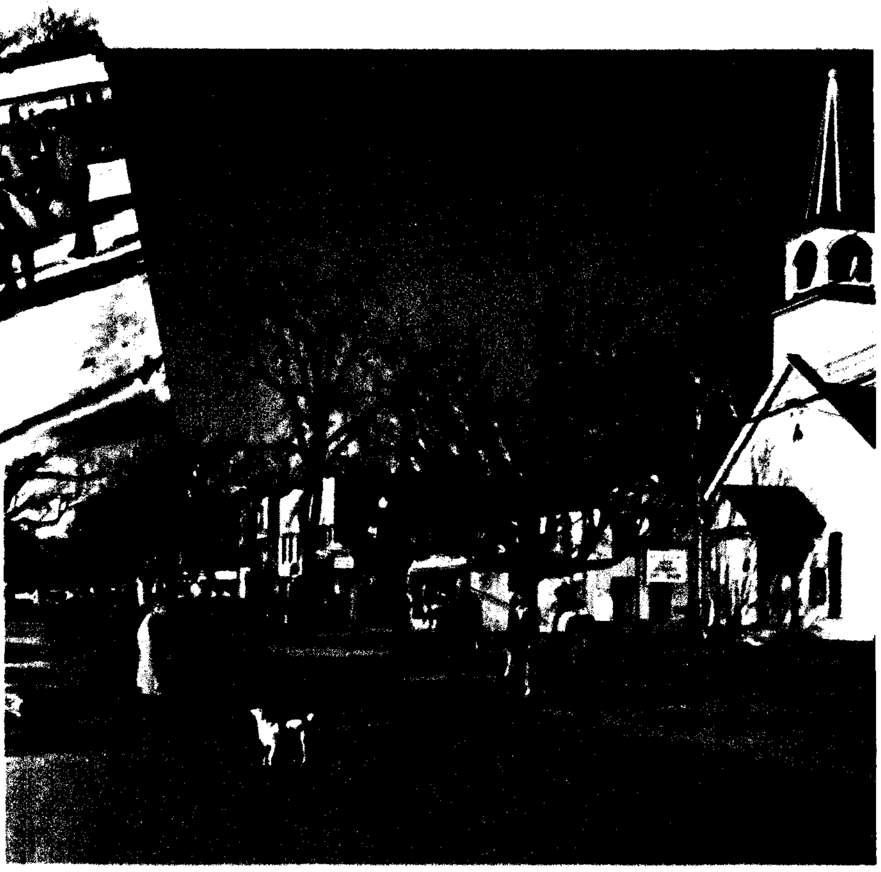
(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

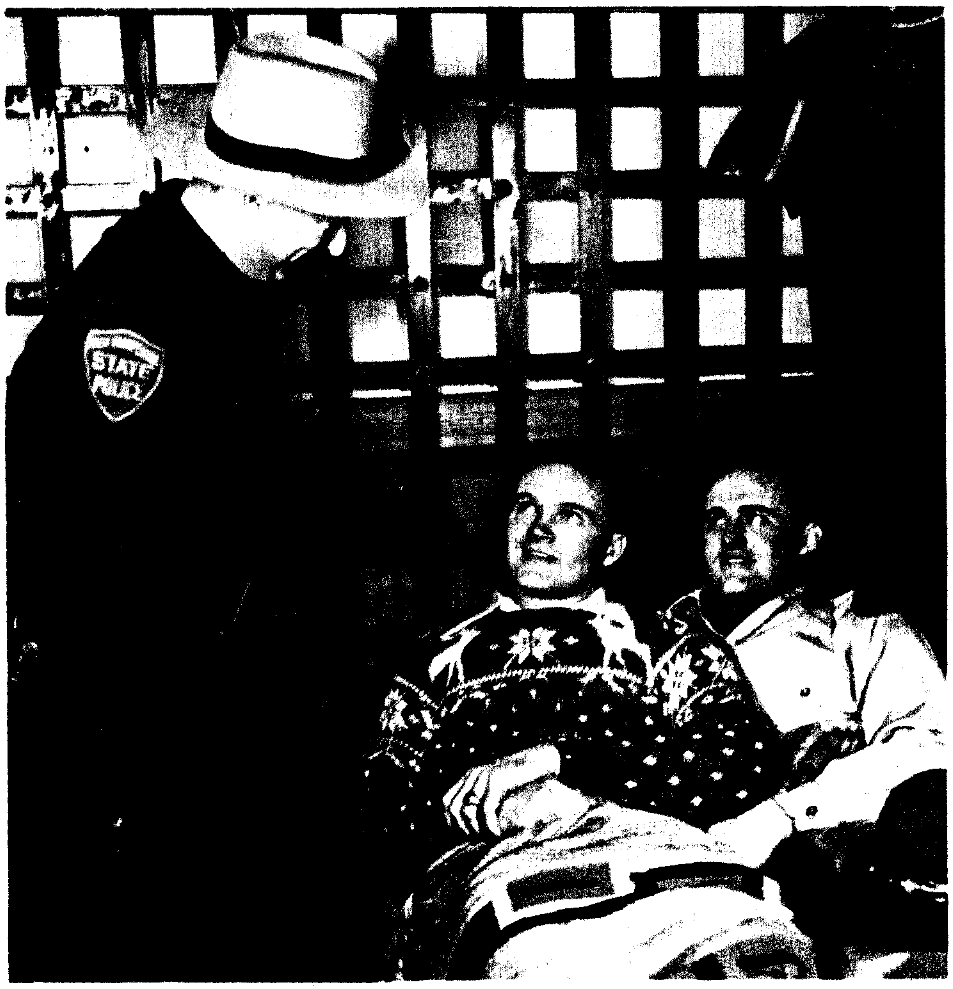
Ski



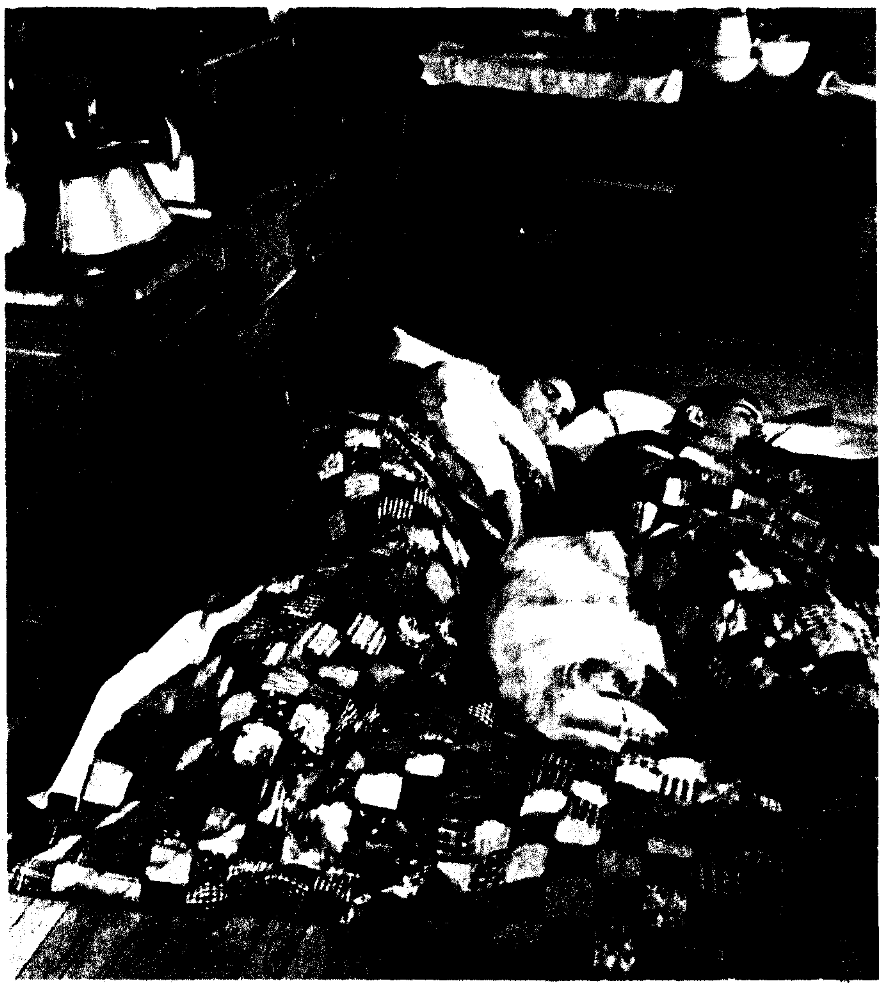
When the Sunday train pulls in, North Conway, already crowded, is inundated by a flood of eager skiers. The station was designed by the son of one of the railroad's presidents who had been traveling in Russia



North Conway's main street in the quiet autumn. On winter nights it looks like New Year's in Times Square



When all other beds in town are taken, jail cells sometimes house skiers. Here State Trooper Kenneth Hayward tucks in Navy officers Nelson and Thomas Blackburn



Sometimes innkeepers give up beds, sleep on kitchen floor. Mrs. Ray Cannell, owner of Intervale Inn, sleeps with son, John. Sporty joins the party

BOOM

BY ANDRE FONTAINE

During the winter, North Conway, New Hampshire, has a way of doubling or tripling overnight. All because of man's mania for sliding rapidly down snowy mountains on two bent boards

Paula Kann, one of the country's outstanding amateur skiers, does a stem turn on slopes of Cranmore

WHEN Mr. Harvey Dow Gibson, president of the Manufacturers Trust Company of New York, decided to do something for his home town, he started a set of circumstances the effects of which not even he could foresee. Aided by the fact that it lay a scant half mile from the foot of Cranmore Mountain, he determined that North Conway, New Hampshire, should become a skier's mecca, as well as a moderately popular summer resort. So he bought the old Randall House, a not-too-prosperous inn which accommodated 260, cleared Cranmore Mountain (elevation 2,052 feet) of the tall pines which covered its south slopes, installed the world's only skimobile, hired Hannes Schneider, one of the world's outstanding skiers, launched a competent publicity campaign and waited for prosperity to descend on his birthplace.

Prosperity obliged. Before the war, North Conway was doing fine. Most of the residents finished off attics, built additional wings or put up cabins and opened their doors to skiers whose money was good even if their predilection for going out in the cold when they didn't have to was a bit puzzling. The chamber of commerce decided it ought to put on a big campaign to attract tourists and accordingly voted the sum of $500 per year to finance it. Not to be niggardly, it allowed the executive secretary an additional $50 a year with which to entertain the press.

Then the war brought gasoline rationing, and strange things began to occur. North Conway happened to be the terminal of a spur of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and consequently train service from Boston was good. While near-by ski resorts, like Jackson, withered in the gas drought, North Conway began to boom. People flocked in in such great numbers that sometimes there would be twelve people in a six-room house, and others slept in the jail, the laundry, the skimobile office.

The town's ring-it-yourself telephone system began to heat up with long-distance calls for reservations from Baltimore, New York and Washington. Even the taxi drivers began to wear ski boots. The young people blossomed out in the latest ski clothes and became the envy of city softies as they zipped across the slopes with the red flags of the Ski Patrol fluttering from their chromium poles. Without complaint skiers accepted rooms with little heat, no running water and a 2½-mile hike to the nearest food.

Season after season the town's popularity grew. On Washington's birthday, 1944, an all-time record was set, only to be broken by the New Year's week end this year when more than 3,000 visitors flocked in, and Lester Sprague, manager of the Eastern Slope Inn, turned down 4,000 written requests for reservations and didn't even answer the telephone during the last few days.

The executive secretary of the chamber of commerce (Arthur Evans at present) has become used to having thirty to forty reservationless people flock into his office after the night train pulls in, and to finding them rooms from among those listed with him by the various inns and private homes. He has never failed yet, and prices for rooms range from $1.50 a night to $11. The extent of what Mr. Gibson accomplished for the town can be gauged by the fact that during last year's ski season—from about mid-December to April first—the town took in two and a half million dollars. Divide that up among 1,560 people and you get an idea.

But all this hasn't been an unmitigated blessing. It has posed a problem, created a paradox. You have, for instance, Carroll Reed's ski shop where maidens from Brookline and Bronxville pore over $20 sweaters, and in the same block you have Rosenblum's where a Yankee farmer and his wife with strong, bleak faces argue gently over a new suit of long winter underwear.

"Do you think I should have it, Mother?"

"Well, the goods are not as heavy as your old ones and it's dearer."

"Yes, but do you think I should have it?"

There is a conflict within the townsfolk. They are New Englanders: independent, taciturn, shrewd, distrustful of outlanders, raised in a Spartan tradition of self-denial, with a puritanical code of ethics and a wholesome respect for a dollar.

Suddenly they are overwhelmed by a flood of soft-living city folk who talk a lot, wear fancy clothes, drink a little and spend money faster than a farmer spends water.

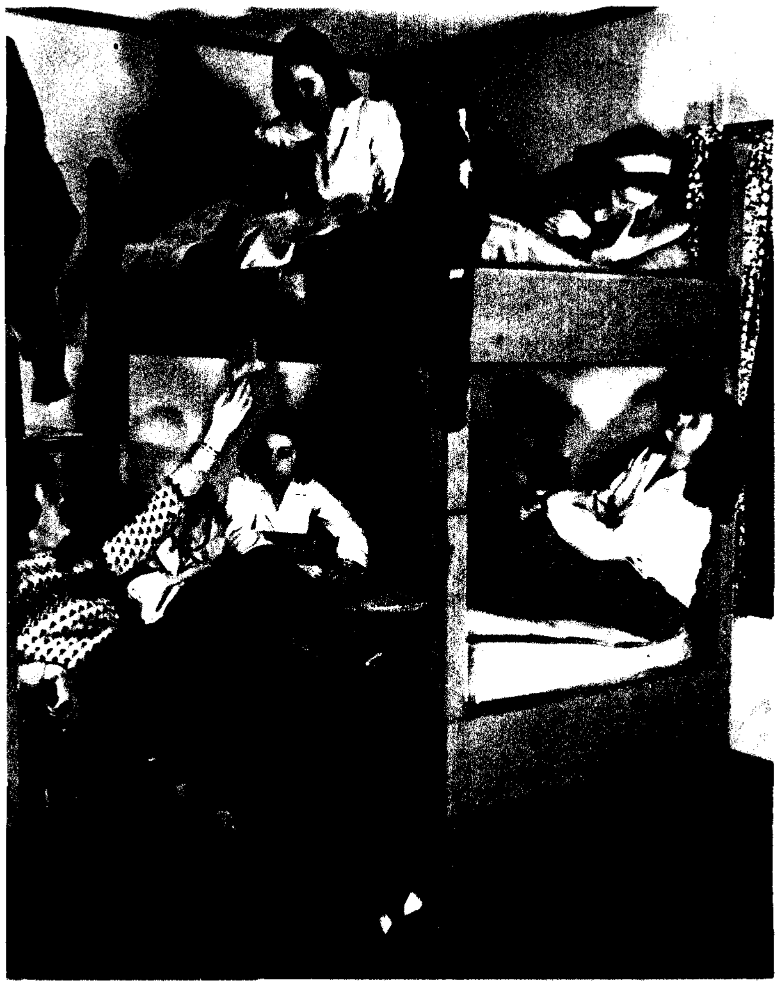
"Well," a townsman said, "it stands to reason, you might say, that anyone who comes up here in the wintertime, is a damn' fool to begin with."

But these same city folk, of whom they would normally be contemptuous, are the ones who are putting such quantities of lovely green dollars in their pockets.

It's a tough situation, and the liking for the dollars doesn't always win. Recently, for instance, a homesteader was asked if he could accommodate a family party of five for three weeks. He said he reckoned he could. Well, the family would like to have meals, too (his place was a couple of miles out of town). Nope, he said, couldn't be done. Didn't have the time.

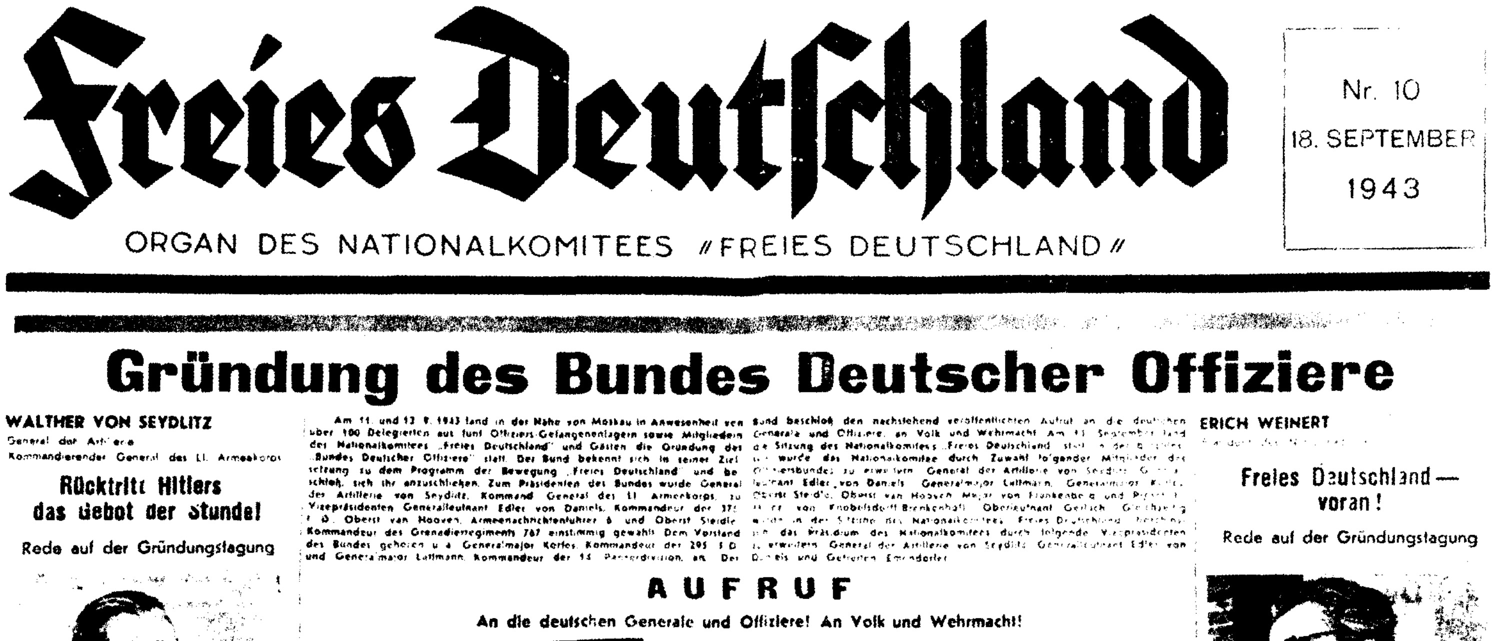
The party was willing to pay $500 for the three weeks. That was all right. They would like to buy his car, use it for three weeks, then sell it back, if he wanted it, with a generous allowance for depreciation. He wasn't using the car, but, nope, he said, couldn't be done. Well, if he wouldn't serve meals, could he give them a hot tea each afternoon about five, when they returned from skiing? No, didn't have the time for that, either.

The party went elsewhere. And the homesteader had needed the money, too. ★★★



Girl skiers, tired after a day on the slopes, relax in the Eastern Slope Inn chalet. At times even double bunks do double duty

Line forms for ride up Cranmore Mountain on skimobile. The only one in the world, the tramway was designed by an ingenious garageman—it works fine, though engineers said it wouldn't



Freies Deutschland

Nr. 10
18. SEPTEMBER
1943

ORGAN DES NATIONALKOMITEES „FREIES DEUTSCHLAND"

Gründung des Bundes Deutscher Offiziere

WALTHER VON SEYDLITZ
General der Artillerie
Kommandierender General des LI. Armeekorps

Rücktritt Hitlers das Gebot der Stunde!

Rede auf der Gründungstagung

Am 11. und 12. 9. 1943 fand in der Nähe von Moskau in Anwesenheit von über 100 Delegierten aus fünf Offiziers-Gefangenenlagern sowie Mitgliedern des Nationalkomitees „Freies Deutschland" und Gästen die Gründung des „Bundes Deutscher Offiziere" statt. Der Bund bekennt sich in seiner Zielsetzung zu dem Programm der Bewegung „Freies Deutschland" und beschloß, sich ihr anzuschließen. Zum Präsidenten des Bundes wurde General der Artillerie von Seydlitz, Kommand. General des LI. Armeekorps, zu Vizepräsidenten Generalleutnant Edler von Daniels, Kommandeur der 376. I. D., Oberst van Hooven, Armeenachrichtenführer 6, und Oberst Steidle, Kommandeur des Grenadierregiments 767 einstimmig gewählt. Dem Vorstand des Bundes gehören u. a. Generalmajor Korfes, Kommandeur der 295. I. D. und Generalmajor Lattmann, Kommandeur der 14. Panzerdivision, an. Der Bund beschloß den nachstehend veröffentlichten Aufruf an die deutschen Generale und Offiziere, an Volk und Wehrmacht. Am 13. September fand die Sitzung des Nationalkomitees „Freies Deutschland" statt, in der [illegible] wurde das Nationalkomitee durch Zuwahl folgender Mitglieder des Offiziersbundes zu erweitern: General der Artillerie von Seydlitz, Generalleutnant Edler von Daniels, Generalmajor Lattmann, Generalmajor Korfes, Oberst Steidle, Oberst van Hooven, Major von Frankenberg und Proschlitz, [illegible] von Knobelsdorff-Brenkenhoff, Oberleutnant Gerlach. Gleichzeitig wurde in der Sitzung des Nationalkomitees „Freies Deutschland" beschlossen, das Präsidium des Nationalkomitees durch folgende Vizepräsidenten zu erweitern: General der Artillerie von Seydlitz, Generalleutnant Edler von Daniels und Gefreiten Emendörfer.

AUFRUF

An die deutschen Generale und Offiziere! An Volk und Wehrmacht!

[illegible] Armee, der [illegible], wir wurden [illegible], um unserer [illegible] erstanden. [illegible] sprechen, nicht [illegible]

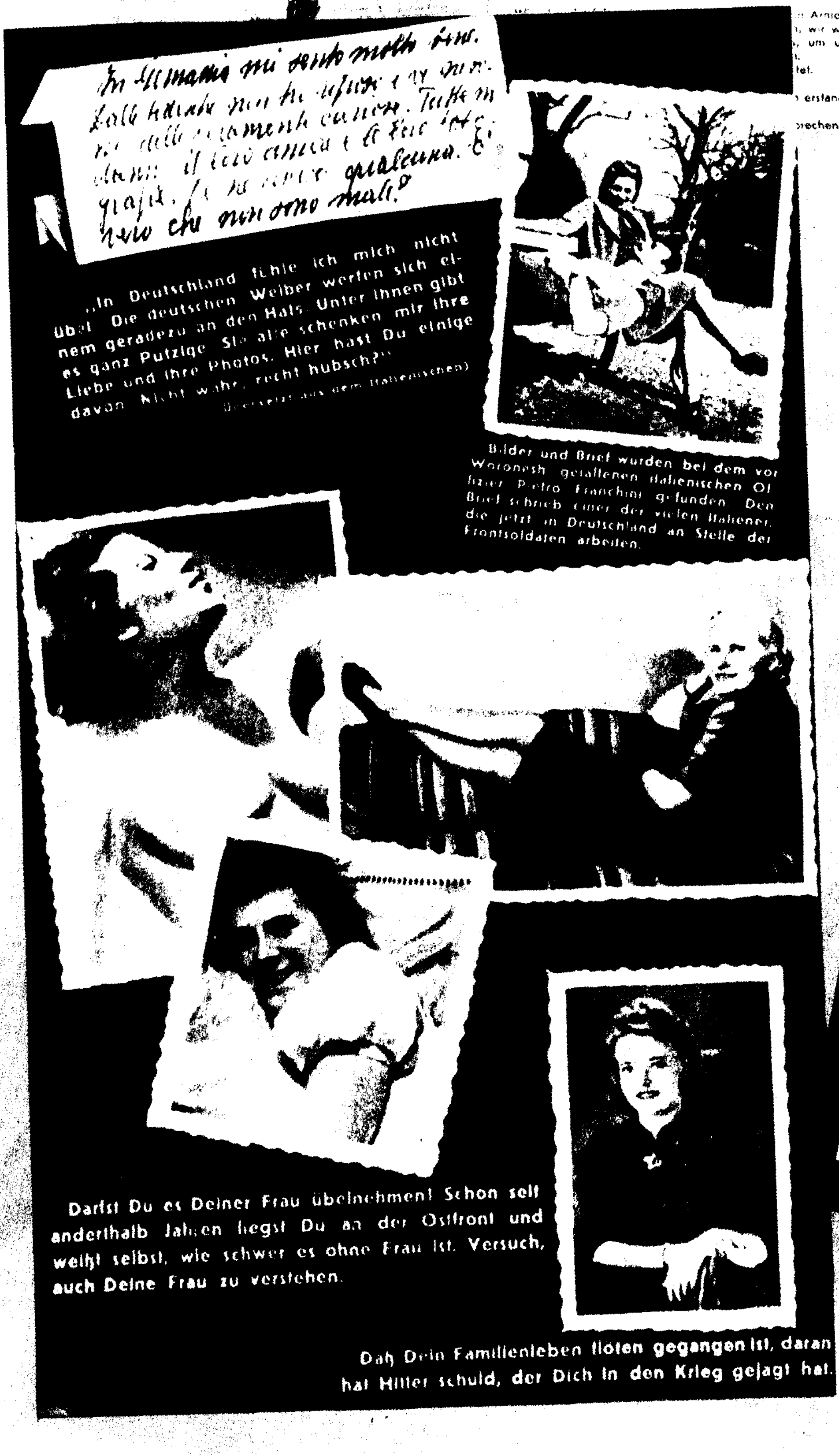
Verweigert Euch nicht Eurer geschichtlichen Berufung! Nehmt die Initiative in Eure Hand! Wehrmacht und Volk werden Euch unterstützen. **Fordert den sofortigen Rücktritt Hitlers und seiner Regierung!** Kämpft Seite an Seite mit dem Volk, um Hitler und sein **Regime** zu entfernen und Deutschland vor Chaos und Zusammenbruch zu bewahren!

Die Kämpfer der 6. deutschen Armee, der Stalingrad-Armee, und alle in Rußland kriegsgefangenen deutschen Soldaten und Offiziere erheben ihre Stimme in dem Bewußtsein, damit ihre

ERICH WEINERT
[illegible]

Freies Deutschland — voran!

Rede auf der Gründungstagung



In Germania mi sento molto ben.
[illegible] Tutte m
[illegible] qualcuna. È
[illegible] che non sono mali?

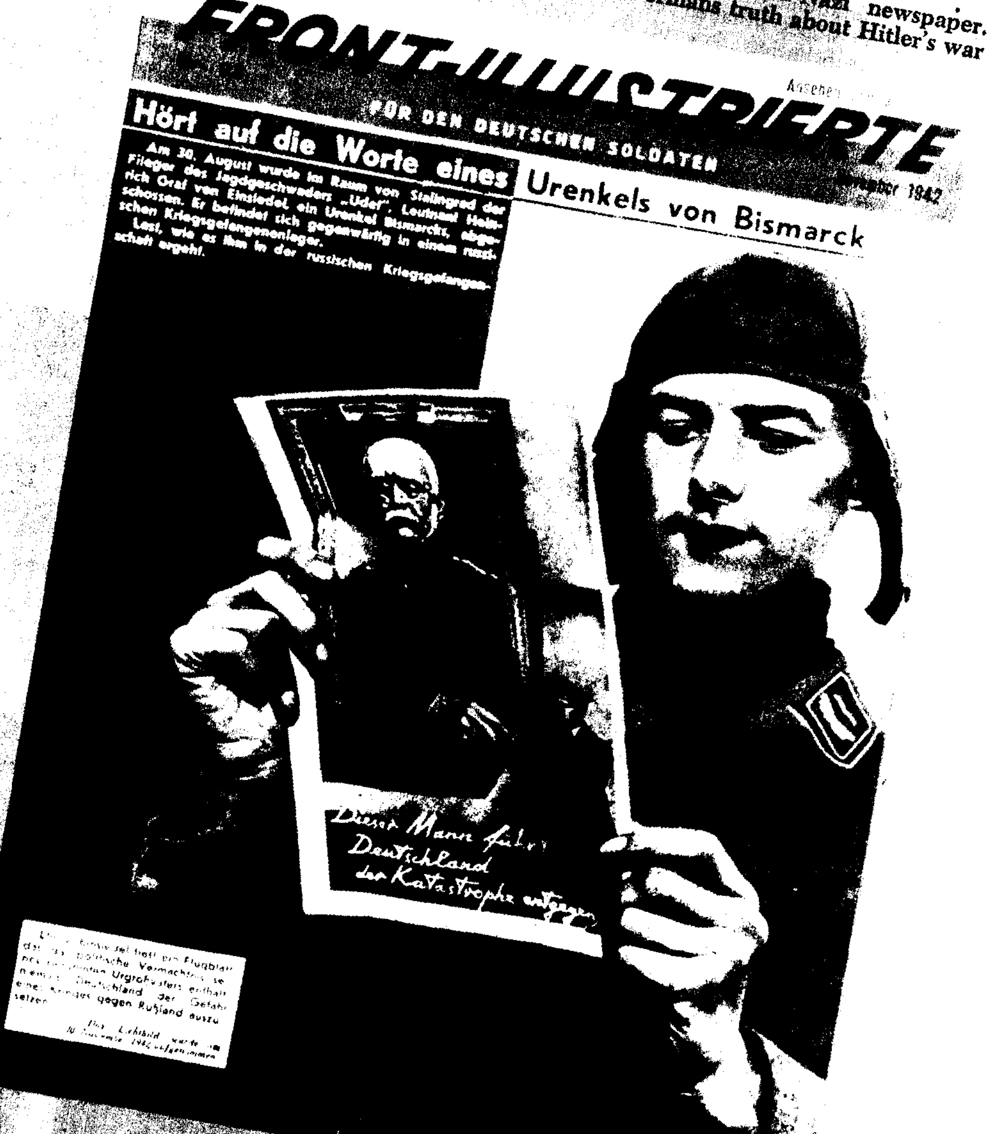
„In Deutschland fühle ich mich nicht übel. Die deutschen Weiber werfen sich einem geradezu an den Hals. Unter ihnen gibt es ganz Putzige. Sie alle schenken mir ihre Liebe und ihre Photos. Hier hast Du einige davon. Nicht wahr, recht hübsch?"
(Übersetzt aus dem Italienischen)

Bilder und Brief wurden bei dem vor Woronesh gefallenen italienischen Offizier Pietro Franchini gefunden. Den Brief schrieb einer der vielen Italiener, die jetzt in Deutschland an Stelle der Frontsoldaten arbeiten.

Darfst Du es Deiner Frau übelnehmen! Schon seit anderthalb Jahren liegst Du an der Ostfront und weißt selbst, wie schwer es ohne Frau ist. Versuch, auch Deine Frau zu verstehen.

Daß Dein Familienleben flöten gegangen ist, daran hat Hitler schuld, der Dich in den Krieg gejagt hat.

The Free Germany Committee's anti-Nazi newspaper. Printed in Russia, it tells Germans truth about Hitler's war



FRONT-ILLUSTRIERTE
FÜR DEN DEUTSCHEN SOLDATEN
Ansehen
[illegible]ember 1942

Hört auf die Worte eines Urenkels von Bismarck

Am 30. August wurde im Raum von Stalingrad der Flieger des Jagdgeschwaders „Udet", Leutnant Heinrich Graf von Einsiedel, ein Urenkel Bismarcks, abgeschossen. Er befindet sich gegenwärtig in einem russischen Kriegsgefangenenlager.
Lest, wie es ihm in der russischen Kriegsgefangenschaft ergeht.

Dieser Mann führt Deutschland der Katastrophe entgegen

Lieut. Count Heinrich von Einsiedel, Bismarck's great-grandson and a flier in the Udet Squadron. He says: "A war between Germany and Russia is hopeless and senseless. Bismarck knew that"

Propaganda pictures and excerpts from letters (left). The bottom caption, translated, reads: "It is Hitler's fault that you were forced into this war, and that your family's lives have been wrecked"

STALIN'S PLANS FOR GERMANY

EUROPEAN

Field Marshal von Paulus, who was captured by the Russians at Stalingrad. For months he would not join the German generals who publicly declared that their country was hopelessly beaten and should quit. He was finally won over

SOVFOTO

These men, at the first meeting of the Free Germany Committee, helped to start something. Left to right: Major Karl Hetz; Erich Weinert, a poet; Lieut. Count von Einsiedel; Wilhelm Pieck, former deputy to German Reichstag

BY ELLA WINTER

What is the Free Germany Committee in Russia, and why did Moscow encourage its work? An explanation of Moscow's attitude toward a perplexing world question: What to do with Germany?

WHAT the Allies do with Germany may become a major test of the Big Three alliance after the war. There may be underlying differences that eventually will provide real headaches for the United States, Great Britain and the Soviet Union regardless of wartime Allied accords, and it is important to us to ask: What does Russia really want in Germany?

The Russians don't give you a blueprint of their plans, but in Moscow this winter it was evident that these plans are flexible and change to fit changing pictures of world co-operation. Russia's paramount interest is to make Germany impotent to start another war; in Stalin's words, "if not forever, then for a very long time." Stalin says it would be "naïve" to believe that Germany will not try to "restore her might and launch new aggression."

How does Russia think this can be achieved? First, by complete German disarmament, military and economic; second, by a "special organization of representatives of the peace-loving nations (to quote Stalin once more), with the necessary minimum of armed forces to avert aggression"; third, by co-operation among the great powers.

The Russians don't want another war; they do want co-operation among the Allies, and they will go very far to get it. They are not likely to engage in unilateral action while there is hope of collaborative action. But, at the same time, the Russians plan to be prepared for almost any eventuality.

They have a powerful instrument which can assist in formation of the first provisional government of Germany, or of the Russian-occupied section. Or, if necessary, it could be used as a weapon in behalf of Moscow's plans for the future Germany. This weapon is the Germans captured in the war and re-educated in prison camps in Russia. They are organized in the Free Germany Committee and the Union of German Officers, and they have already been used with considerable effect to demoralize the *Wehrmacht* and break the Nazi will to fight.

Free for Political Activity

The Russians were able to do this because they are not signatories to the Geneva Convention, which has been interpreted as forbidding political work among prisoners. They are also able to do it because they recognize this war as a war of ideas and systems as well as a struggle between nations, and because they feel that anti-Nazi Germans sometimes may be almost as good anti-Hitler weapons as Allied soldiers and tanks.

If we are to understand what is happening in regard to postwar Germany, it is important that we know what the Russians have done with these German organizations and what they plan to do. First, the prisoners were investigated to find out if they had anti-Nazi sentiments. People went into the camps, usually Germans who interviewed captives, and in long, exhaustive, personal talks decided which might make trustworthy material and which not.

Prisoners who wished to make propaganda for the overthrow of Hitler were given the means to do so. They could broadcast, write leaflets, talk to German troops by microphone from Russian front lines, go on secret missions inside Germany, issue appeals, or re-educate in the prison camps themselves.

The propaganda in the camps was intensive and it improved as the war went on. At first the talks were mainly military and political analyses, explaining Nazi defeats. For the most part, in the earlier days, these left the prisoners cold—if they could be any colder than the Russian winter left them. As I found out myself in interviewing these products of Hitler Kultur, the effects of years of Nazi dogma had dulled their minds until one despaired of any cure within this generation. Nevertheless, the Russians persisted.

There was, for instance, a prison camp of some thousand young German officers captured at Stalingrad. The usual technique of lectures and discussions did not seem to have the slightest effect on these boys. Then a clever German-born anti-Nazi who was working with the Russians suggested that sentiment might be allowed to enter. The German officers were invited to a musical evening, in the course of which many of the tender romantic lieder of Schumann and Schubert were sung, by a prisoner with a fine bass voice.

My friend watched, anxiously at first, then with more assurance as the well-known home songs had their emotional effect. In response to a question concerning their authorship, he dropped his little bombshell among these young supermen who had been trained to think of members of a certain race only as fit objects for torture, gas chambers and funeral pyres.

Planting the Seed of Thought

"Who wrote the words of that song—The Two Grenadiers?" my friend was asked, at the conclusion of the third or fourth enthusiastic encore.

"Oh, that," he replied, "was written by one of your countrymen, Heinrich Heine. In your songbooks he's referred to as 'unknown.' That's because he was a Jew."

There was a moment of shocked silence, in which one could sense the stiffening of many super-race spines. But many didn't stiffen. After the meeting a number came to him—first to express disbelief; then to ask questions—questions which they had been afraid to ask before, even of themselves. The seed had been planted; the horrors of Stalingrad had proved fertile ground.

In my friend's own words, "From that night on, the process of education of some went very quickly—if the man had any sort of native intelligence or integrity. We gave them books, pamphlets; they asked for them. It was as though we were filling a huge vacuum. They rejected novels; their need was for solid nourishment; they devoured books on economics, history, sociology, philosophy. They held study circles, seminars. 'We have lost everything that formed a basis for living,' they would say. 'We're like shipwrecked sailors; you have given us something solid to cling to.' "

The most effective turncoat in these earlier days was Count Heinrich von Einsiedel, great-grandson of Bismarck, lieutenant and flier in the Udet squadron, who was shot down over Stalingrad. Von Einsiedel started classes among his fellow prisoners almost immediately after his capture, and allowed his statements to be broadcast everywhere. "A war between Germany and Russia is hopeless and senseless," he said. "My great-grandfather believed that, and every soldier can see it more clearly every day."

It was after two years of war in Russia, eight months following the defeat at Stalingrad, when a great deal of work had already been accomplished in prisoner-of-war camps by anti-Fascist refugees, that the decision was made in Moscow to form the Free Germany Committee as a special anti-Hitler propaganda organization.

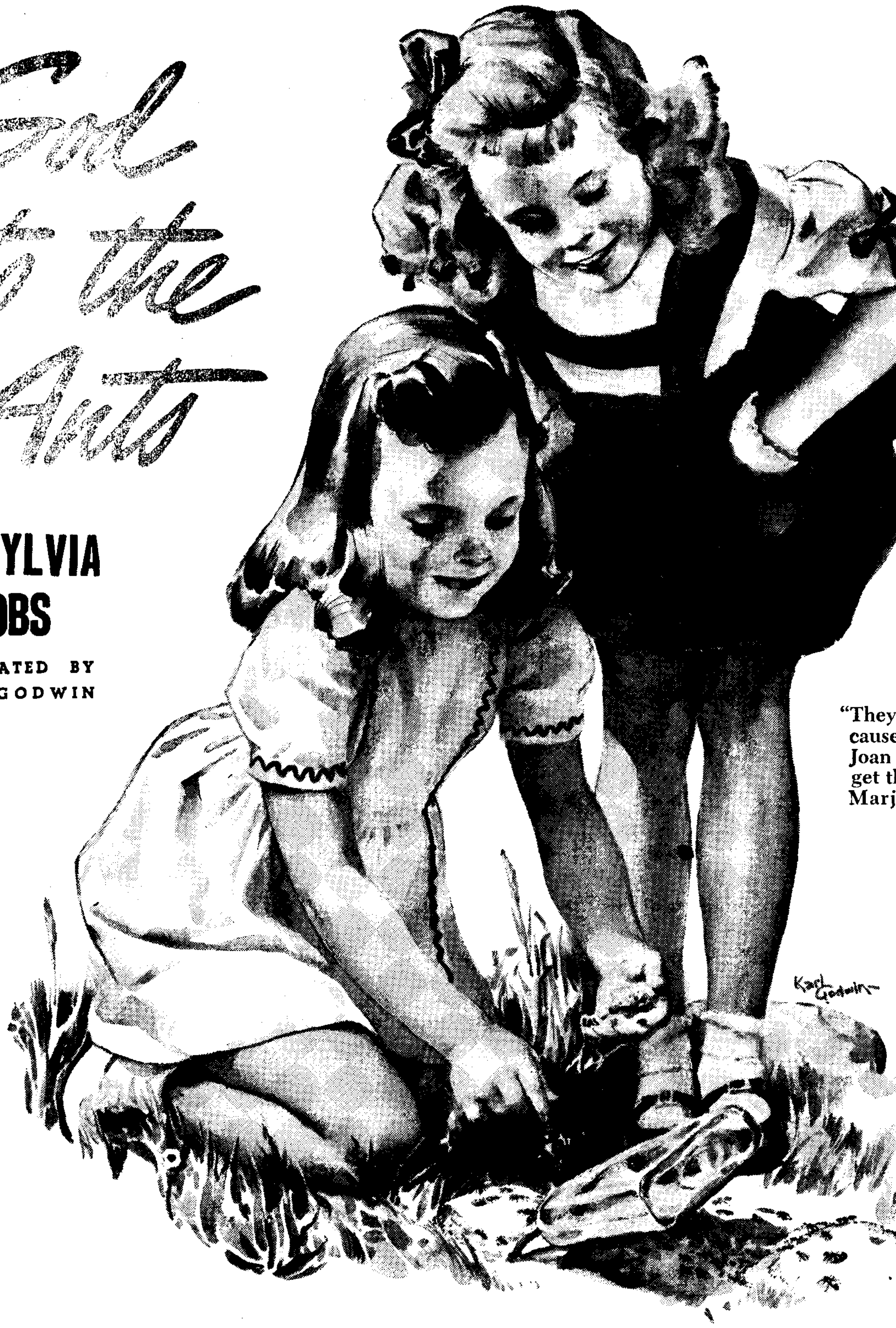
A conference in Moscow between prisoner delegates of every political and religious

(Continued on page 54)

God to the Ants

BY SYLVIA JACOBS

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN



"They're my ants, because I found them," Joan said. "I could get them some sugar," Marjorie suggested

THE sound of her mother's voice calling Joan to supper filled her with a helpless, wordless anger against all the people who did not understand that she was busy doing something important.

She had found two anthills in a vacant lot, and the ants, for some reason, struggled back and forth between the hills. It was a terrible journey for them. The blades of grass were as big to them as the biggest trees would be to people, and so she had made them a fine road, pulling up all the grass and weeds. There was no way to make the road without killing some of the ants, and she hurried to get the job over with because she did not like to see things killed.

But the ants forgot very quickly about the ones that had been killed, and ran all over the road. They did not walk the shortest way, like grown-ups going someplace, but in dashes and quick, sharp turns, like children playing.

For a while she watched them, and it came to her that she could be God to the ants. She wondered what else she could do for them and observed that if it should rain, the ant holes would probably fill with water. She would have to make some kind of roof for them.

She ran over toward a trash heap on the other side of the lot, then stopped as she saw another girl standing on the sidewalk. It was Marjorie who lived in her block.

"I got new jacks. You want to play jacks?" Marjorie asked.

Joan knew that if there had been any other girls around, Marjorie wouldn't have asked her to play. Joan was different from the other children, and she was painfully aware of it. While they could be happy playing the same games over and over, Joan was easily tired by their rituals, and though she had tried to make them see how she felt, they never seemed to understand, and she always ended feeling hurt and defiant.

So now she had to make Marjorie go away, for she was sure Marjorie would laugh at her plans for the ants. "Jacks are silly," Joan said quickly, and turned away.

From the corner of her eye, she had seen the slanting sun rays glint on something in the tall grass. It was a bottle with the neck broken off, and it would make the glass roof for the ants. She picked it up carefully.

"Crazy old Joan, rather play with old broken glass!" Marjorie said.

Joan didn't answer. If she answered, Marjorie would stay to tease her, so without looking around she ran back to the anthills. She put a little stick in the hole of one of the hills to keep the dirt from falling in, and brushed the outer edges of the hill away so that it would be just the right size under the bottle. Then she took the stick out of the hole, and fitting the bottle over it carefully, jammed it into the ground.

It was a fine glass roof and she thought how wonderful it would be if the cities of people could have such glass roofs, so that everybody could go out of the houses on rainy days without umbrellas. It was a good thought, and she squatted there by the two anthills, smiling to herself, dwelling on this new idea.

But then her mother had called, and she went home right away, for she did the things grown-ups said she should do, and did not do the things they said she shouldn't. It was not because she agreed with what they said, but sharp voices upset her and pushed all the pleasant thoughts from her head.

IN THE house, she felt the slipperiness of the soap on her hands, and smelled the good smell of baked potatoes coming from the kitchen, but she was still excited over the knowledge that the ants would be traveling on their fine road, exploring every inch of it in crosswise dashes. She was sure when one ant met another ant, they would stop to touch their feelers together, and tell each other about the wonderful glass roof.

She went quietly to her place at the table, and began to eat quickly.

"Eat your crusts," her mother said. "Some poor girl would be glad to get those crusts."

Joan rolled a piece of crust up like a snail shell and put it in her mouth. Her father was smiling at her, and for a minute she thought she would tell him about the wonderful glass roofs she would make for the cities of people when she was grown-up.

But her father only said, "You'll get curly hair, like Marjorie, if you eat the crusts."

She knew it was not true, that her father knew it was not true. She wondered why he always said it.

There had been times when she had thought that grown-ups were going to say important things to her, and listen to the things she wanted to tell them. But even in the bright heat of this expectancy she saw they still acted as though all her thoughts were small thoughts, because her body was smaller than theirs.

"I don't want to get curly hair, like Marjorie," she said.

But they were preoccupied now. "Did you get the washers for the kitchen faucet?" her mother was saying.

"Didn't have time," her father said.

"George, how many times must I remind you! When it comes to anything around the house, you seem to make a point of forgetting. That drip is getting on my nerves!"

Joan closed her eyes, wishing she had eyelids on her ears, so that she could close them against the sharp voices. She made herself think of the ants. She was more important to them than she had ever been to anybody. They would be glad to get the other crust on her plate, and she quickly put it in the pocket of her dress. It was a big, secret, lonesome feeling, being God to the ants.

WHEN she got to the anthills she crumbled the bread and put it near the smaller hill. One ant found a big crumb right away, and began making excited dashes at it.

Other ants who were walking around saw the crumb, and soon the ground was black with ants. Five of them took hold of the big crumb and carried it easily together. Then other ants in the crowd found smaller crumbs, and in a minute, there was a neat parade of ants, all carrying crumbs over the road, to the ant hole with the glass roof.

They did not turn and play now, and they seemed unconcerned that Joan was watching them, just as people don't think of God on workdays, but only on Sunday. They seemed to have forgotten, too, that there ever was a time when they did not have a fine road, and a glass roof, and crumbs to carry home. It was good to feel important, and she wanted to play God to the ants forever.

"Playing with an old broken bottle!" a mocking voice called.

Marjorie was coming straight to the anthills, and Joan felt a choking anger, not only against Marjorie, but against all the people who broke into her secret thoughts. She looked up from where she had been watching the ants and she was close to crying.

"It's not an old broken bottle!" she said.

As soon as she said it, she wanted to call the words back. Her big feeling was gone, and she waited for Marjorie's laugh.

But Marjorie didn't laugh. She was watching the ants curiously, and Joan began to feel warm inside, like after she drank hot cocoa on a cold morning.

She stood up and looked at Marjorie, trying to find the right words to make her see how wonderful it was to be God to the ants. At least she could explain that the ants needed a road, and a glass roof, and things to eat.

"It's not a broken bottle any longer," Joan said. "I made it into a glass roof for the ants, to keep out the rain and let in the sun."

Marjorie still looked intently at the ants. "If you pushed the roof down into the ground, so there wasn't any door, they couldn't get out, and they couldn't breathe, and they'd all die," she said.

Joan knew then that she would have to try again, that she must explain more carefully. She could not say that the God of the ants was a kind God; she would have to find another way.

"They're my ants, because I found them," Joan said, "and I wouldn't hurt them or let anyone else hurt them. I have to take care of the ants, like you take care of a kitten. That's why I made them a road, and a glass roof, and brought them some bread to eat."

Marjorie was quiet a long time. "They like sugar better," she said at last. "Once some ants got into our house, and they all got at the sugar. I could get some sugar for your ants."

Joan looked at her very carefully for a moment and then she breathed deeply of the cool air, feeling big enough to breathe in all the air there was. It was a big, important feeling, this being able to make Marjorie understand. It wasn't a secret, lonesome feeling, like being God to the ants.

a short short story complete on this page

WEATHER OUT OF A BOX

BY CAREY LONGMIRE

It's a simple little gadget, based on a fantastic idea. Out of it come remarkably accurate weather forecasts. It may prove of great value in your farming or business plans

THE steely concentration of the man bundled in fur matches the biting fierceness of the cold. The ice of the Arctic, the frozen top of the world, surrounds him.

In his hand he holds a gadget no bigger than a loaf of bread. The thing is called radiosonde, and one end of it is tied to a balloon. In an instant he releases it, then peers intently as the apparatus soars off into the stratosphere. Soon it will start sending radio signals describing the weather at altitudes which man has never seen.

It is exactly noon—not just local noon, but noon of Greenwich mean time, the chronometer noontime of scientists everywhere on earth.

At that same instant, a tall figure clad only in tropic shorts is wiping the sweat of a Pacific jungle from his eyes as he watches another balloon blow sharply westward, then spiral up to become a fading speck in the sky. In China, other men are scanning other instruments. An observer in a four-motored plane flying somewhere west of Iceland suddenly sees the hands point sharply to 12 o'clock. He inspects a maze of dials and makes marks on a pad.

It won't be many minutes before more than a thousand observation posts all over the globe will be pouring temperatures, pressure readings and other complicated information into the waiting headquarters of the weather division of the U.S. Army Air Forces. That information funnels into weather headquarters every six hours of every day. A weather analysis at the headquarters of a commanding general in a war theater may send a thousand bombers over Berlin or put an invasion in motion. The balloons and dials, it's clear, are potent weapons of war; but they may be just as important in peacetime.

Some doubting Thomases declare that Mark Twain never actually said it, but it's hopeless to try to rob a public speaker on a rainy day of the line that goes: "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it."

Begging the orator's pardon, the man in the parka on the polar icecap could tell him that something *is* being done about it. This war has shoved weather forecasting so far ahead of what it was twenty years ago that an old-timer might not recognize it.

Today's experts are getting so good that they pluck weather right out of a machine. That machine possesses an uncanny brain; it can shuffle 55,000,000 separate cards of data together and come up with a pattern which enables the weather to be foretold with reasonable accuracy many days in advance. It's literally a case of weather out of an iron box.

Suppose we discuss an amazing new possibility of crop insurance, so to speak, with a young scientist named Doctor Woodrow C. Jacobs. Doctor Jacobs is a slender, 34-year-old weather prophet who studied meteorology and oceanography (that's the science of currents and other ocean lore) at the University of California at Los Angeles. Today he is a top civilian expert on the strategic weather staff in Washington under the Air Forces' Colonel Cordes F. Tiemann, who, incidentally, was a weatherman for General Eisenhower in advance of the Normandy invasion. Here's what Doctor Jacobs has to say:

"Suppose you came to the weather service, knowing what we do today, and told us that you wanted to grow oranges in Florida or California. You wanted advice on where to buy your land, so as to avoid freezes.

"Well, we do have limitations. We could not pick one single plot of land for you and tell you that orange trees on that plot would never get a freeze. But here is what we could do: We could select two plots for you—two plots on which you would almost never lose—because if the weather were bad in one place, it would be good in the other. Those two areas could be five miles apart, twenty miles apart, or only two hundred yards apart. But you would be reasonably insured against ever having a complete failure."

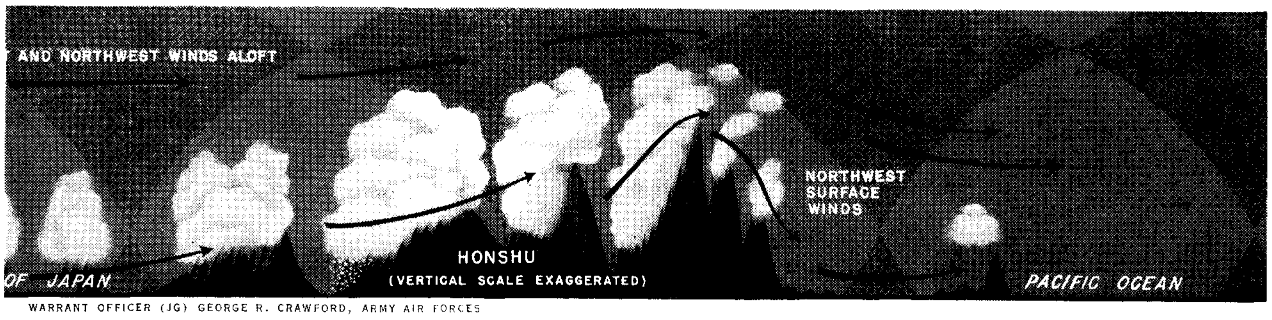
Eventually the experts born of this war may be able to tell you such things as the perfect date to start your spring planting of corn and rutabagas; or just what week to schedule the county fair so as to guarantee cloudless skies.

Weather Predictions Are Improving

But the weatherman warns emphatically that all this is still a long way in the future. He can't come anywhere near such miracles of forecasting as yet; weather predicting on a long-range basis is still inexact, although it's improving. Yet today, using those fantastic, yet simple machines, the experts can give you a pretty good idea of whether it will be fair or stormy a month from now at Podunk Center, Aachen or Novorossiisk.

As everyone knows by now, the "met" men—short for meteorologists, in the Air Forces—advised General Eisenhower to postpone D-Day in Normandy by twenty-four hours. He took their word for it, and D-Day went down in the history books as June 6, 1944, instead of one day before. Suppose a tropical typhoon had struck a few hours before H-Hour at Leyte, in the Philippines. Landing boats might have been ripped to bits and upturned by scores in the pounding breakers.

(*Continued on page 61*)



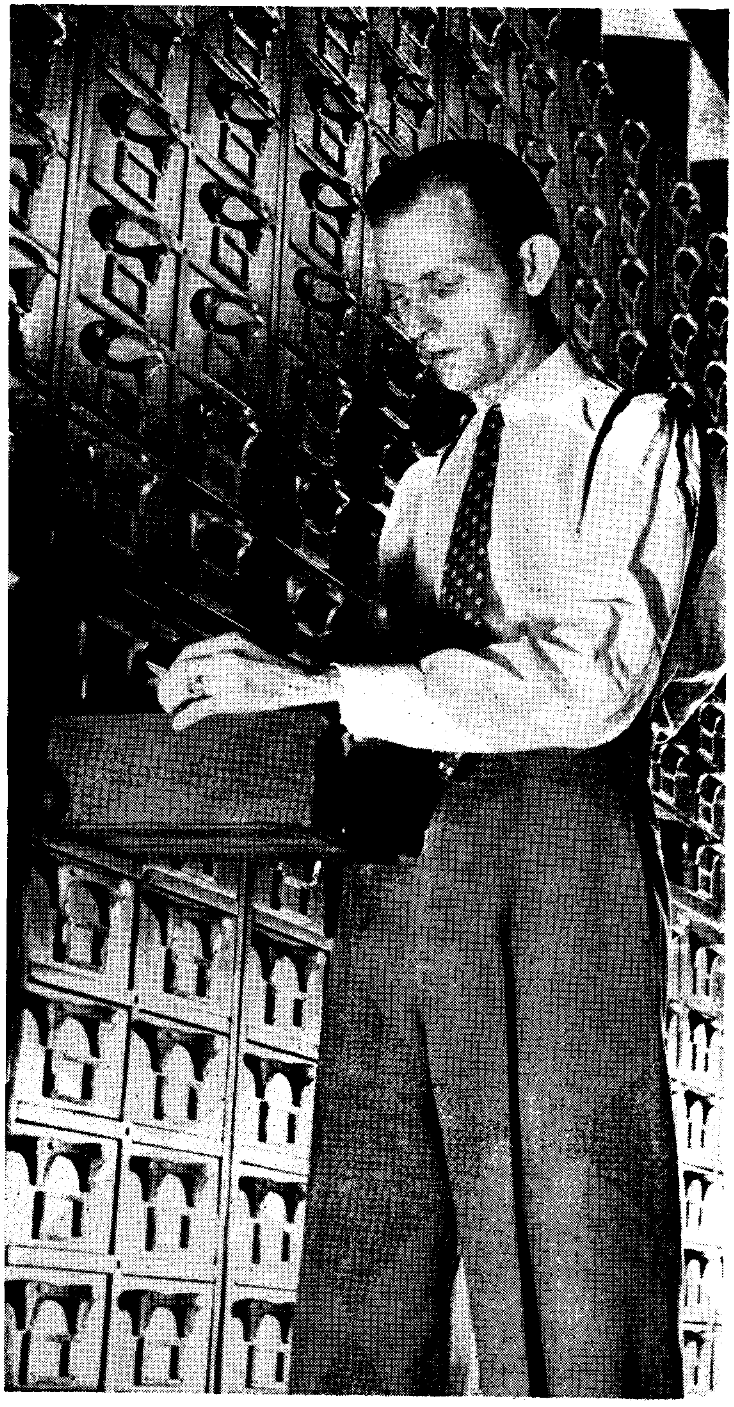
WARRANT OFFICER (JG) GEORGE R. CRAWFORD, ARMY AIR FORCES

Weather chart above shows how winds from Siberia form clouds over island of Honshu during winter monsoon. Snow falls from clouds and bombing is difficult

A toadstool cloud effect over Segula Island, just east of Kiska. It tells a story to Dr. Woodrow C. Jacobs (right), expert on our strategic weather staff in Washington

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. AAF

BOB LEAVITT



America's second Great Debate—over the organization of the United Nations to maintain peace—began in March, 1943, with B2H2: (l. to r.) Carl Hatch (N.M.), Harold Burton (O.), Lister Hill (Ala.) and the author

Republicans Wallace White, Styles Bridges and Warren Austin can be counted on to give vigorous support to the treaty

OUR SECOND CHANCE FOR PEACE

BY JOSEPH H. BALL

U.S. SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA

Twenty-six years ago a "little group of willful men" prevented our entering the League of Nations. One of the most active workers for international co-operation tells why we have a better chance this time of joining a world peace organization

THE second Great Debate is now on in the United States Senate. At issue is the same question which provoked the first Great Debate twenty-six years ago: Shall the United States join an international organization formed to prevent future wars?

The charter of the United Nations organization envisaged by the Dumbarton Oaks conference has not yet been drafted into treaty form. A full-dress conference of the United Nations, probably meeting in the United States in March or early April, will do that difficult job. In the meantime, various unsolved problems connected with the organization are being settled at top-level conferences among the United States, Britain, Russia and China.

But though the treaty is unlikely to reach the Senate for ratification before April or May, the second Great Debate has actually been going on sporadically for two years and swung into high gear in January when the Seventy-ninth Congress convened. The argument will reach its climax when the treaty itself comes to the Senate floor and will conclude with the most momentous roll call in a generation. Under the Constitution two thirds of the senators must vote for ratification on that roll call, or the treaty fails.

The now famous speech of Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, leading Republican on the Foreign Relations committee, on January 11th, this year, opened the latest phase of the debate. Although Vandenberg's proposal for an immediate treaty pledging United States help in the permanent demilitarization of Germany and Japan was headlined, the most significant portion of his speech was his abandonment of the isolationist position which he defended ably for many years.

The Michigan senator, whose ability and influence are very considerable in the Senate, is a legislative sharpshooter. He did not burn his bridges behind him in so far as the final powers of the United Nations organization are concerned. He could still insist—and be consistent—on reservations or interpretations when the final treaty is presented, but Vandenberg now would have to do an almost complete about-face to play the role of either Borah or Lodge in the second Great Debate.

Although the public was little aware of it, Senator Vandenberg, more than any other single individual, was responsible for the overwhelming approval of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration by a Senate inclined to be hostile to the whole idea. He has a great opportunity to play the same role on the United Nations treaty.

A few days after Vandenberg's speech, Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana took the floor for three hours with a bitter denunciation of power-politics moves by Russia and Britain and a condemnation of the "unconditional surrender" terms to Germany and Japan. Wheeler appears to be following in the footsteps of the late Senator Jim Reed, Democrat, of Missouri, and one of the foremost irreconcilables of the first Great Debate.

"Freshman" senators will back President on international organization. Rear group: Warren Magnuson, Leverett Saltonstall, Brien McMahon, Wayne Morse, Clyde Hoey, Forrest Donnell, Bourke B. Hickenlooper. Front group: Frank Briggs, J. W. Fulbright, Hugh Mitchell, H. Alexander Smith, Glen Taylor. Not shown, Olin D. Johnson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX

ACME

Debate swung into high gear with Arthur Vandenberg's (left) recent speech, abandoning isolationism, but struck a snag in Burton K. Wheeler (right) who may be, like Jim Reed in 1919, one of the foremost irreconcilables

Tom Connally's (right) job is piloting treaty through the Senate; Hiram Johnson (left) opposed League in 1919

Usually most of the ninety-six desks in the Senate chamber are empty—and the galleries only half filled—when some senator drones or shouts through a long speech (usually for home consumption), or while two or three senators argue inaudibly over a pending bill. But during both the Vandenberg and Wheeler speeches, the galleries were crowded, and most senators remained to listen instead of drifting out to catch up on office work or attend committee meetings. The same full attendance marked later speeches by Senator Warren Austin, Vermont Republican; Senator Tom Connally of Texas, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee; and others.

Twenty-six years ago the galleries of the same Senate chamber were full, the senators' desks occupied, as the late William E. Borah thundered his denunciation of the League of Nations, as vitriolic Jim Reed tore the covenant to shreds with masterful sarcasm and irony. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, suave Boston Brahmin and chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, sowed the seeds for his reservations with long and scholarly dissertations against the covenant, and Senator Philander Knox of Pennsylvania demanded that the League of Nations be divorced from the Versailles peace treaty.

The League's defenders, because they lost their fight, are not as well known to the public, but they likewise were formidable. John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, regarded by old-timers as one of the greatest of all Senate debaters, was more than a match for Idaho's Borah when it came to eloquence. Virginia's Claude Swanson, later Secretary of the Navy; Montana's fiery-tongued Tom Walsh, Key Pittman of Nevada, Joe Robinson of Arkansas, and Gilbert Hitchcock of Nebraska were Democratic senators who ably defended the League.

Like the present Senate, that of 1919 began to debate the League of Nations long before its covenant was drafted. Debate on the League actually began in December of 1918. The final vote, which killed the treaty and our participation in the League, was taken on March 19, 1920.

This time the debate over the organization of the United Nations to maintain peace began in March, 1943, when the so-called B2H2 resolution was introduced by Democrats Carl Hatch of New Mexico and Lister Hill of Alabama, and Republicans Harold Burton of Ohio and the writer. It called for immediate organization of the United Nations, both to prosecute the war and to write and maintain the peace.

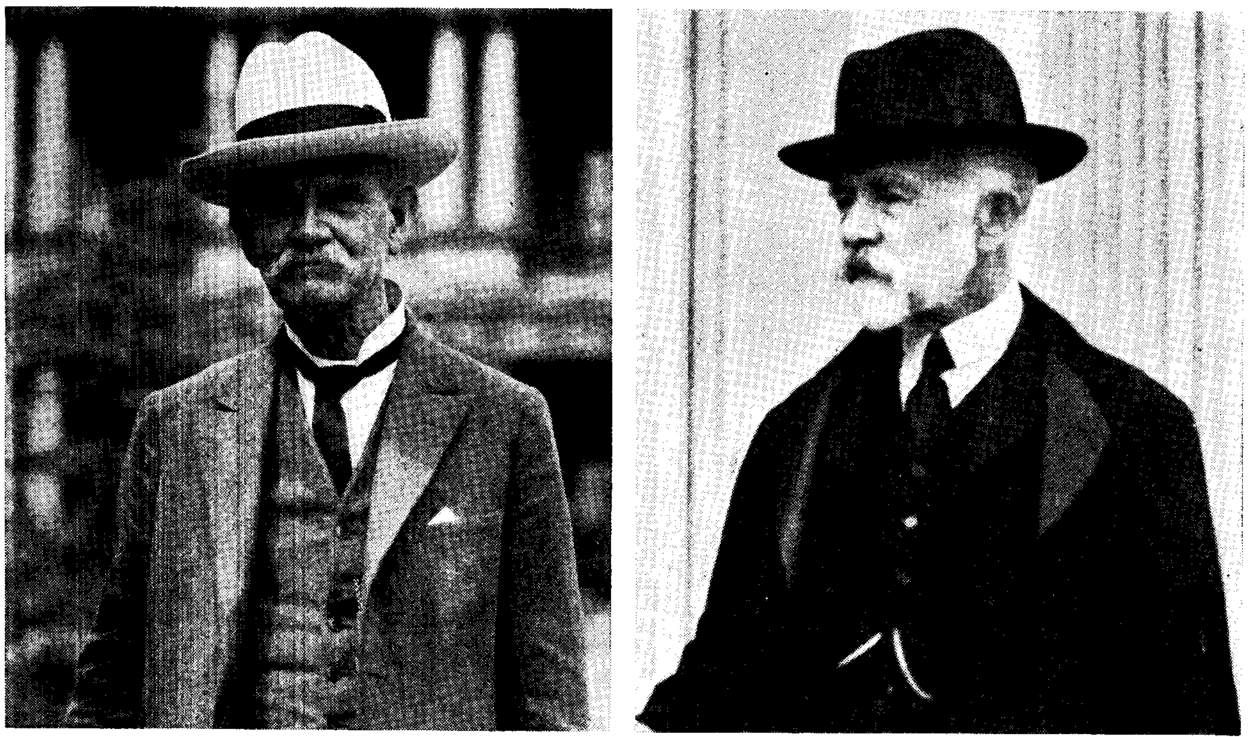
The whole issue was debated again in October-November of 1943 when the Senate passed the Connally resolution, and again in the summer of 1944 when the Dumbarton Oaks conference was held. The reaction in this country against unilateral handling of political problems in Italy, Greece, Rumania and Poland precipitated a resumption of the debate when Congress reconvened in January and now it is likely to continue, with interruptions for necessary business, until finally disposed of by a roll-call vote on the treaty yet to be drafted.

Form of the new United Nations organization will follow closely the League pattern, with a general assembly of all nations, a smaller Security Council to handle threats to the peace, and a world court. In addition there will be an economic and social council under the assembly to work on problems in those fields.

In one major particular, the new organization will go much further than did the League. Article Ten of the League Covenant pledged all member nations to protect one another's territorial integrity against aggression. Fulfillment of this obligation, however, was left *(Continued on page 58)*

INTERNATIONAL

Whether Robert M. La Follette (left), whose father (right) was a leading opponent of the League of Nations, will follow the same pattern is still a question. He is generally regarded as against our joining any organization now



KEYSTONE

INTERNATIONAL

League Defender John Sharp Williams (left), regarded by old-timers as one of the most eloquent Senate debaters of all time, nevertheless lost out because the "willful men" supported reservations of Henry Cabot Lodge (right)

WE LIVED TO TELL

by

Capt. Gene Dale • Capt. John Morrett • Capt. Bert Schwarz

SKETCHES BY LIEUT. MURRAY M. SNEDDON

Foreword

Blood brothers, they were called. That was the Jap name: it meant mass punishment. They divided all the American prisoners at Davao into groups of ten, and those ten were held responsible for one another. If one of them did anything wrong, all ten would be strafed: stripped and stood in line and slapped back and forth by the Nip guards. If one escaped, the other nine were shot.

But they were brothers in a deeper sense. Their brotherhood was born of two and a half years together at slave labor in the Jap prison camps of the Philippines. The bond between them was forged of barbed wire and hobnailed boots and bayonets. Mostly it was a bond of waiting: waiting to be rescued, lying awake night after night when the moon was full and waiting for the American bombers to come over. Waiting to live. . . .

This is the story that they lived to tell. We have set it down just as they told it. It began with the Death March from Bataan, and the burial of thousands of their fellow Americans in the disease-ridden compounds of O'Donnell and Cabanatuan. It continues in this week's installment behind the barbed-wire stockade of Davao. . . .

Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

II

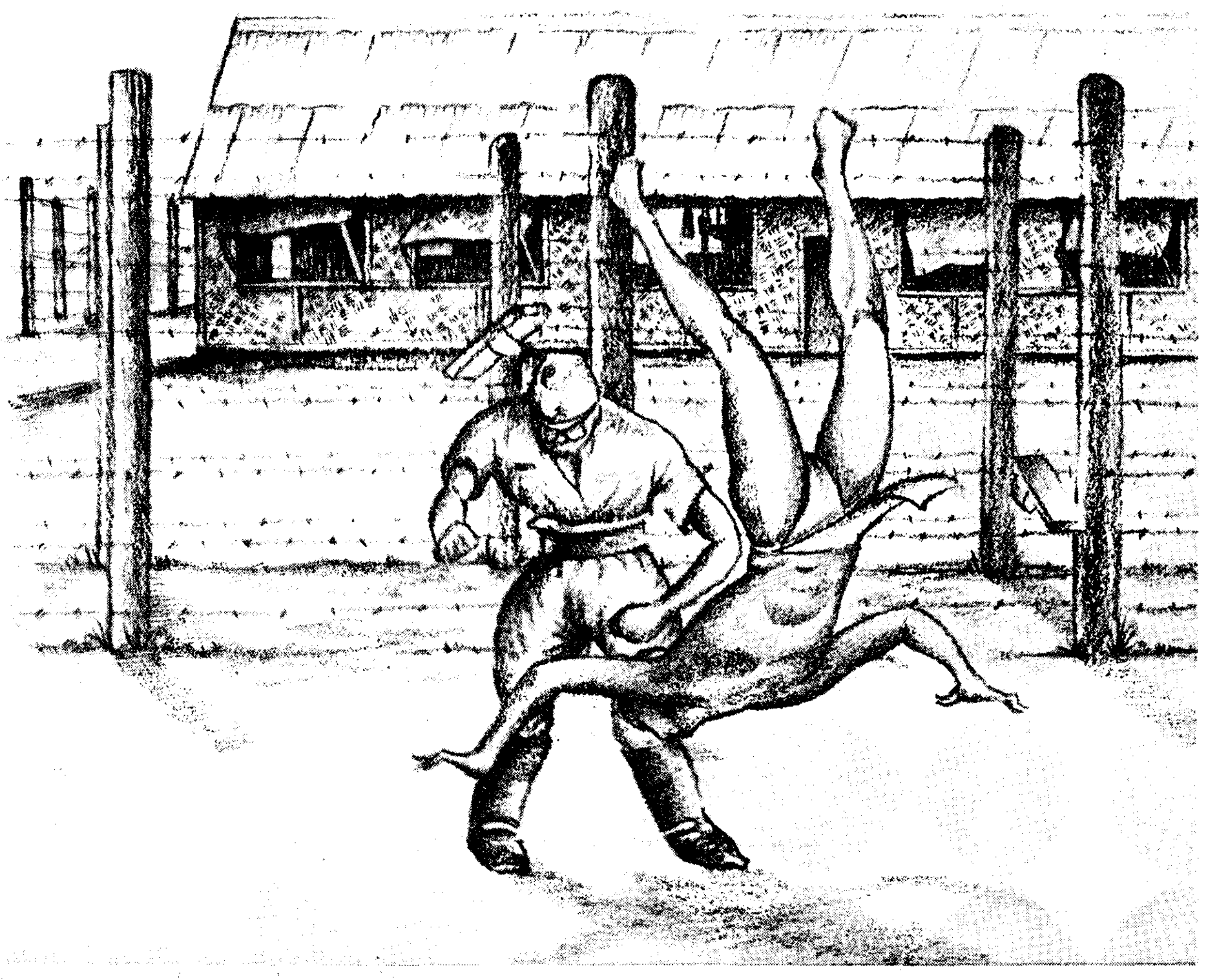
WAITING was hardest. Or, rather, making ourselves believe that there was anything to wait for. It was almost a year since we had been taken prisoners by the Japs after Bataan fell, and we wondered whether help would ever come. We tried to keep our spirits up by inventing little rumors to give ourselves hope. We repeated the wildest latrineograms as though they were gospel. We would beg each other for news, any news, although we knew we were only making it up as we went along. We told ourselves solemnly that there had been a great naval battle, that the Imperial Fleet was retreating to the China coast, that the American destroyers were in hot pursuit. Ten Nip carriers had just been sunk. Russia had declared war on Japan. There was going to be an exchange of war prisoners, and we would all be home in a month.

Day after day we whispered to each other that the Americans were coming. But they never came, they did not come till three years later. Maybe you read in the dispatches a few weeks ago that the Americans had recaptured Camp O'Donnell. The camp was deserted, the newspapers said, the Japs had burned all the barracks as they fled, and the American soldiers strolled across the bare and blackened ground, turning over a bit of barbed wire with their toe or kicking at an empty saki bottle. What we would have given, back in 1942, to see those American troops arriving at O'Donnell! The dispatches said they found no sign of a torture chamber amid the charred ruins. But every inch of that camp was a torture chamber for us.

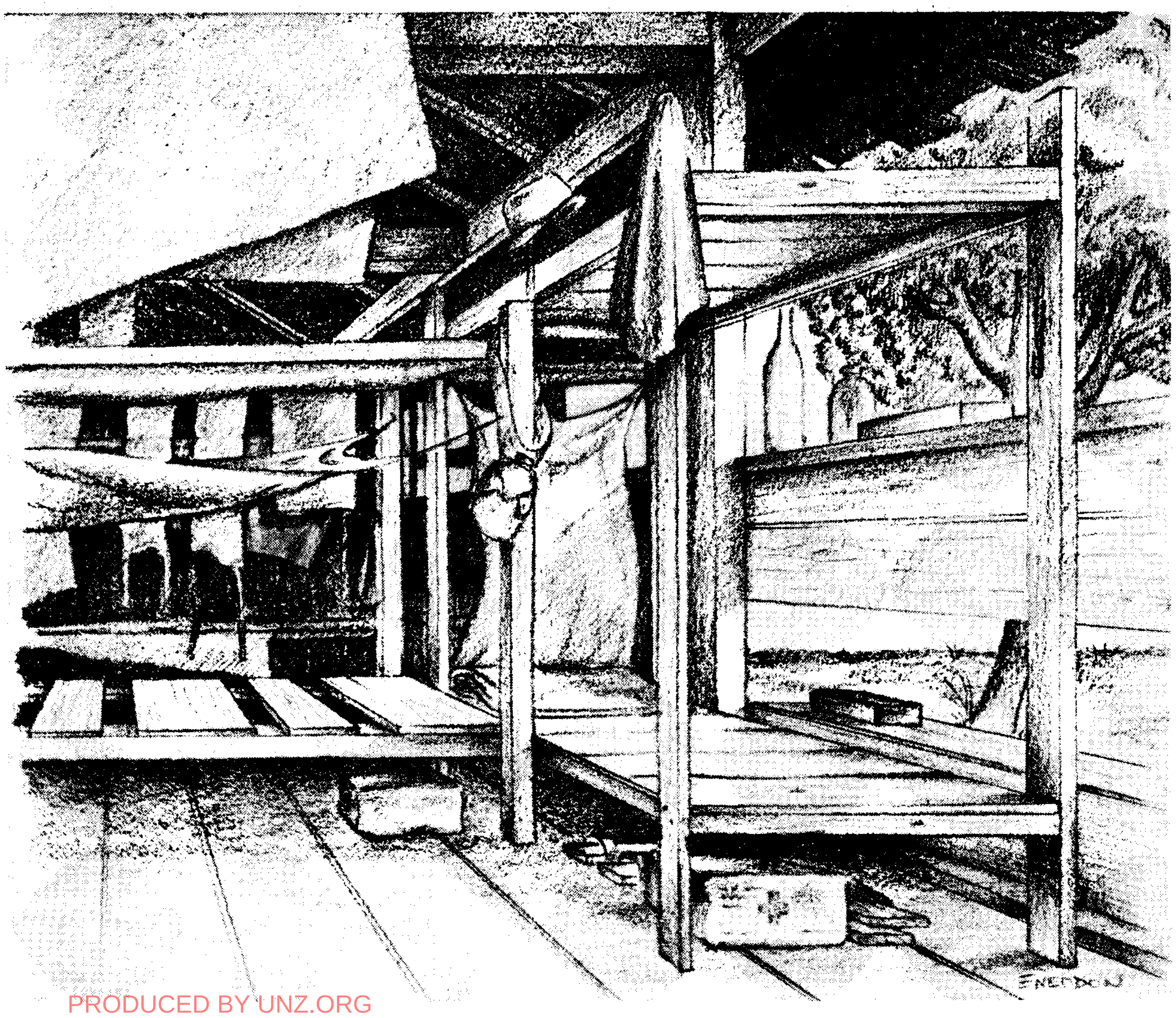
We talked about escape, of course. We made the most elaborate plans. We would overpower our guards and seize the narrow-gauge Toonerville Trolley that hauled us out each morning to the rice fields. But it was no good; we had no idea where to go. The compound was surrounded by a triple barbed-wire fence ten feet high, and Jap guards patrolled the area day and night. It was not only the barbed wire that kept us from escaping: for we often had chances to escape individually while working outside the camp. We knew what it would mean to those we left behind.

The Japs divided us into groups of ten, called blood brothers, and those ten were responsible for one another at all times. An enlisted man in one group at Cabanatuan made a getaway; he was on a firewood detail, and he just kept on walking into the jungle. We never knew what happened to him, but we knew what happened to the remaining nine. The Japs made sure we knew; they assembled all the rest of the men on the detail, and they kept their machine guns trained on them to make them watch. The nine men were lined up before a firing squad. One of the nine had a kid brother watching in the crowd. Just before the Jap squad was given the command to fire, he winked at his brother and said in a low voice, "Tell Mom I said goodby." We used to think of that whenever we were tempted to escape.

Still some of the men tried to make a break. A lieutenant colonel and two other officers attempted it one night, crawling on their hands and knees down the drainage ditch that ran beneath the barbed wire. An American private on guard—the Japs, in defiance of all international law, forced the Americans to stand guard over their fellow prisoners—halted the three officers, and pleaded with them in a whisper; he explained that if they were missing, it would be his neck. The officers shoved him aside, and started past him; but the commotion they made attracted the attention of the Jap guards. The three were seized and led back to the



"Little Caesar threw Jim over his shoulder, Judo-fashion, and went to work on him with his heavy boots." Below, "At first the lice in our barracks gave us hell, until the bedbugs came in and ate up the lice"



(ALL PROCEEDS OF THIS COLLABORATION ARE BEING DONATED TO THE ARMY AIR FORCES AID SOCIETY, FOR THE POSTWAR ASSISTANCE OF AIR FORCES PERSONNEL AND THEIR DEPENDENTS) barracks, and a couple of Jap judo experts went to work on them, twisting their arms and throwing them down and kicking them in the head. After an hour, they confessed.

We had an idea what would happen next. Luckily one of our medical officers had smuggled a small supply of morphine into camp; before the guards hauled the trio off, he managed to inject the entire supply into their arms. The shots made it a little easier for them to stand what followed. The Japs drove three stakes into the ground at the corner of the main highway leading past the camp. They tied the officers to these stakes, knotting their arms behind them and hoisting the rope higher and higher until they could barely touch the ground with their toes: the full weight of their bodies hung from their shoulder sockets. A horizontal four-by-four plank was suspended in front of them, swinging freely; and every Filipino who came down the highway was forced to pull their plank back and smash it forward into the Americans' faces. After a while their faces were unrecognizable; the colonel's left ear was torn off entirely, and dangled upside down beside his cheek. They hung there for three days, and all of us inside the compound could see them; we couldn't help it. The effects of the morphine wore off, and they went out of their minds with pain.

Lieutenant Murray Sneddon of Glendale, California, who illustrated this article, was captured along with the authors when Bataan fell, and spent two and a half years in the brutal penal colonies in the Philippines. His accompanying sketches give a firsthand picture of life in a Jap prison camp

Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

On the third night, the Japs cut them down and led them past the camp to the burial grounds. We heard two shots. We all listened, but we never heard a third shot. There were rumors that the colonel had been decapitated or else buried alive, but we never knew for sure.

The only successful break from prison camp was when Captain Ed Dyess and his group got away. Bert noticed Ed greasing his boots that morning, and said to him, "Where do you think you're going?" Ed didn't answer; he just smiled. That same afternoon he gave away his extra soap to the other men in his barracks, and traded everything he had for some sacks of salt. Later the Japs told us Dyess and all his party had been executed. It wasn't until we got back to the States two years later that we found out he made it.

Things got really tough at Davao after Dyess escaped. Restrictions were doubled, our rations were reduced from 600 to 300 grams of rice, a starvation diet. We were so hungry we ate rats, grubworms, even the little frogs that jumped out of the latrines. The Japs took away our shoes and even our shirts and made us go half naked day and night. They forced us to sign printed certificates stating that we would not escape, but we figured it was done under duress and our signatures weren't binding. If the Japs suspected anyone of plotting to get away, they would tie him to a post by the interior gate, with a sign around his neck, "I tried to escape," and force the Filipinos to beat him. If they didn't hit him hard enough, the Jap guards would beat the Filipinos.

Beatings were a daily occurrence now. Strafing—standing you at attention and slapping you back and forth across the face—was a favorite Jap punishment; though sometimes they would hit you across the bridge of the nose with the side of their hand, judo fashion, or give you a knee in the groin. You very seldom saw a Jap use his bare fist.

Our guards were young Formosans, little men averaging about five feet in height; we nicknamed them Half Pint and Minus Five and Pittsburgh, because one of them told us he came from Pittsburgh, though he probably meant Pittsburgh, Japan. Like adolescents, they loved to lord it over us. If we flinched when they slapped us, we would get a hobnailed boot in the shins. Our shins got infected, and some never healed. Or they would play doctor, pretend to feel the pulse of a malaria victim, and then strafe him and make him stand in the pouring rain for two hours with nothing on.

Sometimes they would get tired of slapping us, and try something new. A detail of thirty of us working in the rice paddies failed to satisfy the guards one afternoon, and they brought us into the *bodega*, lined us up in pairs, and ordered us to strafe each other. The Japs walked up and down the lines, and if one of us didn't slap the man opposite hard enough, the guard would pull the offender out of line and club him with a rifle butt. They thought that making Americans hit one another was a special punishment; but we preferred it. We would grin at each other and stick out our chin and point to it and say, "Come on, pal. Here's the old kisser, smack it!" It was good to feel a clean American hand across our face, instead of the dirty hand of a Jap.

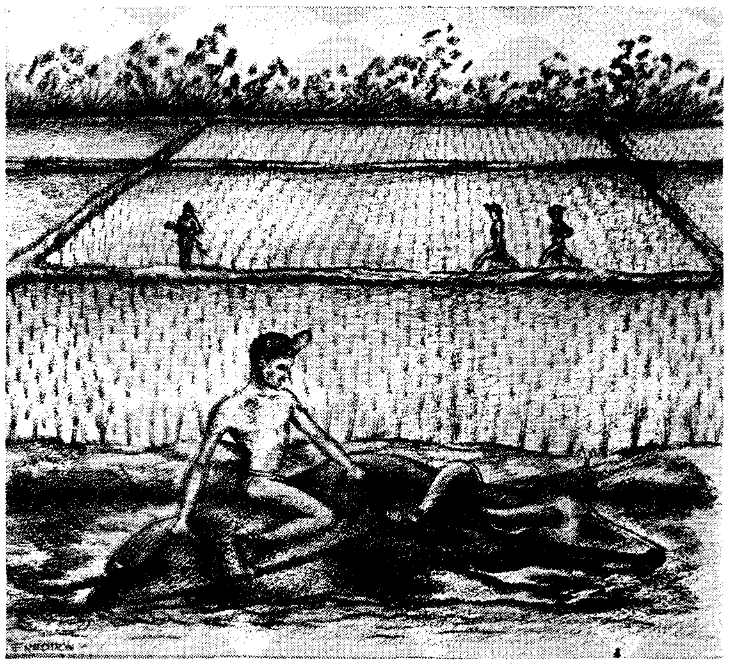
We were learning more and more about the Japs. They were naturally treacherous; if we had enough money, we could bribe any Jap to steal food for us. The Japs do not even trust one another. There is an old Jap motto: "Never lift your hands in the air when walking through a neighbor's orchard." A lot of the Jap soldiers were out-and-out degenerates: they were constantly making passes at our enlisted men, pinching them and flicking them as they walked by.

They liked to order frequent "shakedown" inspections, although all we had on was a G-string, and they would laugh and point at us and make obscene gestures. They would keep us standing there stripped and tell us dirty jokes in broken English, and try to make us smile back; but we ignored them.

A few Japs in camp actually tried to look like girls, wearing bright-colored shirts and walking with a mincing step and puckering their lips when they spoke. These waited on the Jap officers in their quarters; they seemed to have no other duties.

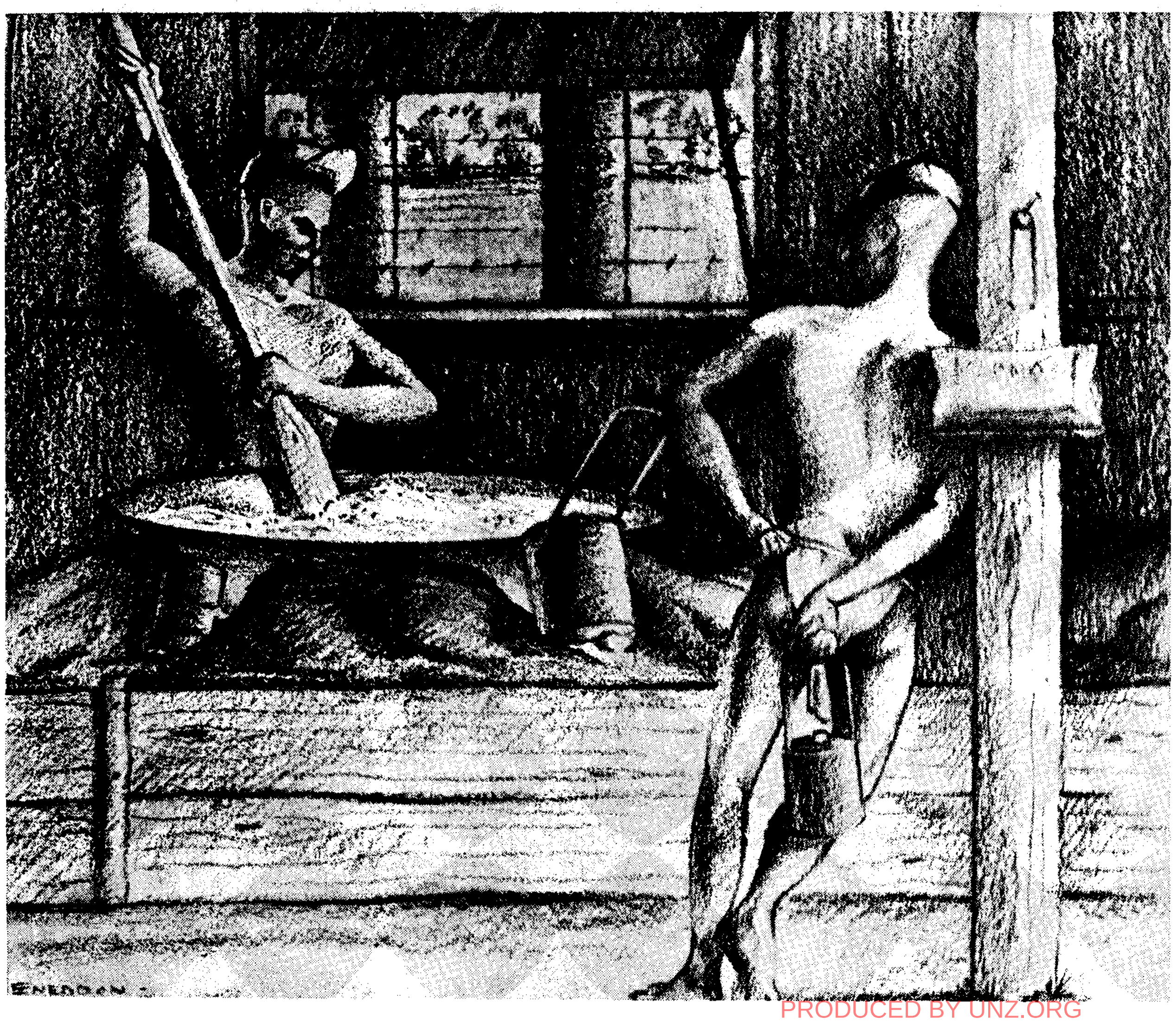
The labor details grew harder and harder each month. We had to lift huge mahogany logs, so heavy that we could barely straighten our legs after we took hold, and carry them out of the jungle. The men would constantly lose their balance on the greasy clay; in such an accident, a log fell on Bert one day and broke his wrist. Lugging the logs often caused ruptures and hernias and dislocated backs, but the Jap cure was always the same: a slap, a kick, a blow with a rifle butt.

They never put enough men on a job to make it easy. They would order a half dozen men to move an entire wooden shed, slipping poles under it and carrying it over the rocks and ditches. It reminded us of pictures we used to see in the Old Testament, showing Egyptian slaves turning a millstone. The slaves were naked and shackled to the stone and beaten as they plodded endlessly around and around.



"The mud was hip-deep and stank like a carabao wallow. In the mornings we could smell it a mile away"

"Our only food was boiled rice, a sloppy mess that went right through you. We had to cook it in iron kawas—big caldrons—and it was always watery and scorched on the bottom. The Japs didn't care"



We slept in bare sheds 180 feet long, with a plank flooring on each side and a dirt walk down the middle. Some of the men dropped boards and built double-decker bunks to keep out of the dampness. The barracks were always leaking rain, and filthy with vermin. The lice gave us hell at first, until the bedbugs got so bad they ate up the lice. The only thing that killed the bedbugs was ants. We used to steal sugar from the kitchen and sprinkle a trail from an anthill across the barracks to our bed to lure them in. At least, you could live with the ants.

There were only four wells for the whole compound. We had to stand in line for hours to wash. They were so shallow that after the slightest use the water turned to mud. We would dip it up in cans and pour it over each other's backs to wash off the slime of the rice paddies. We were never clean, day or night.

The Wonderful Vision of America

We used to dream about America, but America wasn't the Statue of Liberty or speeches or parades. America was being clean. America was a clean white bathroom. America was flush toilets and hot showers, and fresh towels in the rack and running water out of the tap, all the water you wanted, water you could drink.

The Japs gave us nothing in camp; we had to make everything ourselves. We made toothbrushes by splitting a green betel nut, and scrubbing our teeth with the rough rind. When they took our shoes away, we made skivvies out of pieces of board with toe straps of torn rags. The hats we wore to protect ourselves from the fierce tropic sun were made of dried *nipa* leaves.

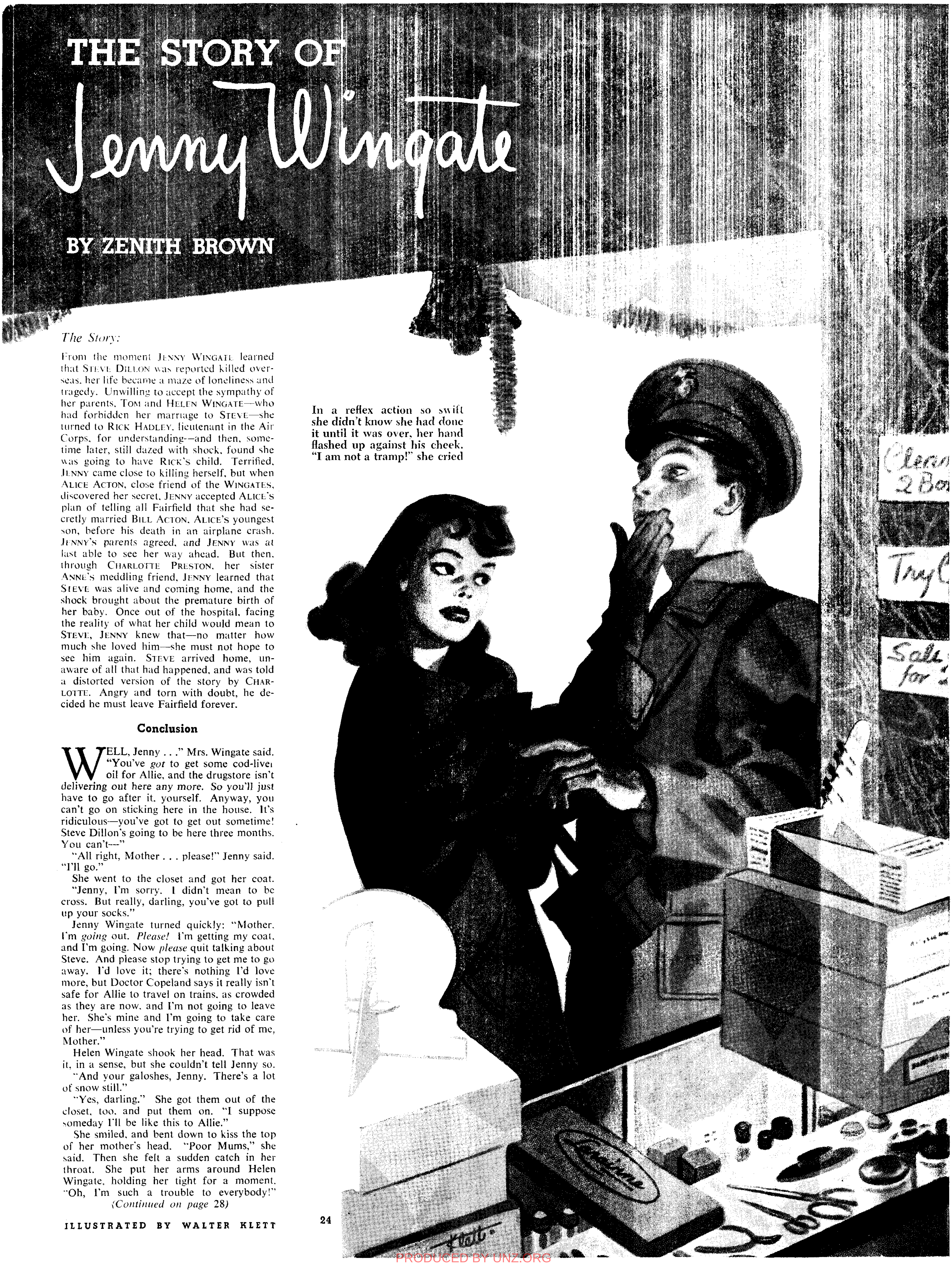
We got hold of some coarse leaf tobacco and shredded it and rolled it in Jap toilet paper to make cigarettes. Someone would sneak a light from the kitchen each morning, and we would use that same light all day long, one cigarette taking it from another. The spark was passed along from man to man in camp, and never went out.

It seemed like a spark of hope.

It was hard to keep hope alive *(Continued on page 74)*

THE STORY OF Jenny Wingate

BY ZENITH BROWN



In a reflex action so swift she didn't know she had done it until it was over, her hand flashed up against his cheek. "I am not a tramp!" she cried

The Story:

From the moment JENNY WINGATE learned that STEVE DILLON was reported killed overseas, her life became a maze of loneliness and tragedy. Unwilling to accept the sympathy of her parents, TOM and HELEN WINGATE—who had forbidden her marriage to STEVE—she turned to RICK HADLEY, lieutenant in the Air Corps, for understanding—and then, sometime later, still dazed with shock, found she was going to have RICK'S child. Terrified, JENNY came close to killing herself, but when ALICE ACTON, close friend of the WINGATES, discovered her secret, JENNY accepted ALICE'S plan of telling all Fairfield that she had secretly married BILL ACTON, ALICE'S youngest son, before his death in an airplane crash. JENNY'S parents agreed, and JENNY was at last able to see her way ahead. But then, through CHARLOTTE PRESTON, her sister ANNE'S meddling friend, JENNY learned that STEVE was alive and coming home, and the shock brought about the premature birth of her baby. Once out of the hospital, facing the reality of what her child would mean to STEVE, JENNY knew that—no matter how much she loved him—she must not hope to see him again. STEVE arrived home, unaware of all that had happened, and was told a distorted version of the story by CHARLOTTE. Angry and torn with doubt, he decided he must leave Fairfield forever.

Conclusion

"WELL, Jenny . . ." Mrs. Wingate said. "You've *got* to get some cod-liver oil for Allie, and the drugstore isn't delivering out here any more. So you'll just have to go after it, yourself. Anyway, you can't go on sticking here in the house. It's ridiculous—you've got to get out sometime! Steve Dillon's going to be here three months. You can't—"

"All right, Mother . . . please!" Jenny said. "I'll go."

She went to the closet and got her coat.

"Jenny, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be cross. But really, darling, you've got to pull up your socks."

Jenny Wingate turned quickly: "Mother, I'm *going* out. *Please!* I'm getting my coat, and I'm going. Now *please* quit talking about Steve. And please stop trying to get me to go away. I'd love it; there's nothing I'd love more, but Doctor Copeland says it really isn't safe for Allie to travel on trains, as crowded as they are now, and I'm not going to leave her. She's mine and I'm going to take care of her—unless you're trying to get rid of me, Mother."

Helen Wingate shook her head. That was it, in a sense, but she couldn't tell Jenny so.

"And your galoshes, Jenny. There's a lot of snow still."

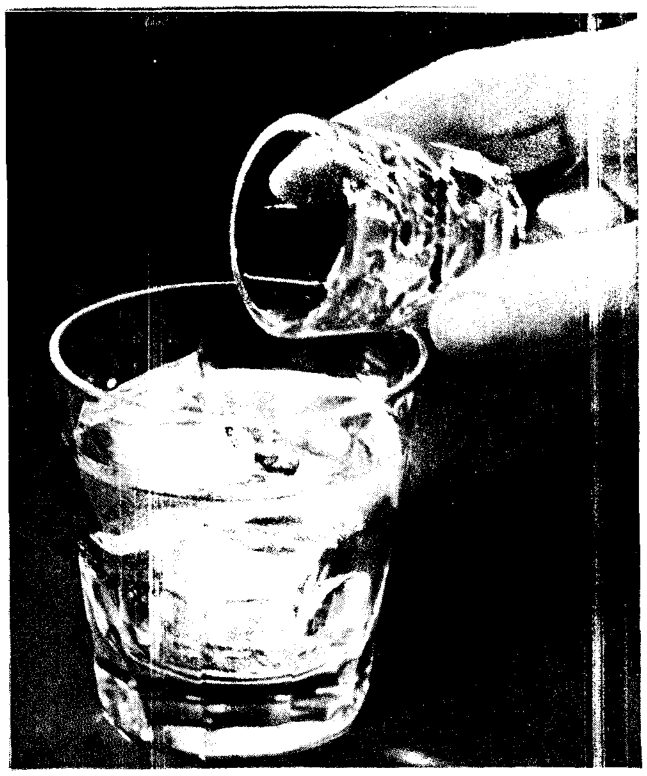
"Yes, darling." She got them out of the closet, too, and put them on. "I suppose someday I'll be like this to Allie."

She smiled, and bent down to kiss the top of her mother's head. "Poor Mums," she said. Then she felt a sudden catch in her throat. She put her arms around Helen Wingate, holding her tight for a moment. "Oh, I'm such a trouble to everybody!"

(*Continued on page* 28)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Into a Toddy glass, put a scant ½ teaspoon of sugar and ½ jigger of water.



– Add 2 cubes of ice and pour in a generous jigger of that matchless whiskey – Four Roses.

–Twist a strip of lemon peel over the drink and drop it in. Stir gently.

1-2-3 . . . and you get America's oldest mixed drink at its best! . . . [illegible] o

IF YOU'VE NEVER enjoyed the surpassing goodness of this time-honored mixed drink, we know you'll be grateful to us for suggesting it.

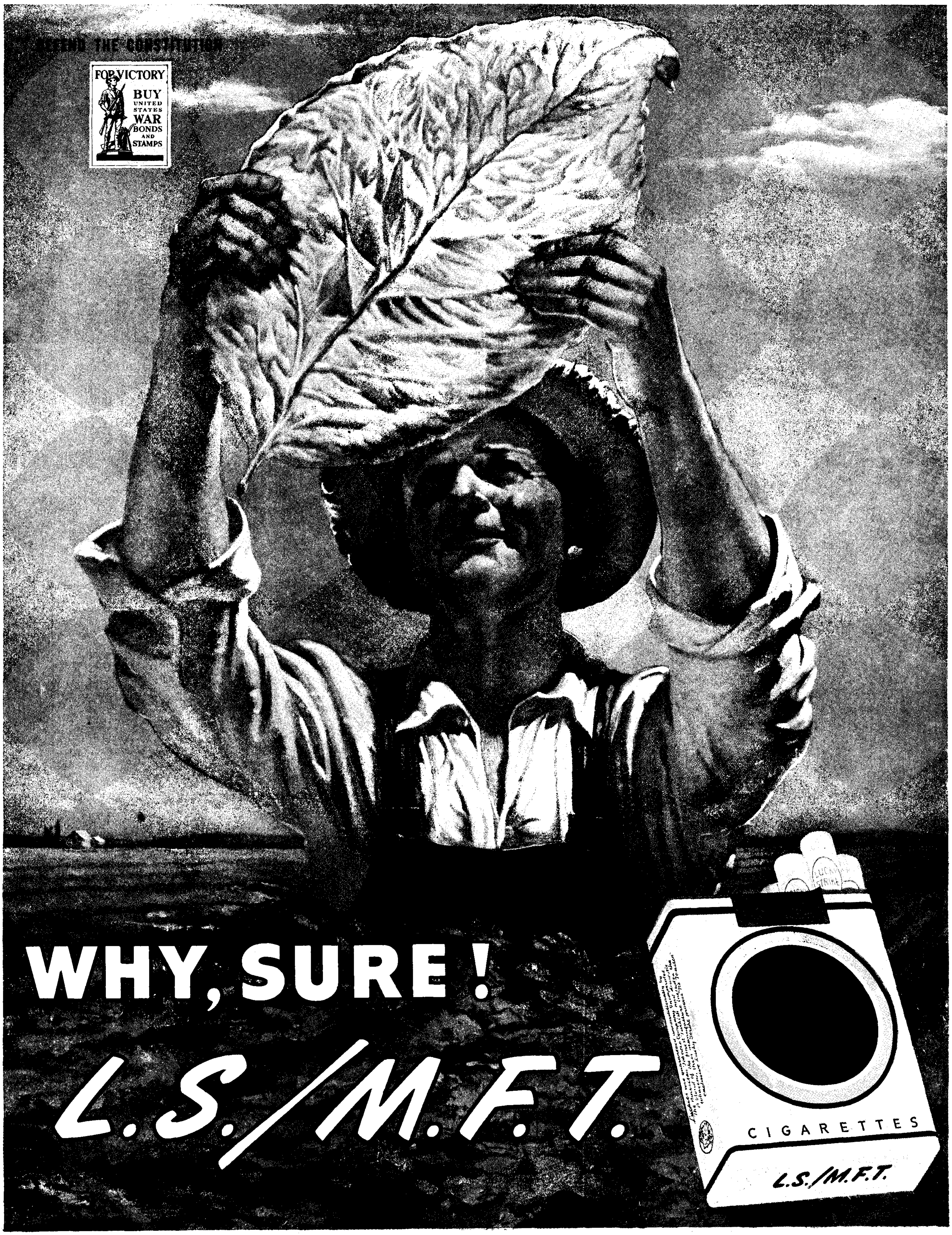
You'll discover—at the very first sip—why the Cold Toddy is becoming even more popular today than in years past. That is, if you make yours with Four Roses!

And that's very important. For a Cold Toddy is so simple to make that it depends almost *entirely* on the magnificence of the whiskey you pour into it.

In short, for a Cold Toddy that will warm your heart with its mellow and flavorful perfection—*be sure you use Four Roses!*

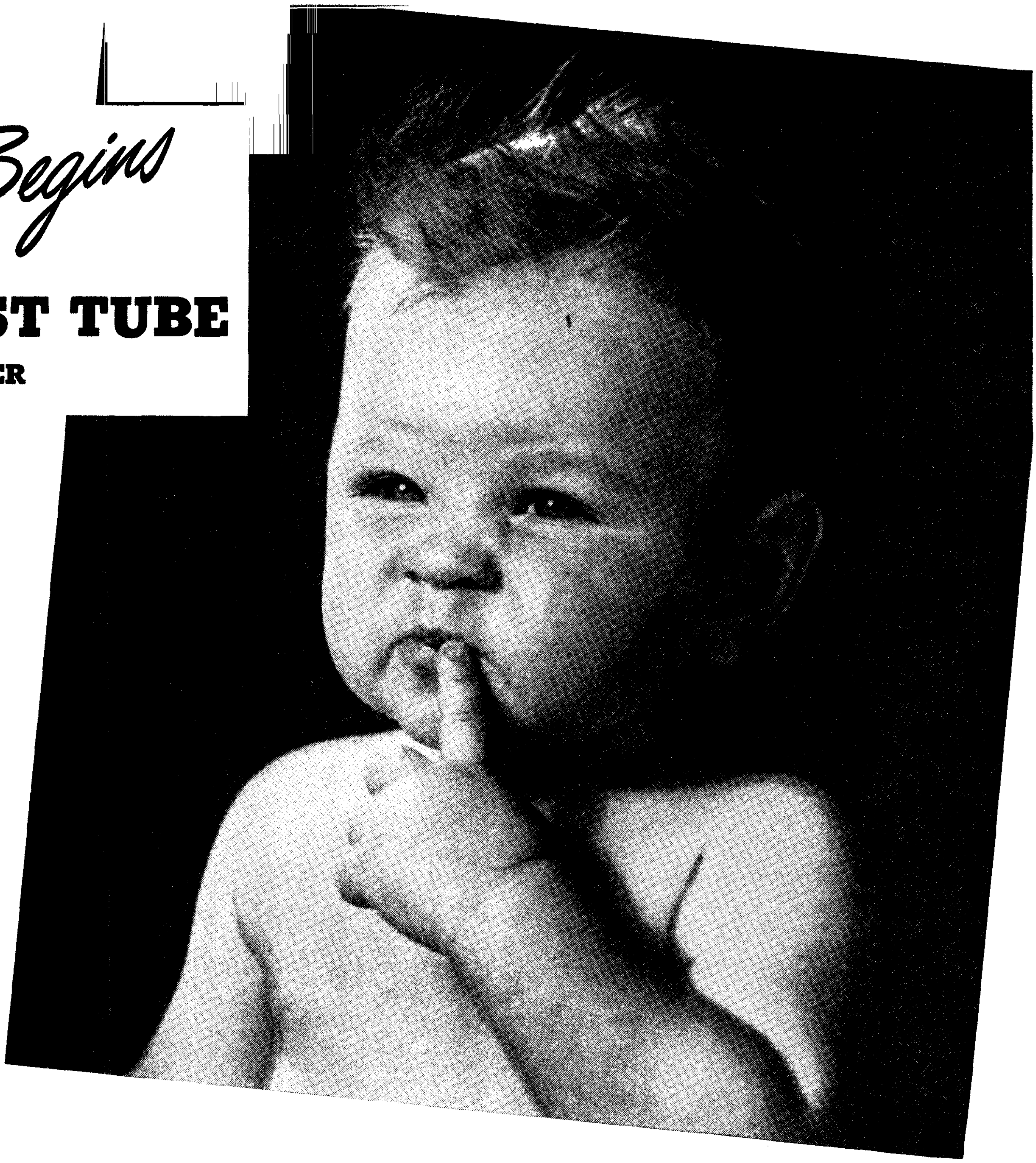
Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

The same great whiskey as before the war


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
WHY, SURE!
L.S./M.F.T.
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

Life Begins IN A TEST TUBE

BY JOAN YOUNGER



Each year more couples are told that they will probably never be able to have children. Doctors know at least 37 reasons for sterility, and many of them are final. But in Massachusetts two scientists made an experiment which creates hope of by-passing some of these reasons

FOR the first time, fertilization of a human ovum and the first faint beginnings of human life have taken place in a test tube rather than in a mother's body.

To some, this may be no more than a flat statement of another step in scientific experimentation. But to thousands of men and women, it brings new hope of the one thing they desire above all else: a child. Even the blunt, firm warnings from doctors that such hope is premature and may prove unfounded fails to daunt them.

Take, for instance, the case of the woman from Albany, N. Y. It was her twenty-first visit in a long campaign which had taken her to doctors in several states. She sat down quietly, her hands folded in her lap.

"Well," the doctor said, "I'm going to be very blunt. I simply do not know of anything more that medicine can do to help you have a baby."

The doctor ran through the pages of her case history. She was a college graduate. Her young husband was a prosperous lawyer. They had been married five years; three of which had been happy. As so often happens in childless marriages, she now showed strong signs of a neurosis caused by her inability to produce a child.

The doctor knew this. The woman was one of many—heartbreaking, yes, but also nerve-racking to the doctor. He knew all the neatly classified causes of infertility. He knew, too, that only a few of these causes could be said surely to respond to treatment. And he knew that those few occurred only in about one half of the cases.

The woman before him was young, healthy, intelligent. Yet because of a defect in the hair-sized portion of the Fallopian tube that stretches outward from the womb to the ovary (a defect that medicine could not, at this time, treat), she represented to herself, her husband and the doctor, stark tragedy. And this woman was not unique.

During the past ten decades, the number of childless marriages in the United States has shown an alarming increase. Where it was estimated that one marriage in twenty was childless, the ratio has increased today to one out of eight. And among the graduates of one front-rank college, a presumably well-equipped group for families, it has been recorded that now approximately one couple in four is childless. And not because they wish it. Contraception is almost always practiced to plan families, not to prevent them.

Doctors and clinics that specialize in sterility problems report that since 1930, the number of patients has been steadily increasing, and many doctors who normally spend most of their time dealing with feminine health say that fully half their work now is with women, and men, who are frustrated in their desire to have children. Moreover, as the men return from overseas in a hurry to begin the families so long delayed, the number of such patients is expected to soar.

Indicative, too, of the intensifying battle are the hundreds of women at the Free Hospital for Women in Brookline, Mass., who co-operated in the research that may one day revolutionize childlessness. Without these women, the knowledge that human ova, like human sperm, can be handled outside the body might have been delayed another decade, another generation.

These women were not all patients because of childlessness. Some had five, six, seven children. But many also had had miscarriages and pregnancy difficulties, and their sympathy with the women in the clinic who had no children, knew no bounds.

It was six years ago that Doctor John Rock began asking some of the women who came to the hospital if they would co-operate in a new experiment he was doing. To a woman, they agreed. They gave their medical histories and painstakingly kept charts on their health, their menstrual dates, their pregnancy patterns.

"Gee!" said one woman admiringly to the doctor one day, as she turned in her health report. "I don't see how you make me so important. I wouldn't refuse to help you for anything. Sometimes I think it's almost as good as being a doctor myself."

Another woman lay for ten days in a hospital room with electrodes strapped to her body. Next to her a machine recorded her smallest reaction and charted new facts about the workings of the female body. When she finished the tedious routine, she checked herself out as willing to come again, any time.

Patients Keep Their Own Records

The operative patients who provided ova for the test-tube experiments kept a detailed check on themselves and reported to the hospital regularly while awaiting their turn for the operation, which had in every case been ordered by some other surgeon to cure some disability. As a result their operations took place when it was thought the ova would be in a state most promising for the fertilization experiment.

These women are amazing in more ways than one. Thirty years ago, childlessness was a hidden thing. Until the early twenties it was generally believed that little could be done about it. Manufacturers of patent medicines thrived, quacks waxed fat, and a smoke screen of shame obscured the whole situation, falling particularly over the woman, who was thought to be solely to blame.

Evidence, collected by Doctor William H. Cary, that the male was responsible in approximately one third of the childless marriages helped to cut through the shame. The freer attitude toward sex made for a clearer understanding of infertility. Slowly the feeling that childlessness was a family skeleton not to be disturbed gave way to the present belief that it is no more shameful than an ingrowing toenail.

With the change in attitude, aid for childless couples steadily increased. Methods for checking male cells were developed, a test for blockage of the Fallopian tubes—one of the chief feminine causes of sterility—was devised, conservative surgery on the vital feminine organs was improved. Sterility clinics were established. Books were published in layman's language.

But for the woman with tubes defective through either disease or abnormal development, there is no satisfactory treatment. Except in rare instances, not even the most delicate surgery can establish their function.

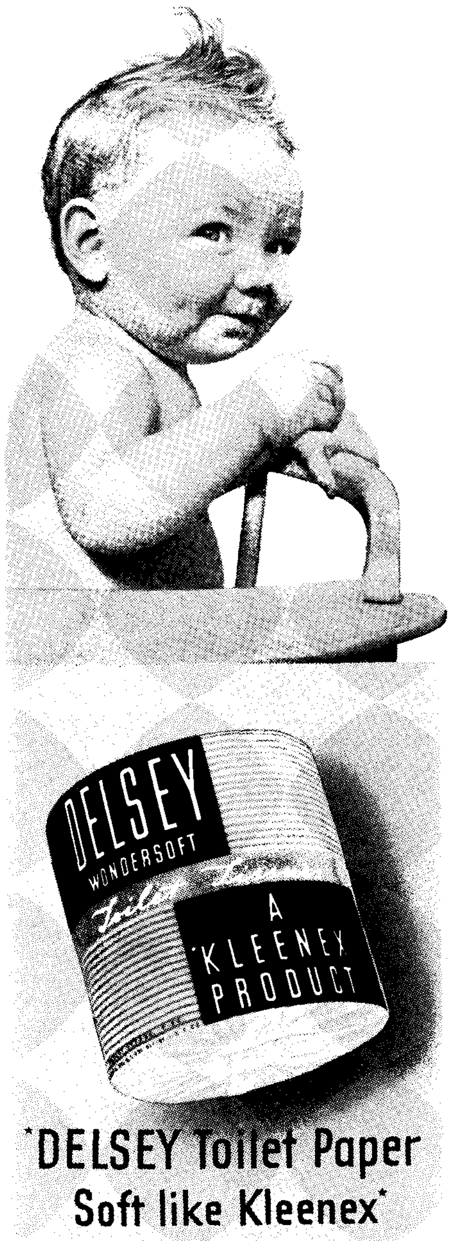
This is how pregnancy takes place: About every four weeks in a normal woman a single ovum passes from the ovary into the Fallopian tube. If there are healthy, fertile sperm cells waiting in the tube, the egg is entered and fertilized. From four to six days after

(Continued on page 49)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HELEN STEENHUIS

Oh Boy!

Lots of Delsey after the war



DELSEY Toilet Paper Soft like Kleenex

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Jenny Wingate

Continued from page 24

"Oh, darling, don't ever say that. All I mean is, you just can't bury yourself alive."

"I'm going. See—I'm all dressed. Galoshes and gloves. I'll even wear a hat if you want me to."

Her mother laughed. "I don't want you to crucify yourself. Get along. I'll take care of Allie."

As Jenny hurried down the front walk to the street, she caught sight of Charlotte Preston and her mother, just going up the steps into their house. They hadn't seen her, or, if they had, they didn't indicate it. It was an odd thing, Jenny thought. She hadn't seen Charlotte to speak to since Thanksgiving Day, and this was the end of January; Allie was almost two months old. Yet that wasn't really odd, of course.

What was actually strange, Jenny thought, was that she no longer had any feeling about Charlotte. Her father and her mother and Alice Acton hated her like poison, but she didn't—there was no bitterness in her heart. Charlotte simply didn't matter any more. It seemed a long, long time ago that she'd come in when Jenny was alone, listening to the radio and waiting for her father to come back from the Fairfield Club. Jenny's breakdown at that time hadn't been only the shock of learning that Steve was alive. It was the things Charlotte had said, the virulence, the pent-up hatred, released in sudden fury and creating the effect of physical violence.

But now that had all gone. The profoundly moving experience of childbirth had wiped the memory of it from her mind, and it was only with an effort that she had brought it back the day Doctor Copeland came to the house, to give her his blistering lecture on keeping her chin up and doing the job God had meant her to do.

"You have nothing to fear but fear itself," he'd quoted to her. "If you respect yourself, your neighbors will respect you. Your life isn't at an end, it's just begun . . ." He'd got up to leave, then stopped, and turned at the door: "And you're to forget about Charlotte Preston."

He'd stopped short when she looked at him. "I see," he said. "You've already forgotten her. That's good, Jenny. Never hate anybody for more than five minutes. Hatred and anger are corrosives of the human spirit; they eat through and disfigure the human face. If either your baby or you hadn't pulled through, I'd have wrung her damned little neck with my own hands. But you remember what I say."

Jenny smiled as she remembered him going out, banging the door behind him. She looked over again at Charlotte's house. Perhaps she didn't hate her now because there was no longer anything to fear from her. Charlotte had done her worst, and in doing so had lost her hold on Jenny and Allie forever.

What Charlotte must have told Steve! That was one of the reasons it was going to be hard to face him if she ever had to. The idea of some time having to see him had been as much a part of her being, the last four days, as her own heartbeat. She'd tried not to think about it, but it was always there in her mind. In the middle of bathing Allie or giving her her bottle, she would find herself carrying on an imaginary conversation with him, trying to tell him so he'd understand.

She always tried to put it quickly out of her mind, but his image would be back the instant she relaxed, and she would start wondering again where she might see him, what he would look like, what they would say to each other. The doorbell never rang but that she had a momentary pang in her heart of hope or fear, that it might be Steve. And it was a pang of hope, she knew, for there was, every time, a small sick feeling when he didn't appear, when the visitor turned out to be somebody to see her mother or a boy bringing a parcel.

But he wasn't coming, she told herself over and over again, now, as she hurried along the snowy streets. If she did meet him, of course, he would be with some people, telling them about the South Pacific, and she'd pass them and hear him speak but his back would be turned. Maybe one of them would say, "There goes Jenny Wingate," and there'd be a silence, or somebody might laugh. He'd be in front of Meade's Drugstore, probably. That was where he often used to be in the old days, because Jim Rettner who ran the soda fountain was an old friend of his.

She had a double picture of him in her mind—at the house, perhaps, with her away; and at Meade's. She saw him at both places, and, hurrying as fast as she could to get back home quickly in case he should come, she went past the street that would take her to Meade's. She couldn't go deliberately where he might be. There was another drugstore over on Water Street by the station. It was three blocks farther away than Meade's but she would never have to tell herself he would have spoken if he'd seen her . . . or if he did see her and did speak, never have to tell herself it was her own fault, that she had in reality deliberately gone to find him.

The store on Water Street was safe, he would never get down that far. All the men in uniform she saw were soldiers from McNair, hanging around the station or the cheap saloons and diners around it. A couple of them whistled at her as she hurried across the car tracks.

Inside the drugstore they were crowded around the telephone booth and a blatant juke box. A couple of youngsters were doing a jitterbug version of the cakewalk in front of the soda fountain with its red and green crepe-paper decorations flyspecked and drab, still up from Christmas. Jenny made her way through the crowd to the prescription counter. She barely heard the voices as she went along: "Hiya, babe. . . . What's your hurry, sister? . . . Hey, Joe, let the lady pass. . . . Oh, boy, what's your hurry, babe? . . . Shut up, you guys, don't you see the lady's in a hurry?"

STEVE DILLON took the ticket the agent pushed through the window to him and picked up his change.

"Eight twenty-five tonight," the agent said.

Steve nodded, put it in his pocket and moved out of the long line. He was taking the next train out, going south. That didn't make any difference. He would have gone north if the next train had gone north. It didn't matter—all he wanted to do was get out of Fairfield. Every tree, every street corner, every face he saw reminded him of Jenny. He couldn't go to Meade's because they used to stop in there for a soda after the movies and the memories were too sharply recalled. At first he had tried going to the movies—just to be somewhere where it was warm and he could be alone, but that didn't work either. There'd be a couple with their heads close together in front of him, and he'd remember sitting there with Jenny when they'd come just so they could sit side by side, her arm touching his, not seeing the picture, thinking maybe when they got out and went back her parents might have changed their minds about letting her marry him.

There was no place in Fairfield he could go. He couldn't walk out the road toward McNair, because that was the way she'd gone that night with the other fellow. He couldn't follow the road the other way either, because that led to the Acton farm, and it was there he had suddenly seen her for the first time, even though he'd seen her a thousand times before; it was there he had realized that all his life Jenny had had a special meaning for him; that in reality he had been only marking time until he could put his hand out and take her.

THE road to the Acton farm reminded him of that picnic day, and the other road, the one across the river, reminded him of the night he had come back in the truck from North Carolina to tell her he couldn't stand living without her any longer. He would have told her before, the day after the picnic, but it seemed crazy to think she'd care at all. He couldn't expect her to feel the way he did. All he could do was watch her. He sat around shooting the breeze with Anne and Tommy, and with Charlotte, who always seemed to be over there, never taking his eyes off her, turning punch-drunk if she happened to smile at him, feeling deeply happy inside when he heard her voice, quiet and infrequent in the high-pitched chatter the rest of them carried on.

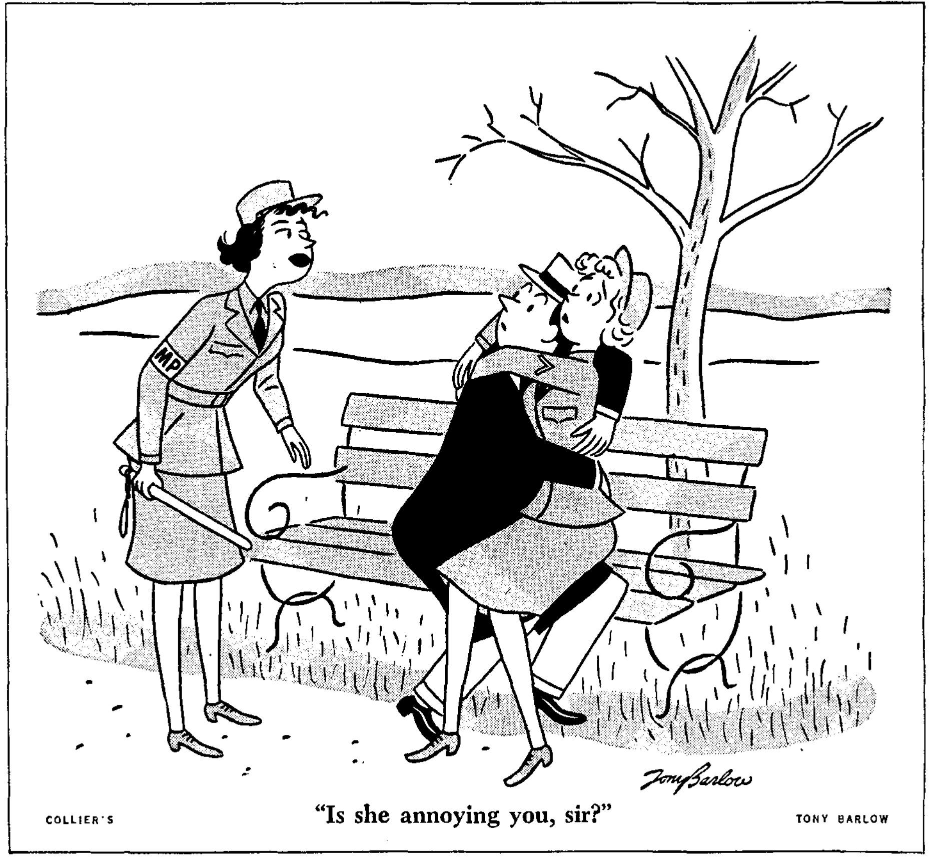
That was the road he'd gone out on too, when her mother and father wouldn't let him marry her. That was the memory that burned the deepest and most savagely. What a fool he'd been, what a damned bloody fool! She had wanted to marry him anyway and he had been the one to say no. That one night when she had clung to him, telling him she loved him so much she didn't care whether they let him marry her then or not . . . remembering that, and the way he'd taken her hands and pushed her away from him, held her away while he got control of himself again . . . being the big brother, the strong guy . . . remembering that, during the nights he walked the snowy streets of Fairfield in the pitch darkness, he had often wanted to stop and be sick in the gutter.

"They had fun, I guess."

He could hear Charlotte's baby voice.

"They said it was premature . . ."

He couldn't quit hearing it. It was a pho-



"Is she annoying you, sir?"

On the Normandy beach

Official U.S. Signal Corps Photograph

It's a long, hard road . . . but the going isn't so tough when they carry with them snapshots from home . . .

One of the ever-present hardships the boys have to face is just plain homesickness.

That's why snapshots are so important. They mean more than almost anything else we can send. Cheerful pictures of the home folks—the home scenes—that a fellow can carry about with him, show his friends; it's like carrying along a little piece of home itself.

Film isn't easy to get (military demands still come first)—but keep on trying. And when you do get a roll—snap the people and places you know he loves the best. As far as you can, make your letters "snapshot visits from home". . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

REMEMBER THE 14 NURSES ON CORREGIDOR? —Three years ago—down in the "tunnel," jammed with sick and wounded . . . working by flashlight through bombings . . . only two operating tables . . . short of food, quinine, anesthetics? Remember how a few of the heroic girls escaped before the Japs arrived—but some failed to get away? Theirs is a stern example. BUY—AND HOLD—MORE WAR BONDS.

Visit your man in the service with SNAPSHOTS

Kodak

nograph record stuck in a groove . . . her voice ground on and on until all his insides were drenched with bitterness and gall.

Well, it was half past four. In another four hours he'd be on his way. He went over to the newsstand. The girl behind the counter was sorting out a pile of magazines.

"Cigarettes?"

"No cigarettes—sold out," she said mechanically, then looked up at him. A curious expression went slowly across the heavily made-up face. He turned away.

"You can get some over at the drugstore on the corner," she said. "Don't tell them I told you. They save them for their own customers."

"Thanks." He went on toward the door.

The girl turned to the man who was pushing three pennies across the counter for an evening paper.

"Lord," she said. "Some of these guys with a lot of ribbons sure get you. And the faces on them . . . some of them you'd sure hate to meet on a dark night. Makes you feel scared, sort of— No cigarettes. Sold out."

JENNY WINGATE waited patiently at the drugstore counter until the clerk came.

"Cod-liver oil, please," she said.

"Forty-nine cents or ninety-eight, miss?"

A man in uniform stepped up beside her. She moved a little to make room for him in the narrow space at the counter. His hand with some change in it rested on the scratched glass top.

"Forty-nine," she said. "Or is the ninety-eight size—"

"Cigarettes?"

They both stopped short. For an instant neither moved. Jenny's heart seemed to stop beating as her head turned slowly. Her lips parted, and her eyes widened. She was breathless for a moment that seemed to stretch into all infinity. *He was there beside her.* She was looking up at him at last.

The juke box blared a new song. Heavy shoes were scraping on the wood floor. There was a smell of tobacco smoke, stale and fresh, of sickish-sweet or acrid drugs, of food and sweat. The doorbell tinkled sharply as the door into the street opened and closed again. Soldiers were laughing . . . Hiya, babe . . . Hiya, keed . . . and a couple of high-school girls coming in were giggling. It was dirty and a little sordid, a dingy hangout on the other side of the tracks, but for Jenny and for Steve it had no reality of its own. It was the hollow of the hand of fate, and they stood together in it, looking at each other, silent, unbelieving.

She put her hand out and touched the sleeve of his overcoat, unaware that she had done it.

"Steve."

Her lips moved but no sound came from them. He was real. It wasn't a dream. For a moment then her whole heart was in her gray eyes raised to his. Then she shrank back a little. He was different, unbelievably different. It was Steve and yet it couldn't be Steve. His lips were thin and hard and bitter in a stony face she no longer knew. His eyes were a steely blue, and there was nothing in them she remembered from the time they had looked down into hers . . . not the last time or any time before.

Something tightened around her throat, something thin and cold, cutting off her power to breathe. Her parted lips were very dry. All the strength had gone out of her legs, and whatever it was that held her erect was no part of her bone and muscle. He was speaking then. She could see his lips move slightly. For a moment she couldn't hear the words he was saying. It was the din in her own ears that was deafening her, not the din outside, the juke box, the soldiers, the girls giggling. Then she heard him.

"So you're a tramp," he said. "A tramp with an angel's face."

Hiya, babe, the soldiers said. The school girls giggled. Hullo, soldiers. So you're a tramp. A tramp with an angel's face. A tramp.

Jenny Wingate's eyes widened until the gray-flecked irises were black as pitch. Then they flashed, suddenly blazing hot. Her hand on his coat sleeve flashed, too. Before she knew it, she had done something she never knew she could do: in a reflex action so swift she didn't know she had done it until it was over, her hand flashed up against his cheek.

"I am not a tramp!"

The low, passionate fury in her voice carried beyond the counter, and there was a silence in the room as sharp and sudden as the stinging tears that burned her eyelids. She dropped her hand, breathless and appalled, staring at him in horror, her face drained of all color. Then she turned and made her way blindly out of the store. The G.I.s dropped back to give her room, and stood silent as she passed. Their eyes turned toward Steve Dillon.

He stood pale and rigid, the spot where she had struck him still livid on his cheek. His eyes lighted then as he turned to face the crowded room. There was something in them besides bitterness now. It was something that only he could be aware of . . . a dark cloud lifting, a light breaking through.

A slow, angry murmur rose in the room.

"What goes on, leatherneck?" a voice said.

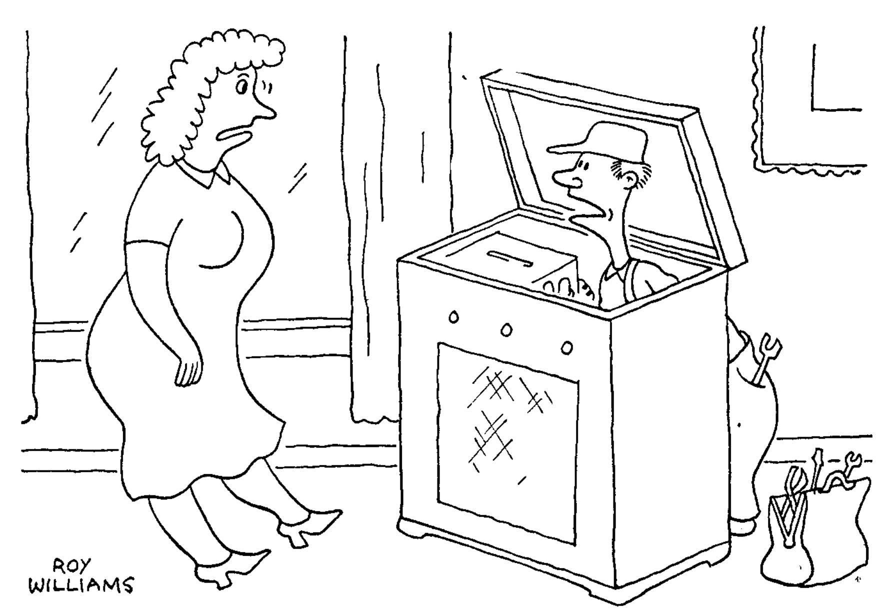
Steve Dillon moved toward the group. "Any of you want to make anything of it?"

An MP in the arcade where the juke box had abruptly stopped came up and moved quickly in between them. "All right, boys. Break it up."

"What's the idea—"

"Break it up. Get back there. Forget it."

He turned to Steve. "Come on, Sergeant." He glanced at Steve's face, and the ribbons.



COLLIER'S "Television? No, lady, I'm the repairman!" ROY WILLIAMS

"We don't want the joint wrecked, Sergeant. Get your stuff, will you?"

Steve turned back to the counter. "Okay, soldier."

The clerk behind the counter was shaking. His voice shook too. "Here's your cigarettes."

Steve took the pack.

"The . . . lady forgot her cod-liver oil."

"I'll take it," Steve said.

He picked up the bottle.

"It's forty-nine cents. But that's all right, Sergeant—"

Steve dropped half a dollar on the glass counter, put the bottle in his pocket, lighted a cigarette and went out. The clerk drew a long breath as the bell tinkled. The MP went over to the door and stood looking out. He turned back.

"That's the guy they had the parade for," he said. "He's been out there."

HELEN WINGATE came down the stairs, holding in her arms a bundle of pale pink wool with two small hands sticking out, and a small face with blue-gray eyes blinking, trying to bring a confusing world into some kind of focus. It was the half hour before bedtime when Allie was brought downstairs so Tom Wingate could see her when he came home from the office.

"It's a sweet baby girl," Helen was saying. "Her mummy will be home with some lovely, ghastly cod-liver oil in just—"

She stopped at the foot of the stairs listening, her pulse quickening with alarm. Someone was running along the walk and up the steps. The door flew open and Jenny burst into the hall, her breath coming in broken sobs. Her eyes were black and wild and her dark hair was clinging to her white tear-stained cheeks.

"Oh, don't! Don't speak to me, Mother!" she cried. "Let me alone!"

She broke into a sudden passion of weeping, ran past her mother and stumbled up the stairs to her room. The door slammed. Helen could hear her run across the floor, and the jolt of her bed as she threw herself down on it. Helen Wingate, holding the baby to her breast, closed her eyes and stood steadying herself against the doorframe.

TOM came out of the den at the other end of the living room, the evening paper still open in his hand, his face blank and inquiring.

"What is it, Helen? What's wrong now?"

She shook her head back and forth slowly. "I don't know. I don't know. Take the baby and put her down, will you?"

"Was that Jenny?" He came on into the living room and took the baby.

"Yes. But don't go up. She's in a state. Oh, Tom, I don't know why everything has to happen this way."

They went into the den. He put the pad down while she unloosed the pink knit blanket and stood for a moment looking down at the baby. Then she turned quickly away.

"Steve, I suppose." Tom said evenly.

"I don't know. Either Steve or . . ."

"Or who?"

"Rick Hadley," Helen said.

Tom stared at her. "What are you saying? Have you gone crazy?"

She shook her head. "Not me, but sometimes I think everybody else has, Tom."

He continued to stare blankly at her.

"I should have told you, but I was afraid to," Helen went on. "Anne's last letter said Rick was coming back—that's why I've been trying to persuade Jenny to go away somewhere for a while."

Tom waited silently, his jaw hardening.

"Kip saw Rick's orders. He's been at Headquarters at Dallas and he's being sent back here. I don't know what it means, but evidently he requested the duty, and he's coming back to McNair. Anne thought I ought to tell Jenny because Rick doesn't know about . . . Allie. She thought she might want to take Allie away."

"You didn't tell her . . . or did you?"

"No. I didn't have the courage. Because that's not all."

"What else, for Lord's sake?" Tom asked.

"Rick's not married any more. Sue got a Reno divorce, two months ago, and married a captain in San Antonio. So Rick's free again. I just didn't want to tell Jenny."

"And why?"

"Because Steve's leaving, tonight. Charlotte told Alice just a little while ago—Elizabeth Dillon called Adelaide Preston and told her. He's going on the 8:25 tonight. So that's over, Tom, and there's this baby. After all, Rick's her father."

Tom Wingate got his pipe out and filled it. "I . . . I just can't understand you, Helen. I don't see what you're driving at. Do you want Jenny to marry Hadley? Is that what you mean?"

"I . . . don't know," Helen said. "I just don't know. I'm mixed up every way."

She looked up quickly. "Jenny's coming down. Maybe she knows. We'll have to tell her, but not now, not till Steve's gone."

The doorbell rang, loud and long. "I hope it's another letter from Anne saying Rick's orders are canceled," Tom said grimly.

He started to the door, but Jenny was at the bottom of the steps with the bottle from the nursery icebox in her hand. She put it down on the table, went on to the door and opened it. Tom saw her hand drop abruptly to her side. A voice said:

"Here's your cod-liver oil. You went off and left it."

Jenny stood there. It was the first time since Steve Dillon came home that she had heard the doorbell ring and had felt no small flame of hope holding her breathless for an instant before it died. It was the first time she had gone to the door herself when the bell rang. She had gone automatically now because there had been no longer anything left to hope for. And this time Steve was there, standing under the light on the porch. It was too late. She knew now it had always been too late.

She put her hand out to take the bottle. . . .

Tom Wingate went back into the den.

"It's a package from the drugstore," he said. He sat down on the sofa and put his forefingers down for Allie to close her fists on. "Look how strong she is."

Helen smiled. "That's not strength, it's a memory of when her forebears swung in trees. She *is* cute, isn't she, Tom? The poor little gal."

"Quit saying that," he said sharply.

JENNY took the cod-liver oil out of Steve Dillon's hand.

"Thank you," she said. Her eyes were lowered. She couldn't look at him. The memory of his face, hard and bitter, and the memory of her own hand striking him, made her sick with shame. She couldn't have believed herself capable of such a thing. Her cheeks burned, dull and hot.

"I'm sorry, Steve," she said without raising her eyes. "I'm so ashamed. I . . . guess I lost my temper. I'm sorry."

He stood there without speaking, looking searchingly down at her. Then he said, "It's all right, Jenny. I had it coming. The shock treatment was what I needed, I guess. Can I . . . come in, Jenny?"

She looked up quickly, her lips parted, her eyes blank.

"I'd like to, if you'll let me," Steve said.

Jenny tried to control the sudden thing that was making her heart beat fast, catching at her throat, choking her so that it was hard to breathe. Then, as she stood aside for him to come in, the thing trembling in her heart died once again. It was no use. It was too late much too late. If shock treatment was what he needed, she thought wryly, he was going to get more. In just a moment, when he saw Allie, and saw Jenny as her mother, he was going to get a still greater shock. The flush burned in her cheeks again. He might think he could forget it, but the living evidence that she was a tramp, if he thought so, was there, and he would never be able to forget that.

She waited silently, her cheeks burning more deeply, her eyes lowered, as he took off his overcoat and put it with his cap on the chair by the hall table. Then she picked up the bottle of milk from the hall table and went ahead of him into the living room.

"Steve's here, Mother," she said, raising her voice. She should have given them more time but she couldn't have trusted her voice sooner. Her ears caught the silence, and she could almost see their faces as they looked at each other in sudden consternation. Her own heart was bitter water with nothing in it to sustain her. And then as she went through the door, something strange happened. When she saw the baby on the sofa, she raised her chin quickly, aware of a sudden emotion she

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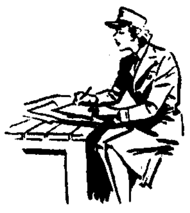

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In the days of monarchical might before liberty dawned, William Penn envisioned a new frame of government . . . where people would live under laws of their own making, and men would be free to worship God. He set down his ideals of civil rights in Pennsylvania's charter, the precursor of the Declaration of Independence, and the U. S. Constitution.

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had never had about her child before—a fierce protective impulse welling up in her. Whatever the price, whatever the pain, nothing could stop her from saving Allie from harm. Every other feeling faded before that.

She went quickly to the sofa, picked the baby up in her arms and held it tightly before she raised her eyes and met Steve's, clear and unflinching. "This is Allie," she said.

The baby caught a handful of her dark soft hair and tugged at it happily.

She had been right, knowing that this would be a shock. Steve stood silently just inside the door.

"Darling," Helen Wingate said. "Let me take her up and feed her and get her to bed."

Jenny shook her head. "I'll do it." She looked down at Allie. "It's time to go to bed, sweetie," she said. "Say good night to everybody."

She picked up the bottle again, went over to the door and stepped in front of Steve.

"Say good night to her," she said softly.

A little hand reached up, two wide-set, gray-blue eyes tried to focus on his.

"Good night, Allie," Steve said.

WHEN Jenny came downstairs he was sitting there, his head down, staring into the fire. "Your father and mother went over to Mrs. Acton's," he said without looking up.

Jenny sat down on the sofa. "I'm sorry. I suppose they . . . they thought they were being . . . kind."

"They were."

He looked up at her. She was sitting with her hands folded in her lap, her lids down, her long dark lashes screening her eyes.

"You're beautiful, Jenny," he said softly. He came over and sat down beside her. "I'm sorry for what I said. Will you marry me, Jenny?"

She let her head rest slowly back on the cushion, her face pale and calm, and sat there, her eyes still closed, her hands still folded in her lap.

"I love you very much, Jenny. Nothing else makes any difference to me. I was going to go away tonight but I'd have had to come back. I couldn't have stayed away. I ought to have come over before—I wanted to. But I don't know . . ."

"I think I do, Steve," she said quietly. "I understand. You haven't got any way of knowing, and I haven't any way of telling you, that I'm really not a tramp."

He shook his head. "No, I know you're not. I'm sorry, terribly sorry that I said that. But I was sore, and just . . . sort of boiling over. I wouldn't have felt that way if I didn't love you as much as I do, Jenny. When I heard about it, the bottom just dropped out of everything. At first, all I heard was you'd got married—"

"I'm not married, Steve," she said steadily. "But I guess you've heard that by now. Charlotte must have told you. It was a lie. I didn't want to tell it. Aunt Alice and . . . and everybody said I had to let them tell it, to . . . to protect Allie."

"You won't have to tell it any more, nobody will have to tell it, if you'll marry me, Jenny."

She shook her head slowly back and forth. "I can't, Steve."

"Why not? You used to love me . . . don't you any more?"

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "Don't say that!"

The sudden passion in her voice told him then what he had not surely known before. He put out his arms, his face alive and shining. "Jenny!"

He was holding her to him, hungry and savage for a moment, his face in her hair, pressing her close and hard against him.

"Jenny, Jenny. I love you so . . . I need you, Jenny, I need you so much . . . so much more than I've ever known I did. I love you."

She clung to him, the sweetness of the moment so poignant that it blinded her to everything else.

"I've always loved you, Steve. I've never stopped loving you, not ever, *ever*."

He raised her face to his and looked into her eyes, searching deeply. Their lips met at last, and again he forgot all the doubt and questioning, lost in the healing joy that flowed through his heart. . . .

Next morning Allie was bundled up with only her small face showing from the furry snugness of her hooded robe and put into her carriage on the porch outside the den.

When Jenny heard Steve's voice in the hall below, she gripped the post at the foot of her bed and closed her eyes. She was so happy it was almost unbelievable. When she closed her eyes she could still feel his lips on her face and hands and throat, could still hear the sweetness of his voice whispering in her ear. He was downstairs waiting to take her in his arms again, to hold her safe and close once more. She moved slowly, not hurrying, as if hurrying would disrupt the lovely tenderness glowing in her heart.

Her mother looked in at her door, with an armful of linen on her way to the nursery. "Steve's in the den, Jenny," she said. Her eyes searched Jenny's face, deeply troubled, before she turned away quickly and went on down the hall.

"If only Rick had stayed away!" she thought desperately. If he had asked to be sent back to McNair it must have been because he wanted to see Jenny again. It would mean more heartbreak, it could mean more tragedy. She ought to tell Jenny. Over at the Actons' the evening before they had decided she ought to be told, but neither Tom nor herself, when they came in and saw her radiant face, had had the courage. But she ought to know, she ought to be prepared.

Home, Sweet Home

It's just a stable to you, but it's home to the horse. Animal habitations have their own terminology. We've listed ten words for animal homes, in the first column. Can you match each with the animals listed at the right? Matches on page 57.

1. rookery	**A. eagle**
2. burrow	**B. sheep**
3. dovecot	**C. insect**
4. sty	**D. rabbit**
5. fold	**E. cow**
6. aerie	**F. penguin**
7. nidus	**G. hare**
8. lair	**H. pigeon**
9. form	**I. lion**
10. byre	**J. swine**

—Alan A. Brown

Helen Wingate put the linen down and started back. But Jenny had gone. Helen stood there for an instant and went back to put away the baby's things. Perhaps he wouldn't come . . .

Jenny went through the living room out to the den. Steve was not there. His coat and cap were lying on a chair, and she went over and touched them softly. They were his and just the feel of them filled her with happiness. She looked over at the window. He must be outside; if she looked out she would be able to see him, to just look at him for a moment. She went over to the window. Her hand raised to draw the curtain aside, she hesitated and stopped.

STEVE was out there—standing by Allie's carriage and looking down at her. Jenny's hand came down slowly to her side. The radiance in her face gradually faded, the song in her heart died and was still.

As he stood there looking down at the baby, a cigarette in one hand and a box of matches in the other, just holding them, she could not describe, even to herself, the expression on his face. But it was there and she knew it had meaning. The meaning was clearer as he turned slowly away. He stood for a moment, tossed the unlighted cigarette away, put the matches in his pocket and stepped down into the snow-covered garden. He stopped at the edge of Tommy's vegetable plot, stood for a moment, then reached his foot out and kicked the snow off the blackened sprouts on a cabbage stalk. Jenny watched him, a quiet numbness settling slowly on her heart.

"So you're a tramp. A tramp with an angel's face."

She could hear his voice saying it at the drugstore counter. It was what he had been trying to shake from his mind as he looked at the baby. She turned away from the window. It was what he would forget when she was in his arms . . . and remember whenever he looked at Allie. She knew it now, she had known it before, but had forgotten because she was in his arms. If there was only something she could say that would make him understand! And there was not. If Allie were not there, he might be able to forget. But she was there, constantly, to remind him.

Jenny went over to her father's chair and sat down. After a moment she raised her head, hearing Steve's steps, slow and heavy on the brick terrace. The door opened, and a sick wave swallowed up her heart. She had to renounce everything that being with Steve again could have meant, because she knew it would never mean what it should. The doubt would linger, always . . . perhaps grow, perhaps diminish, but it would always be there between them.

She looked up at him and tried to smile. The cloud on his face cleared instantly as he came across the room to her.

"Jenny!" He held out his arms, and she put her hands up, shaking her head.

"Steve," she said. "I've been thinking . . . about it. We mustn't, Steve—we can't."

He stopped, his face slowly uncomprehending and baffled. "Why . . . what's the matter, Jenny? Last night—"

"I know," she said. "But I was wrong, Steve. We can't."

"What is it?" he said quietly. "What's happened, for heaven's sake?"

SHE got up, went past him to the window and stood there for a while before she turned back.

"Steve . . . it just wouldn't work. You'd always remember I'd been unfaithful to you when you were away from me. You say you'll forget, but you can't. I saw you looking at Allie just now, and that's what you were thinking, wasn't it? That's what you'd always think if we got married. You couldn't help it, because you don't really understand it any other way. Every time you looked at her . . . I'm sorry, Steve, but that's really how it is. It's the way life is, I guess."

Her heart sank a little deeper then. She didn't realize until she felt it sinking that she had been clinging still to a faint hope that he would say at once, "No, that's not what I feel," and say again as he had said over and over the night before that it didn't matter, nothing mattered except that he loved her . . . she belonged to him and everything else was unimportant. She knew she was waiting, filling up the silence with useless words, meaningless words, hoping he'd say that it wasn't true.

But the only answer she got was the deepening bronze flush on his face as he turned slowly away from her and sat down. He put his hand up to his forehead and rubbed it back and forth. Jenny's words held a truth he couldn't deny. Out on the porch, looking down at the sleeping baby, the poison of Charlotte Preston's voice had started to work again. ". . . I guess they had fun. I don't know. They said it was premature . . ."

"Jenny," he said, without looking up at her. "I don't know how to tell you this. I guess I've got to have a little time to get used to the idea, is all."

The flush deepened in his face. "I can't tell you. I love you very much—"

"It's okay," she said quietly. "I understand. I understand a lot of things I didn't a . . . a year ago. I don't want you to marry me to protect me . . . either me or Allie. We'll get along all right. Aunt Alice and Doctor Copeland both said I wasn't to tell you, but it wouldn't have been right. I guess I acted the lie but I've never told it. If anybody had come right out and said 'Were you really married to Bill, is he Allie's father?' I don't think I'd ever have said Yes, not to anybody. And never to you, no matter what happened. You might have believed me for a little while. I don't know. Maybe if when you called me a tramp I'd bowed my head and been ashamed you could have forgiven me

(Continued on page 34)

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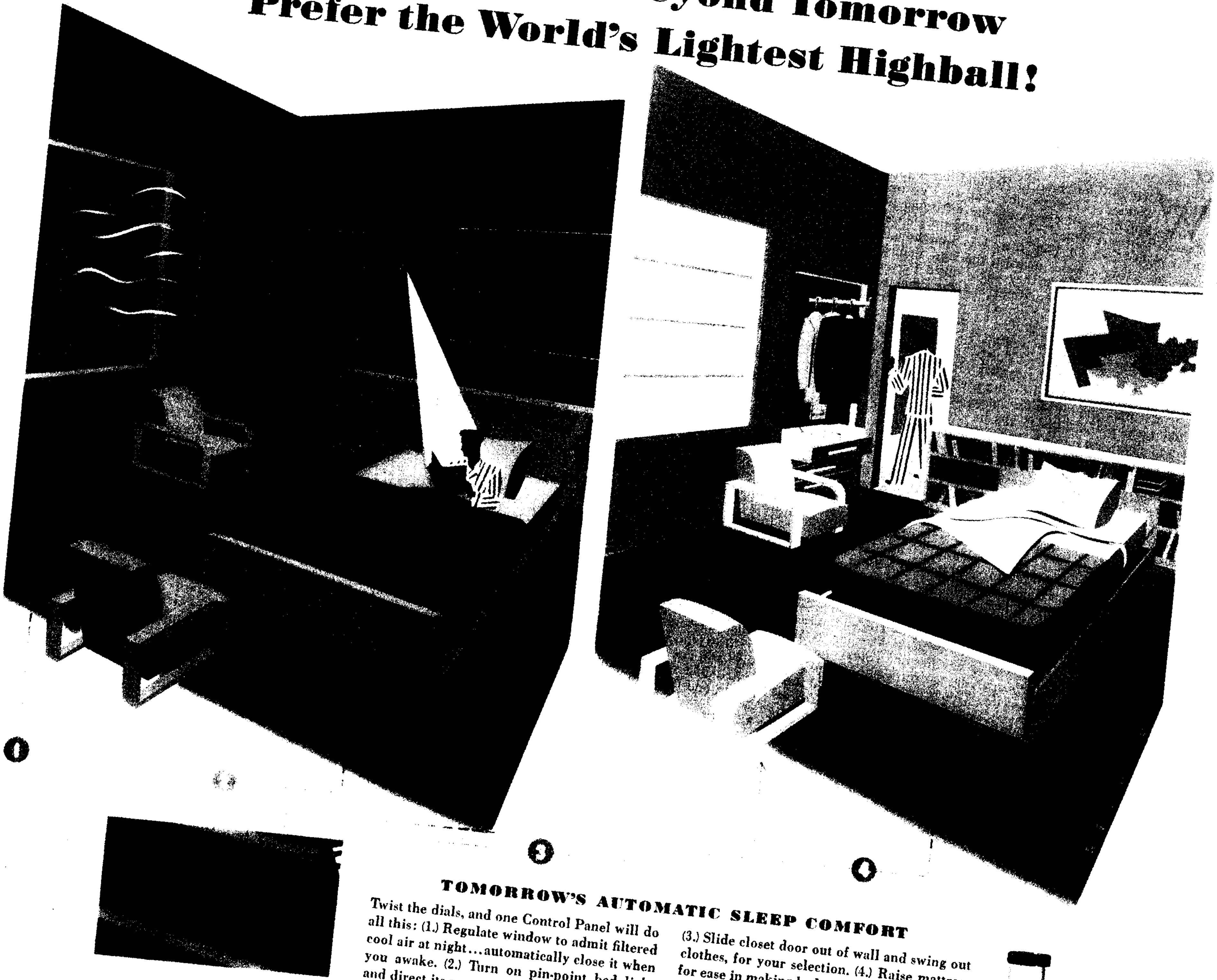

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YESTERDAY'S PLANNING FOR TODAY'S PLEASURE!

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CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND.... OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

THE Heroes

QUEEN WILHELMINA

XX

WAR did not come to Holland like a forest fire or a flood—a catastrophe that gave warning of its approach—but with all the terrifying suddenness of an earthquake. When a peace-loving people went to bed on the night of May 9, 1940, there was little thought of invasion, for solemn treaties guarded the land against German aggression. Before dawn they were waked by the thunder of guns, the crash of buildings and the crackle of burning homes. Hundreds of bombs rained death from the sky, and thousands of Nazis, landed by transport planes, raced to key points with machine guns and high explosives.

In The Hague, anxious officials hurried to the bedchamber of the queen. Parachutists had already captured near-by Scheveningen and were heading for the capital. It was the German plan, undoubtedly, to seize the royal family and hold them as hostages in Berlin, confident that the news would break the spirit of the Dutch and end resistance. With one voice, the Cabinet members urged Wilhelmina to escape while there was time. At the Hook of Holland, yet unbombed, there were boats that would carry her and the little princesses to the safety of England.

According to formal report, the queen made some high-sounding answers about her willingness to die rather than desert her people. It is more probable that the plain old lady shooed them out of the room with a brisk admonition to quit talking nonsense and get on with the business of defense. Throughout her long reign, never had she been a fair-weather queen. In time of flood she was always first to reach the scene of disaster, sloshing around in sweater and hip boots until the last rescue had been effected. Leave Holland indeed! Was that the low opinion they had of her? Agreeing to take refuge in a bombproof shelter was her one concession.

There, in the palace cellar, she sat for five long days and even longer nights, directing Dutch resistance in company with her military advisers. For a while it looked as if there might be hope, for the country responded magnificently to the battle call of the queen. The German drive on The Hague was beaten back, and the paratroopers in Scheveningen were killed to the last man. Bombs destroyed the great sea locks at Ijmuiden, but a desperate stand of Dutch infantry repelled the attack on Amsterdam. German planes had shattered the whole of Rotterdam into rubble, but the little Dutch air force was fighting on in other quarters.

Most encouraging of all, Holland's network of waterways still constituted a strong defense. Dutch engineers reported that the most important bridges were still in their hands, and that picked men manned the dikes, all ready, if need arose, to press the buttons that would explode hidden mines. As in the heroic past, a people stood willing to turn their rich land into sea if it became necessary to avert defeat. A nightmare of ruin, to be sure, but better the desolation of their own creation than German victory.

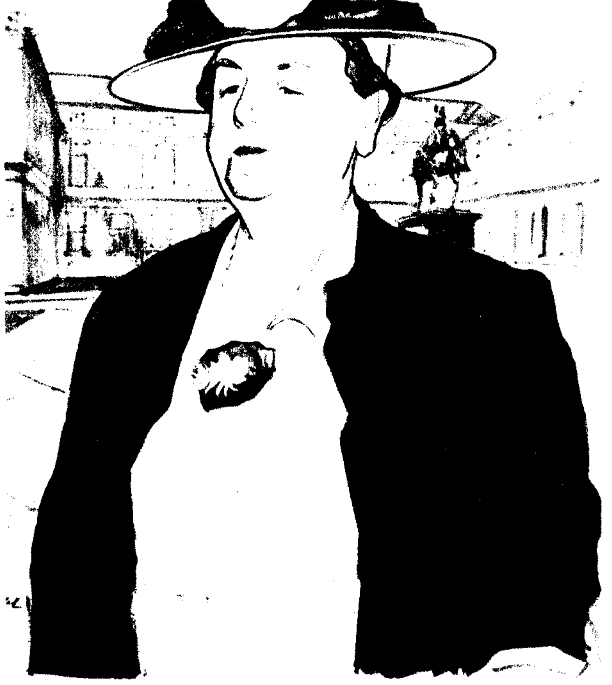
Brave plans, and shrewd, but brought to naught by blackest treachery. Through the months, Anton Mussert and his fifth columnists, either bought or seduced by Hitler, had acquainted the Germans with the vital facts of Holland's preparedness. Worse still, Germans who had lived in the country for years, loud in their protestations of loyalty, gave themselves over to the work of betrayal. Dressed in Dutch uniforms, they ran to bridges and dikes, shouting that they brought orders, and by this trick drew close enough to shoot and stab before a button could be pressed. As a tragic result, no walls of water blocked the German advance, and captured bridges opened a clear way into cities that had been counted on as impregnable strongholds.

From the Reich came additional divisions, tanks, artillery and greater air fleets, Hitler screaming them on for the kill. Even villages were not spared by the bombers, and the fighters smashed away until not one Dutch plane remained. The army, reduced to half of its initial strength, could fight only delaying actions, and these at terrific cost.

At the end of the fifth day, when the hopelessness of the struggle stood plain, the Cabinet told Wilhelmina that she and her family must take boat for England. "We speak in the name of the people," they said. "Holland is not conquered as long as our queen is free."

Worn and haggard, but still unbroken, the indomitable old lady begged to stay on Dutch soil and urged the island province of Zeeland as a safe retreat. "There," she pleaded, "we can dig in and make a stand until the British and French can come to our aid." Winning agreement, Wilhelmina, her daughter and the two grandchildren slipped away to the coast and boarded a destroyer. On nearing Zeeland, however, the Germans were seen to be in possession, and with tears pouring down her ravaged cheeks, the queen left her post in the bow and made no objection when the captain headed for an English port.

It is the voice of Wilhelmina, radioed from London, that has given her people courage, and Holland counts the days until her triumphant return. To them she is not only the queen, but their *mother,* wise and true, and they wait for her coming in full confidence that her strong, capable hands will put their ruined house in order. . . . GEORGE CREEL



PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

Jenny Wingate

Continued from page 32

easier. Or if I'd let you feel I was grateful to you for a sacrifice you'd made for me, and Allie."

He made a quick move, protesting that, but still he did not speak or look at her.

"There are a lot of things I could have said so you'd feel sorry for me, or something. But now . . . after what I did yesterday, I know that every time I felt you were doubting me I'd probably fly into a rage, and we'd fight, and pretty soon we'd hate each other, and you'd begin to hate Allie. It would be she and I against you. So it's better just to sign off, Steve. You'll find somebody else, and Allie and I will get along all right. It's funny how much you can take and . . . and go on. But you've taken a lot more than I have, so I don't need to tell you."

She looked out at the baby sleeping quietly. It was funny . . . funny how one minute you could be so happy you could almost die and the next moment be completely shattered, in a way, and yet quite whole. But she knew now it was really better this way.

"Why didn't . . ." Steve spoke very deliberately, and if she hadn't been sensitive to every shade of meaning in his voice she would not have noticed his hesitation before he said, ". . . you marry him?"

He still did not look at her.

"You mean, why didn't he marry me?" she said. "Isn't that it, Steve? And that's Charlotte too, isn't it?"

She hadn't intended mentioning Charlotte's name to him again, but as she did she felt a bright flare of anger sweep suddenly up inside her. And she saw by his face that it had been Charlotte.

"Listen, Steve. Rick would have married me if I'd wanted him to. But he was in love with another girl and I wouldn't keep him away from her. He didn't know anything had happened to me. He doesn't know it now, and he never will—unless Charlotte writes him. And I want to tell you something else. You can think what you want to about me, but I wouldn't sneak into anybody else's room and read their letters. That's what Charlotte did to me. And it's true. I did write to him. Rick had said we ought to get married, but he didn't really want to marry me and Lord knows I didn't want to marry him. But after I found I couldn't face getting rid of the baby, I remembered the doctor had said I should marry him, then get a divorce right away. I couldn't see any other way out, so I did write to him. Charlotte came in my room and read one of the . . . the hundred drafts I'd written. I didn't send the letter in the end because he called up just then and said if I was all right he'd marry the girl he was in love with. So I couldn't do it and I said I was fine. But I couldn't do a thing like Charlotte did."

Her face was pale and her eyes blazing. "And I . . . I'm not unkind enough to take what a person like Charlotte says without first trying to find out why she's saying it! Charlotte—"

She stopped abruptly and turned away. "I'm sorry. I *shouldn't* have *said* that. I shouldn't have brought her name in at all. And you'd better go, Steve, before . . . before I say a lot of other things I might be sorry for. We'll just have to skip it, Steve. I've got to get Allie, anyway. Goodby."

She went quickly out onto the porch and closed the door.

STEVE sat there, dazed at the passionate flow of words, trying to think. His head whirled. He knew well that he loved her and needed her. And yet . . . He put his head down in his hands. It was true. She hadn't tried to deny anything Charlotte had said. He tried to think if that was right, tried over and again to think if it was, and came back each time to the same thing. What Charlotte had said was true. She was just sore at Charlotte for saying it, sore at her for slipping secretly into her room and reading her letter.

As he thought, the sick taste was back in his mouth again, the pain back in his heart. The other guy hadn't ever been in love with her. Neither of them wanted to marry the other. He could hear Charlotte's voice again. He got up abruptly, picked up his overcoat and put it on, picked up his cap and went on out the front door.

As he put his cap on he heard Charlotte's voice again, but it was real this time.

"Well, *hello!*" she was saying. "Fancy meeting you here!"

He looked up quickly and saw her across the street, walking rapidly.

"I *heard* you were coming back," she said. "Aren't you cute!"

Then Steve saw she wasn't calling to him, but to someone just getting out of a car. Charlotte came gaily across the street, the taxi pulled away, and Steve saw an officer step off the curb and shake hands with her.

He went down the Wingate steps and along the brick walk to the street. As he reached the sidewalk the officer had left Charlotte still standing in the street and was coming rapidly along toward the Wingate entrance. They saluted as they passed, the soldier going to the house as Steve was leaving it. He was dark and good-looking, a first lieutenant, and he had not seen combat duty— Steve could tell, not only by the fact that he had no ribbons, but also by the way he wore his immaculate uniform and by an indefinable something in his face.

"Hello, Steve!" Charlotte had seen him now, and came over to the sidewalk, her smile not the same as the bright gay smile she had been giving the lieutenant.

"Hello," Steve said.

"What's the matter?"

She was beside him, looking intently up into his face. "What happened? Did she turn you out, Steve?"

He looked at her. "Sort of, thanks," he said briefly.

She shrugged and pulled her beaver coat closer around her. "Going toward town?"

"Yes."

"So am I. I'll walk along with you, if you don't mind."

They walked without saying anything for a while. "Well, Steve," she said at last, "no wonder. It's too bad, of course, but that's the way it goes, isn't it?"

He looked around at her, his face set and grim. "What do you mean?"

CHARLOTTE PRESTON was the last person in the world he wanted to see or talk to. He wanted to get the hell off someplace by himself and try to think. The instant he was away from Jenny it all came back. He loved her and nothing else mattered. He'd always love her. He'd get used to the rest of it. It would take a little time but he'd get used to it.

"After all, Rick does have . . . have prior rights, hasn't he?"

He stopped abruptly. "Rick?"

"That was Rick Hadley. Didn't you know? Didn't she tell you? He's the father—"

Steve's hand shot out and gripped her wrist.

Her face went suddenly white, partly from pain . . . his grip was like steel . . . mostly from fear, the same kind of fear she'd known looking at Tom Wingate's face that Thanksgiving afternoon.

"Oh, stop it, you're hurting me!" she cried. "Oh please stop it, Steve! Jenny didn't tell you about Rick because she's trying to get you back! Don't believe her, Steve, she's lying to you! It wasn't my fault the baby came when it did—all I did was tell her you were alive. If Doctor Copeland told you it was my fault she nearly died, it's not true! I just told her you were safe. I didn't think the shock would make her start having the baby then! It wasn't my fault!—Oh, stop, Steve, you're breaking my arm! I tell you I didn't do it on purpose, they're lying to you— I called the doctor, I didn't want the baby to die! I . . . I wanted them both to live!"

He let her wrist go and stood staring down at her, his face as white as hers.

Now she was sobbing, and her voice rose and broke. "It serves her right," she said. "I'm glad Rick's back. Jenny'll have to marry

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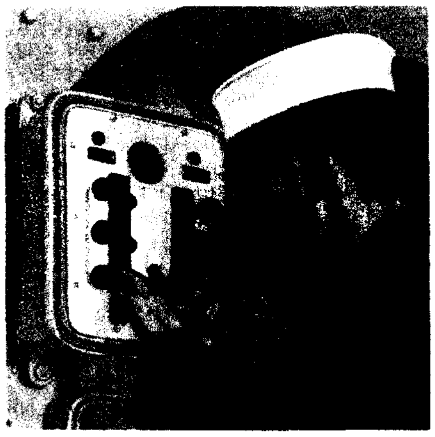

ON BATTLESHIPS, Aircraft Carriers, Cruisers, Destroyers, battle announcing systems give orders in a giant voice over loudspeaking telephones.

THE MARINE CORPS, storming ashore into almost impassable jungles, depends upon field telephones to deliver orders and reports instantly.

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ARMY AIR FORCES planes by the hundreds fly and fight as one team because of their radio telephone — and interphone equipment.

THE SIGNAL CORPS provides the circuits for Victory—thousands upon thousands of miles of telephone wires needed to coordinate the attack.

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YOU best know your telephone as a friendly instrument of peace. Our fighting men know it as an effective weapon of war.

Western Electric has put in the hands of the armed forces huge quantities of telephones, switchboards, wire, cable—specialized radio telephone equipment for use on land, at sea, in the air—many types of microphones and headsets by the hundreds of thousands—sound powered telephones—battle announcing systems. Currently all these products together add up to only 40% of Western Electric's total production for war. The other 60% includes such specialized devices as RADAR.

Manpower and manufacturing facilities are devoted to meeting our fighters' vast needs. That's why not all requests for home telephones can be filled till after Victory.

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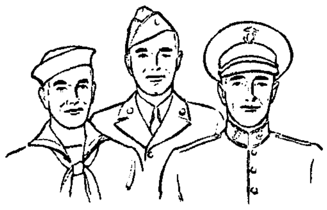
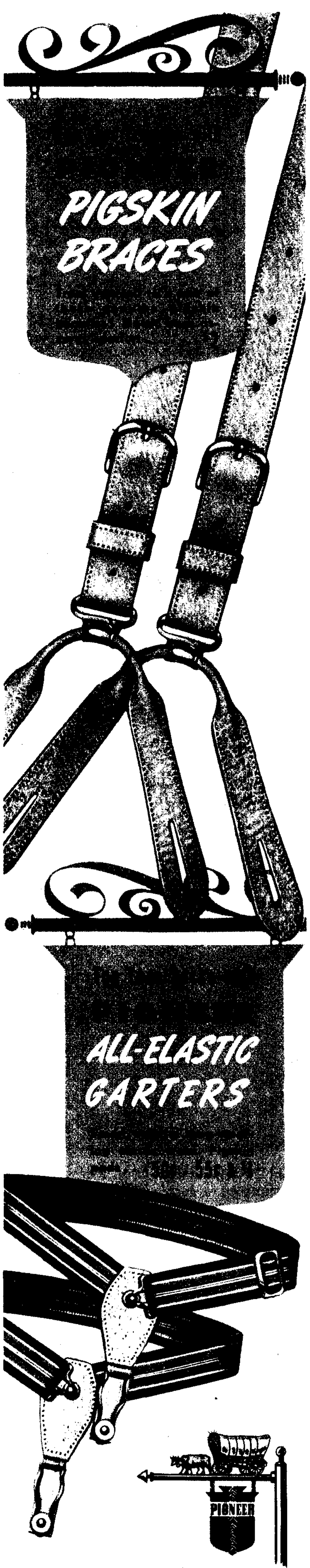


Invest every dollar you can in War Bonds... and hold on to every Bond you buy!



PIONEER

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"For Men Who Care What They Wear"
PHILADELPHIA

him now! He's divorced and he's free and her mother will make her marry him!"

She laughed hysterically, then sobbed again: "He can have his baby, if he'll take it, but he won't! I hope he won't, I hope he'll leave her stuck with it all her life! They said it was Bill's, so they can't make him take it!"

She stopped and stared wildly after Steve. He was striding down the street, back toward the Wingates'. She stood there looking after him. Her heart went cold. . . . Suppose the Wingates had not told him about her after all . . .

STEVE went up the walk to the porch, put out his hand to press the bell and stopped. He had got that far on sheer reaction to Charlotte's outburst of hatred and what it had revealed. He had no idea of what he was going to do or say. But everything had changed. They had all lied to him except Jenny. The baby *was* premature. It was premature because of the shock to her of knowing he was alive. All that time she had really thought he was dead. Above all, Charlotte had lied, with all her suppressions and innuendoes. He tried to straighten it out, to set it all in order in his mind. His parents and everybody else had believed he was dead, but he had clung all those months on the island to a kind of mystical idea that Jenny would know. And her keeping that date with Rick, the day they got word he was dead. He shook his head and groaned. He couldn't go beyond that. Maybe there was some reason . . . He stopped again. And the guy inside now . . .

He was still a little stunned by Charlotte Preston's outburst of bitter fury; he was still dazed because the situation was fouled up now by the presence of another man, this man, on a front he'd retired from. But had he, he wondered? He'd known he was going to come back. But perhaps he'd been put out, rather than left of his own choice. Did she know Hadley was free to marry her and was coming back? The choice was hers.

He turned around and went down the steps, a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach again, the same one he had had so long ago, leaving her, knowing they wouldn't let her marry him, the same one he'd had again when his mother's letter had come saying she was married to somebody else. It was the hopeless emptiness of losing her.

He crossed the garden toward the Acton house, fished in his pocket for a cigarette and went on over the snow-covered grass, his face somber.

In the middle of the garden he stopped. Somebody was coming out of the Wingate house. His heart rose for an instant, but it was only Mrs. Wingate going out in her Motor Corps uniform. She was walking quickly, and the look on her face was contented and happy . . . much more happy, it seemed to him, than she'd looked the night before when he came in. Again Charlotte Preston's voice was like an unseen Greek chorus repeating her lines in his ears: "Her mother will make her marry him . . ." Or would she have to make her? Would Jenny be glad to marry him now after . . .

HE DROPPED the cigarette on the snow and turned back toward the Actons' again, moving very slowly. It seemed to him now that he was thinking straight for the first time in many months, that he was seeing his own heart with a sudden and new detachment. Jenny's face was the only thing in it that shone with a clear and steadfast light.

A voice called to him: "Hello, Steve!"

Alice Acton, waiting for the postman at her front door, came out on the porch.

He looked up abruptly, not realizing he had got so close to the house. "Hello, Mrs. Acton," he said. "I was just sort of roaming around."

"Come in and sit a spell." Alice glanced across the garden at the Wingate house. Steve's face told her at once that something was wrong, and her heart felt a little cold. Jenny had sounded so happy when she talked to her on the phone just after breakfast.

"Okay," Steve said. He came up the steps and followed her into the house.

"What's the matter, Steve?" Alice Acton said. She bent down and held a match to the library fire, then went on without looking at him: "I've wanted to see you. But Jenny made all of us promise we'd keep our long noses out of things. And she's right, of course. She's been a pretty swell gal through all of this, Steve.". . .

Jenny waited by the carriage in the garden until she thought Steve would have gone. Allie was still asleep. She turned the carriage a little so that the sun would not strike her face, then went back into the den. She looked at the sofa where he'd sat and the chair where his overcoat and hat had been. Then she went over in front of the fire and stood staring down into it. The flames were dancing through a sudden watery blur, and she shook her head, resolutely blinking back the tears. They weren't any use any more, and there was nothing to do but face it.

The road was longer now, but if it was longer it was also open—there were no more bends concealing the far stretches. She had made a decision and Steve had accepted it. His going meant he had accepted, in fundamental fact, even if, when he was away, something inside him pulled him back to deny it. And the decision had finally opened a course for her to take without obstruction.

The thing to do now was start on the course, start walking without the crutches they had all given her. Allie had to be supported, and that meant she had to get a job and do it. They would all help her until she got on her feet, and they'd object to her doing it, but it was the only thing she had to do. Other women had done it without the kindness that she had had.

She was trying to think, as she had tried to think often before, what kind of a job she could get, when the doorbell rang. Her heart sprang alive again. She closed her eyes and waited silently.

Maggie's footsteps were slow going along the hall. Then she sat up quickly, her eyes wide with alarm, as she heard her mother's voice when the door opened, calling down the stairs: "Hello, Rick, I'm glad to see you! I heard you were coming!" Helen Wingate's voice was delighted and warm.

Jenny moistened her lips. Her mother knew Rick was coming and hadn't told her. She looked helplessly out of the window at Allie's carriage. "Oh, dear God, what will I do, what will I ever do!"

Panic was choking her. He mustn't know, she thought. He must not know. Not ever.

Her mother's voice came down the stairs: "Jenny dear!"

She looked toward the garden door. She couldn't run away with Allie, and she couldn't leave her. She gripped the arm of the chair and forced herself to stop trembling.

"Yes, Mother."

"Rick's here, darling. I'm just leaving. I'll be stopping by to see Daddy, if you want me for anything."

Jenny closed her eyes. "Oh, please, God, please help me!" she whispered. Then she heard him coming through the living room. He was halfway to the door, then by the red wing chair, then at the end of the rug, and at the door. . . .

Helen Wingate opened the door of Tom's private office and looked in. "Are you busy, dear?" she asked. "I'd like to see you a moment."

Tom nodded to his secretary. She took her dictation book and left the room.

"Come in, Helen." Tom smiled at his wife. Her eyes were shining and there was more color in her cheeks than he'd seen there for a long time. "What is it?"

It must be something about Jenny, he thought, she was so pleased and excited. Maybe Jenny and Steve. . . .

"I think everything's finally going to work out all right, Tom," she said, putting her bag and gloves on the desk. "But you're going to have to help, dear."

Tom's face sobered instantly. There was a catch in it. He could tell that at once.

"Steve was over at the house this morning," Helen went on. "And he's gone. Jenny sent him away."

Tom picked up his pen and slowly drew a square on the green blotting pad in front of him. It was funny how sick you could feel without anybody knowing it. It was funny how Helen could sit there, pleased and happy. . . .

"It's all over, Tom. And it's a good thing. It never would have been right. They'd never have been happy together."

Tom didn't say anything. He just waited for whatever was coming next.

"And then, Tom," Helen said, "Rick came in."

"Rick? You mean Hadley?" He put down his pencil abruptly.

"Rick Hadley." Helen nodded her head. "He looks wonderful. Now, Tom, what you've got to—"

TOM pushed back his chair and got to his feet. "Stop it, Helen. Stop it, right now. I know what you're going to say and I won't listen to it. By heaven, I won't."

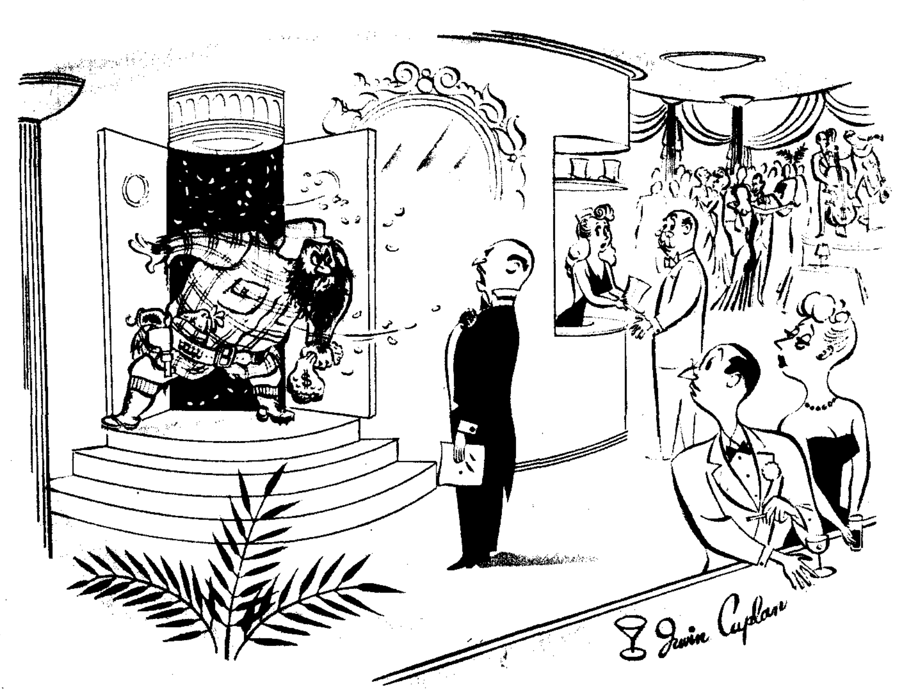
"But, Tom!" Helen flashed to her feet. "He's Allie's father. She's his baby. He has a right—"

"He has *no* rights. Allie is not his baby; Allie's Jenny's baby. Jenny's not going to marry him, Helen, and you're not going to make her. I've listened to you twice and I'm not going to listen to you again. Do you hear me?"

He came around from behind the desk and went over to the cupboard in the corner where he took out his hat and overcoat.

"Tom!" Helen stared at him. His lips were white and she knew he was really angry. She let herself slowly down in the chair beside the desk. "Tom," she whispered. "Tom! What are you going to do?"

"I'm going home, Helen," he answered curtly. "If Hadley's there I'm going to kick



"I'm sorry, sir, but no lady known as Lou is employed here!"

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him out of the house. That's what I'm going to do."

"But, Tom! Jenny has to have a husband, Tom. She *has* to have a husband!" But she was saying it to an empty room. Tom was gone. She let her hands rest in her lap and sat there quietly.

"Hello, Jenny." Rick Hadley came smiling across the den to where Jenny stood.

"Hello, Rick."

"What's the matter? Am I a ghost or something?" he laughed, taking her hand. "Hey, you're freezing. Come over by the fire."

Jenny shook her head. She managed to make her voice casual: "I'm just surprised. I didn't know you were coming back. Sit down, won't you? Here, this chair's best."

She got him over to Tom Wingate's chair so he wouldn't be facing the window where Allie's carriage was in view. Then she sat down on the sofa. "How are you, and how's Sue?"

She was trying to think quickly. This was why her mother had been begging her to go away. Then she thought again about the warmth and delight in her mother's voice, just now. It meant something—her mother always meant something! Her mind whirled about.

". . . know about Sue?" he was asking. It was all she had heard, and it came very dimly through the fog her mind was reeling in. "She got a divorce."

"A divorce?" Jenny whispered.

He nodded, a grin spreading over his face. "I don't look particularly bereft, do I? I don't feel it. It was a mistake, Jenny, and the sooner it was over the better. She met a fellow one night about two weeks after we were married, and that was that."

HIS face sobered. "I knew it was a washout before then. In fact, I guess I knew it when I called you up that night, Jenny. When I hung up the phone I was sunk. I think I must have been really hoping you'd . . . you'd say you needed me. You see, I must have fallen in love with you, Jenny. In fact, I know I did. I fell like a ton of the best brick. I wrote you letters in my head all the way to Texas, and after I got there I wrote a lot, too, and mailed one. But you never answered it, and I didn't want to act as if . . . I were presuming on anything."

She let herself back against the sofa, dazed and a little frightened. The intensity in his voice was shocking to her.

"Don't look so scared, Jenny," he said. "I'm just telling you I love you. You did something to me, Jenny. I know I sound crazy. I pulled every wire I knew to get back here so I could come and tell you. I had to come and tell you, Jenny."

He leaned forward, his eyes intent on her face: "You're so beautiful, Jenny. You're the most wonderful person I've ever known in my life. I love you, Jenny, and I want you. Will you marry me, Jenny?"

"Oh, please, Rick," she said.

He came and sat down beside her and reached out to take her hand, but she drew it quickly away. "Please don't! I don't love you, Rick. . . . I never did."

"Now wait a minute," he said. "I know you didn't, Jenny. I'm not trying to make you remember anything you want to forget. That's out. I'm not bringing that back. I just want to start from scratch again. Begin at the beginning. I know it wasn't me that night, dear. You were only thinking about Steve. But Steve's dead—"

"No, he's not! He's alive!"

Rick stared at her blankly a moment. Then he got up. "Is he here in town, Jenny?" he asked quietly.

She nodded.

"Jenny . . . was that him going out just now, before I came in?" He stood looking down at her as she nodded again. "Well, I'll be damned," he said.

He took a cigarette out and lit it, then moved absently over to the window. Jenny caught her breath and held it, waiting . . . he wouldn't notice. . . . But he did. She saw his shoulders stiffen a little. He stood there motionless, and turned, his face blank.

"Jenny . . . is that . . . ?"

Jenny had to force herself to answer him: "Yes . . . that's my daughter."

He took a step toward her. "Jenny! You told me—"

"No, I didn't, Rick! It isn't yours, it isn't, Rick. It isn't yours!"

He stood looking at her.

"You've got to believe me, Rick!"

"You *poor* little devil," he said softly. "Oh, Jenny! You hate me, don't you? You've got a right to, Jenny."

He put his hands out and took hold of her arms. "Quit shaking," he said. "Listen, Jenny. Listen to me, I'm not a heel. I give you my word for it. You don't want to marry me, do you?"

She shook her head. "I don't hate you, Rick. I don't love you, that's all. I *couldn't* marry you, not now. Not now that Steve's alive. I couldn't ever marry anybody."

"That's all right, Jenny. I understand."

He let her arms go, and stood looking down at her white, drained face. "I've given you enough trouble, Jenny," he said gently. "I'm going to get the hell out and stay out. I'll never bother you, Jenny. You can count on that. There's just one thing."

He put his hand under her chin and raised it, looking down into her eyes. "You're a wonderful girl, Jenny," he said gently. "I'm proud I've known you. If you ever need me for anything—or if you ever change your mind, and I know you won't—but if you ever should, if there's anything I can ever do, just let me know, Jenny. And tell Steve he's a lucky guy. Goodby, Jenny."

He leaned forward and kissed her forehead. Then he grinned at her, a rather twisted grin: "I'll bet it has blue eyes."

She nodded, silent.

"So has he," Rick said. "I saw them. You can just tell him sometime it's really his. I was nothing but a proxy. Or maybe he wouldn't be amused. Men are funny that way. Well, so long, Jenny."

JENNY sat there listening to Rick go back through the living room to the front door. Her heart was pounding, her hands icy cold. She waited with her eyes wide open until she heard the door shut behind him. Then she got up quickly, ran to the garden door and flashed across the snow to Allie's carriage. She picked her up, looked back at the house and ran again, across the garden.

"He can't have you!" she thought desperately. "She can't make me marry him, and you're mine!"

The tears had begun to stream from her eyes and her breath came in short sobs. "She can't make me marry him! She can't. She can't!" Running wildly through the snow, brushing it off the bushes as she passed, she stumbled up the Actons' steps and tugged at the door. "Aunt Alice! Aunt Alice!"

Alice Acton came running out of the library. "Jenny! What *is* it, darling?"

Jenny stood in the hall, her back to the door, holding Allie tightly in her arms: "It's Rick—he's back! Aunt Alice, he can't have my baby! Oh, get Daddy! It's not Rick, it's Mother! Rick's all right—it's Mother. She'll make me marry him, and I can't, I can't! Don't let her make me marry him! I can't!"

Alice Acton stood speechless for an instant. "Stop it, Jenny!" she said then. "Don't sweetheart! Your mother won't make you marry anybody."

"Oh, she will! I can hear her already saying it's my duty to Allie. I know her, and she'll make Daddy believe it! Oh, I'm so cold. I'm so cold!"

She was shaking, her face wet. The baby, clutched tightly in her arms, began to cry.

"Come in here, Jenny," Alice Acton said. "Let me have her." She took the baby in one arm, put the other around Jenny and drew her in by the fire.

"I couldn't bear it, Aunt Alice," Jenny said, quietly now. "He's divorced, and he asked me to marry him. He was swell about it but I know Mother. She'll . . ."

She stopped short, her face a blank white mask. Steve was there. He was standing there in front of Alice's fireplace.

He moved forward and put his arms out to her. "Jenny."

He was like himself again and for a lovely instant her heart rose, trembling. But then she remembered—she remembered again.

"Oh, no. No, Steve!" she cried. "I can't, because I can't ever make you understand I wasn't in love with Rick, and that I never thought I was being unfaithful to you. I only went out with him because I couldn't bear it at home. . . . You were dead and I couldn't bear it. I couldn't stand staying where everybody kept saying they were sorry—when I wanted to die because I loved you so much. I just wanted to be away, anywhere. And I didn't mean it to happen. It was just that my heart and my body were bursting, and you were dead. I'd wanted you so much, and you wouldn't let me marry you in spite of what they said. I was crazy, I didn't know what I was doing. And I never saw Rick again until this morning. I've never loved anybody but you, and I never will. I don't want to marry him. It was all because I loved you and you were gone. But you'll never believe me, you can't ever understand . . ."

He came up to her and put his arms quietly around her. "Don't, Jenny. I've been a damn' fool. I know it. I should have understood, and now I do, Jenny. I truly do. I was coming back to the house. I need you, Jenny, and if you'd only once this morning said you needed me I'd never have gone. I didn't know. I didn't want you to be ashamed, and I'm glad you slapped my face yesterday, but I wanted you to need me. I didn't want you to think I was making a sacrifice. A guy can't go on unless he knows somebody needs him, Jenny. And you do, don't you? I love you so much."

He raised her face to his and looked down into her tear-filled eyes.

"Oh, Steve, I need you terribly! But I didn't want to tell you so, I didn't want you to feel sorry for me!"

He held her close and safe at last in his arms, his face buried in her soft hair. The only shadow of pain left in his heart was for the pain she had undergone. He did understand now. If he had seen Alice Acton the day he came home instead of Charlotte Preston, he could have escaped all the doubt and most of the pain.

And Alice had told him very little. All she had really said was that she thought he ought to ask Jenny to explain what had happened to her. "I think you'd understand then, Steve." Now, in her simple and passionate denial that he could ever understand, Jenny had broken all the barriers between them, and his heart was at rest.

He held her tighter in his arms. She raised her face, and he bent his lips down to hers.

"Oh, Steve, I love you so," she whispered.

Outside in another room the sudden hungry protest of a very small infant sounded with vigor.

Steve drew Jenny to him again and kissed her. "Come on," he said. "Wipe your eyes and quit sniffling, Mrs. Dillon. The hell with everybody else. We'll let Aunt Alice call up the folks. You and me and Allie are going places. Leaving right away. As soon as she's had her noonday chow. That'll make her stop crying, won't it?"

"It . . . isn't time to feed her yet," Jenny Wingate said unsteadily. She looked up at the clock. "Not for fifteen minutes."

"Good Lord, you mean she can't eat when she's hungry? She's got to wait fifteen minutes?"

Jenny got out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "You're not going to begin spoiling her right away."

He caught her up in his arms and kissed her, and put her down, still holding her tight. "I love you so much, Jenny. It's so wonderful, Jenny. It's so wonderful!"

ALICE ACTON came out of the dining room. "Children, listen. I know it's wonderful. But my grandchild is hungry and my grandchild needs attention. I'm going to take her home and fix her up."

They both spoke at once, and Jenny stopped and Steve finished it: "No, you're not. That child belongs to us."

Steve took her clumsily and cautiously from Alice's arms, and then, leaning forward, kissed Alice's cheek.

"You've been *swell*," he said, a little unsteadily himself. "Thanks . . . from all three of us."

He looked down at the baby in his arms, and turned back to Jenny: "You see—she's quit crying. All she needs is her master's voice. Are you coming, Mrs. Dillon?"

"Yes, master," Jenny said. She smiled. "I'm coming."

She stopped as she came past Alice Acton. Alice put her arms around her and held her for a moment. Then she kissed her gently and let her go. She watched the three of them go across the garden, back to the Wingates'. As she turned to go back into the house, she stopped.

Tom Wingate's car was just drawing up in front of the house. He got out, slammed the door behind him and rushed up the walk. He was really in a hurry. Alice smiled. It was very plain what had happened—as plain as if he had shouted it across to her.

She watched him come to an abrupt halt halfway to the steps.

"Daddy!"

Alice heard Jenny's glad cry and in an instant they all seemed to be running across the snow-covered garden at once. Jenny reached her father's outstretched arms, and Alice laughed as she saw Steve lumbering along behind her with the unaccustomed burden of pink wool in his arms, and then the two of them, Steve and Tom, trying to disengage a hand to put out to the other.

She watched them a moment and then she turned, smiling, and went on into the house.

"I'll bet anything Helen's still at the bank," she said to herself. She went along the hall into the library and picked up the telephone. "I'll call her. She'll be glad. She'll really be glad at last."

THE END

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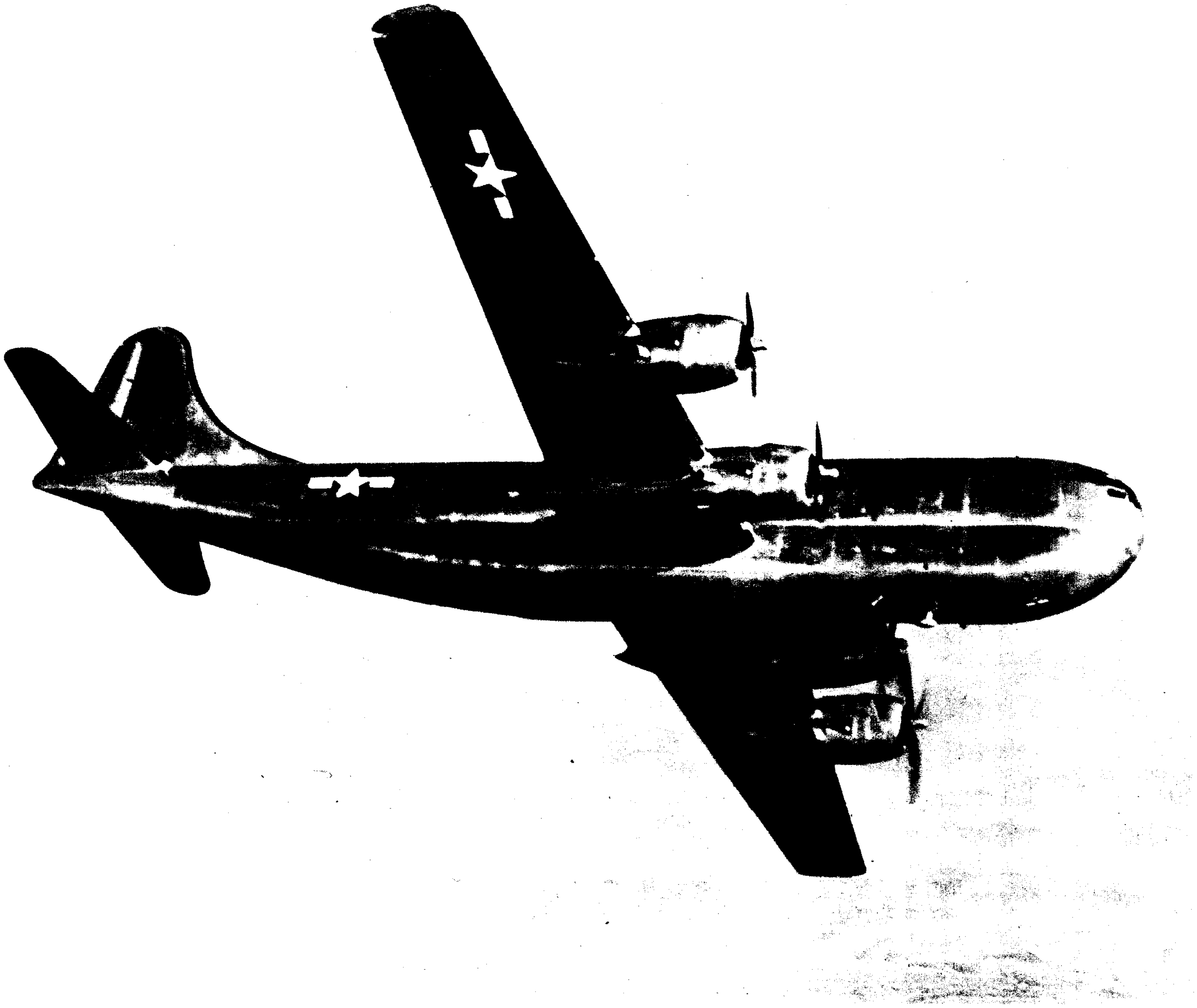

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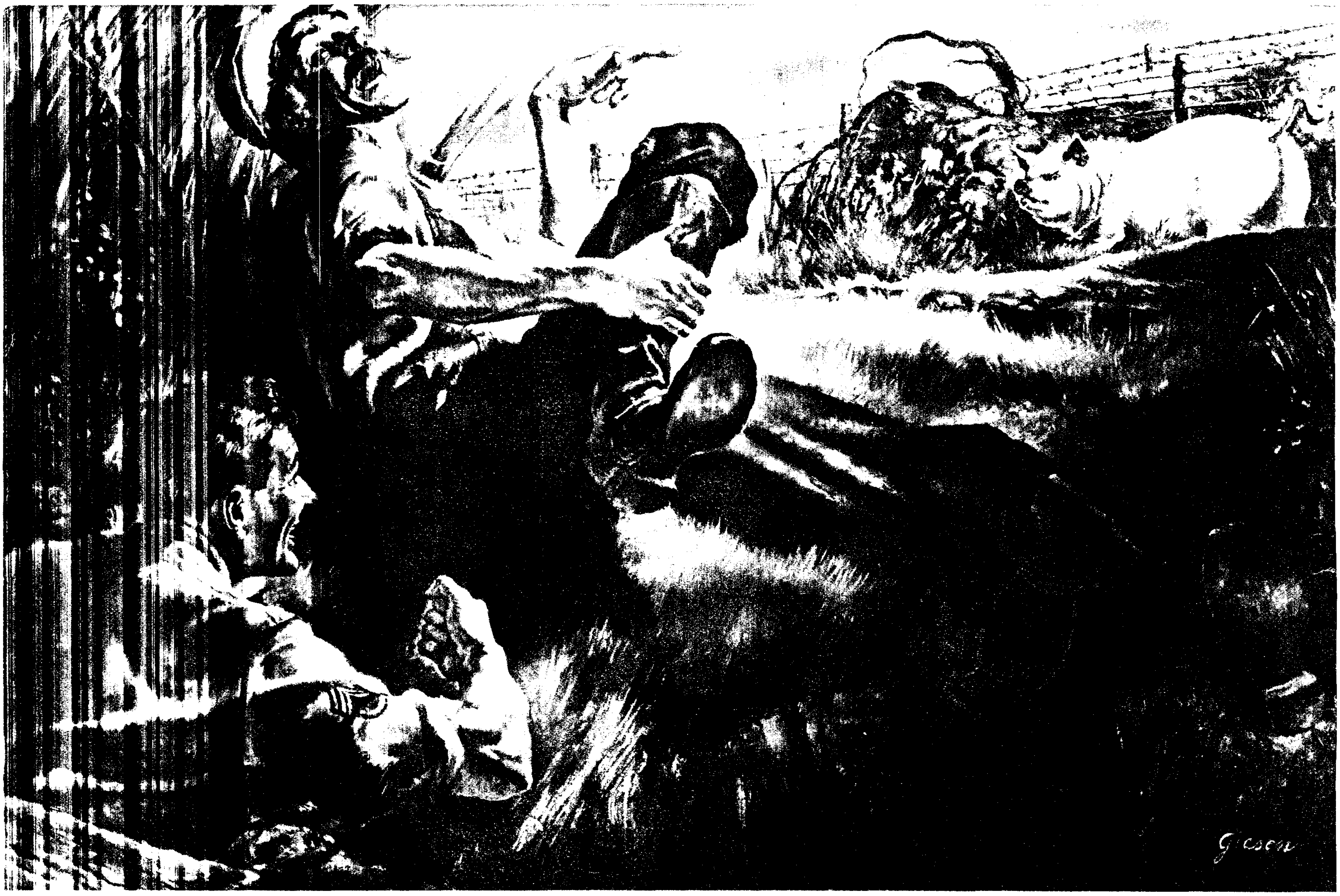

Old man Telford crawled out of the foxhole and rolled on the ground, gasping for breath, the tears running down his face. He pointed at the sow and howled crazily

THERE WAS A

BY OWEN CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

To old man Telford the pig was a headache, but to Sergeant Sam Hutton it was a dragon. And—so the legend goes—a dragon always presents a problem and a princess

OLD MAN TELFORD came out of the house and glanced without interest at Sam Hutton's saddle mare, delicately eating the leaves off his pear tree. He turned an apathetic eye on his daughter, who was sitting with Sam on the edge of the porch, and opened his mouth as if to speak—then sighed as though it were not worth the effort. He shambled wearily down the porch steps and set off along the dusty lane that passed the wheat field.

"He's sure changed," Sam said, and then added sulkily: "Well, so have you, Mary."

"I haven't changed, Sam. You don't really think so, either," Mary Telford told him gently. She was a slim, brown-skinned girl, almost as tall as Sam. She wore overalls and a boy's shirt and—Sam thought—if she had had a million dollars to spend for clothes she could not have bought anything prettier.

Sam was feeling bad and naturally wanted her to feel worse, so he insisted, "You have changed. All this time I been away in the Army you kept writing like you loved me and were willing to get married. You were just trying to cheer me up—was that it? Maybe you wrote like that to every fellow from here."

"You know I didn't do any such thing, Sam. Please, let's not quarrel now."

"What's the matter with now?" Sam asked sullenly.

Mrs. Telford came out of the house and looked after her husband, shading her eyes against the evening sun. "What's he want to torment himself for?" she asked the world at large. "He knows right well that sow is in the wheat field again. She always is. I wish to heaven he'd sell the critter, or shoot it. Worrying about that pig has took ten years off his life already. He ain't got the appetite of a new-hatched chick."

"He didn't even have the energy to order me off his porch," Sam said bitterly.

Mrs. Telford replied without looking at him: "Well, Sam, you didn't look for him to jump up and down with joy, did you?"

"Now, Mom, don't you start in on Sam," her daughter said combatively. "Why does everyone pick on poor Sam?"

"I didn't know I was picking on him. I never heard nothing bad against Sam." Mrs. Telford continued to stare after her husband, who was now leaning against the grain-field fence. "Just look at him! He don't even cuss that sow any more. No more get-up-and-go than a—than I don't know what."

"Nothing bad against me," Sam said wearily. "No, nothing at all, only I'm a Hutton, so that makes me no good. My father is shiftless—but did I ask you to marry my father, Mary?"

"Like father, like son," said Mrs. Telford, tartly but absently. "Never was a Hutton worth his salt. Not that you ain't a hard worker and all that, Sam, but . . . here he comes back again, the poor fool."

"But I'm a Hutton, is that it?"

Mrs. Telford replied in the same tone: "Tell the truth and shame the devil. Look, he can hardly drag one foot after the other."

"Shame on yourself!" cried her daughter. "When Sam was home, their ranch was as good as any in the country."

"Then why didn't he stay home, instead of ramming off and letting the place go to rack and ruin?"

"Now, that's not fair," Mary insisted. "If Sam had stayed home, folks would say he was too lazy to go and fight for his country. Whatever he does is wrong, just because he happens to be named Hutton. But you'll see! Sam's as smart and ambitious as anybody—more! He'll amount to something, some day."

"Not me," Sam said miserably. "I'm going to—I got a good mind to—oh, what's the use, anyhow."

Mrs. Telford looked at her daughter. "Far be it from me to argue with you, Mary. You're old enough to have a mind of your own. But you know if your father was himself, he'd never for a minute stand for it."

"I've told you—I won't marry Sam without his permission."

"And that'll be a cold day! He ain't that sick—though I don't know, sometimes. Look at him, will you? He don't have the gumption to chase that old sow out of the wheat any more."

The three waited in silence until old man Telford had wearily climbed the porch steps.

"You set down here," his wife said gently. "In again, is she?"

Telford looked at her in sad silence.

"Well, Mary and me can run her out," his wife continued. "You set down in the shade with Sam. But why don't you shoot the old devil—or give her away?"

Telford roused a little from his trancelike state. "That there sow is worth twenty dollars right today, where she stands! What's more, and I've told you over and over, there never was a sow farrowed was smarter than me. Though I dunno—I dunno. If I can't get the better of an old white sow, what kind of a man am I?"

Mrs. Telford sighed and waddled to the porch steps. "Come, Mary. Sam can stay here and look after—can talk to your father."

Sam watched Mary, trim and brisk beside

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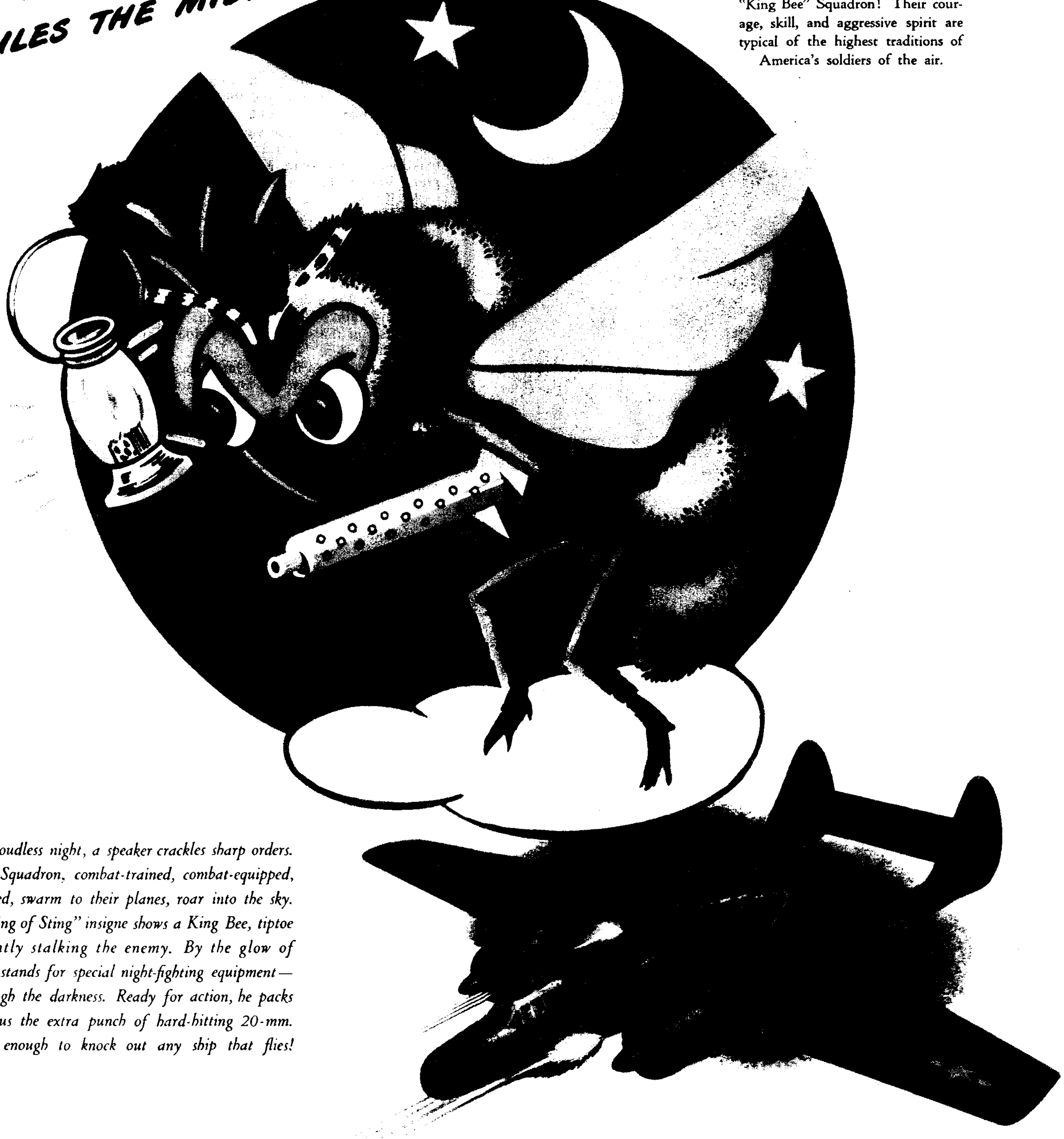

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her mother's heavy shape. He offered politely, "Sorry you're not feeling so good, Mr. Telford."

The old man sighed and shook his head. "Getting on, getting on. No, I ain't long for this world, and I don't know as I'll regret leaving it."

"Yes, sir. I've been wanting to ask you something."

"Getting on. Never thought I'd live to see the day, but I'll tell you, Sam, I'm pretty near ready to admit that old sow is too many for me."

"Yes, sir. Well, it's about Mary. What I want to know is: You got anything against me except my folks?"

"I'm beat. I admit it—she's got me beat."

"Yes, sir. You see, it's this way: Mary would get married to me like a shot—I know that for a fact. But she won't, without you give your consent. I'm a good worker. I'd make her a good man, Mr. Telford. I done pretty well in the war, haven't I?"

"Well, I guess the war is pretty important, too," old man Telford admitted. "Still, I wonder if you can get as mad at them Japs as I get at that old sow. Anybody knows a pig is smart, but this old sow—well, she beats me."

"Yes, sir. I'm a first sergeant. That means the Army thinks I'm a good man. It's the sergeants run the war. See, they don't care if I am a Hutton."

"Your dad—he's raised a lot of pigs, and *he* admits that old sow was too much for him."

"This is Friday," Sam said. "I've got four more days. So if me and Mary are going to get hitched, we haven't got any time to waste. She's willing, if only you'll say the word. Why, it might be a year—maybe even more, before I'm home again."

Old man Telford looked at him blankly. "How's the war coming, Sam? I ain't listened to the news for—well, since that sow has been getting into the grain—ever since it headed-out. But how does she get in, will you tell me that? Boy, I been around that fence on my hands and knees, and if there's a hole in it, I'm a Dutchman. Every wire is tight enough to ring like a banjo string."

"Yes, sir. So will you tell Mary it's all right?"

Telford waved his hands impatiently. "What you keep interrupting for, when I'm trying to tell you about this pig? I used to think you was a pretty good boy, not so worthless as the rest of the Huttons. But I'm telling you, Sam, that fence has been up ten years. I put it up myself and never even a jackrabbit got in before. Old sow never got in last year, did she? Then how's she manage now? You tell me that."

SAM had been lugubriously watching Mrs. Telford and Mary returning from the grainfield. Mrs. Telford was red-faced and breathless when she reached the porch, but Mary ran lightly up the steps and sat down beside Sam. She squeezed his arm and smiled into his eyes.

"There," panted Mrs. Telford. "We run her out again. Though what good that does, I don't know. Soon as she's certain nobody is watching, back she'll pop. I got half a mind to shoot her myself."

"Don't you dare try it!" cried old man Telford shrilly. "Don't you lay a hand on that pig or I'll—I swear by my Creator, I'll divorce you, Sadie! I'll get the better of that old sow yet!"

"Now, calm down," Mrs. Telford said. "I was only joshing. If she was shot we'd never in the world find out how she got in, and I'd perish with curiosity. Now you come in with me and lay down for a while."

When they were alone on the porch Sam said to Mary, "I tried to talk to your dad, but all he can think of is that pig. He doesn't even get mad at me. Mary, why can't we just go off and get married? He's so wrapped up in that pig, he'd never know it."

Mary shook her head. "It wouldn't be right, Sam. You can see how low Dad is. What kind of daughter would I be if I did anything to make him feel worse? We'll talk him around, Sam."

"In four days?" Sam asked bitterly.

"Maybe. Mom's on our side."

"She sure don't act it."

"That's just her way. She's worried about Dad."

Sam mumbled inaudibly to himself and for a while they were silent, staring out across the flat, almost treeless land. Mary sighed and said abruptly:

"You know, Sam, it is odd about the old sow. How do you suppose she gets into the wheat?"

Sam glared at her in outraged amazement.

"I know the fence is tight," Mary went on thoughtfully. "And, of course, while you're watching, she pretends the last thing in the world she's thinking about is getting at that wheat. She roots around until she's sure you've gone and then she—if there was only a place to hide and watch her."

"For Pete's sake," Sam cried. "Is every one of you pig-crazy? I worry and fret about important things, like us getting married, and all you can talk about is a pig!"

"I suppose that doesn't seem very important to you." Mary said tartly. "But you can see what it's done to my father. Or isn't that important, either?"

SAM stood up, glowering wrathfully down at her brown hair. He marched off the porch with what he had planned to be quiet dignity, but the mare reached back and tried to nip him as he mounted, setting off his temper. He rammed his heels into the horse's ribs and, when she reared and plunged, reined her cruelly toward the porch.

"The Huttons may be shiftless," he yelled, "but there never was a one of them crazy. Pig-crazy, anyhow!"

Then he jerked the mare's head around and let her go, boiling with righteous anger. They thundered down the lane past Telford's wheat, and as he looked over the fence he saw the white sow in a far corner. He dragged the mare to a halt and watched, rubbing the horse's neck and apologizing to her absently.

In the manner of pigs, this one ruined ten times what she ate. The flattened trails up and down and across the yellow wheat showed that she had been in often.

"Take it easy," Sam told the mare. "I've seen you mad, too, with less reason. I'll tell you—old Telford worries more about that sow than his own daughter. Was a time when he would bow his neck and paw the dust, if I so much as took Mary to a dance. Now I tell him we want to get married, and he talks about a pig. Why, if I showed him how that old sow got in, I guess he'd give me his ranch and his wife and rifle and anything else he owned—why, he'd even . . ."

Sam stopped talking, filled with an idea and, after a moment, dismounted and tied the mare to the fence.

The old sow lifted her head as he approached, studying this new disturber of her peace with small, wise, brown eyes. When he was five yards away she whoofed loudly, like a bear and trotted away at a rocking gait.

Sam ignored her until he had opened the gate. He tried to drive her out of the field, but the old sow dodged past him, running in the awkward, astonishingly fast way of pigs, until she felt she was at a safe distance. Then she turned and faced him, waiting warily until he was close before she whoofed and ran again.

Sam was beginning to sweat. He had long since run out of breath with which to curse the old sow. He heard Mary's voice and turned to see her clambering over the wire fence. He waved her into position and the pig, seeing that she was outnumbered, trotted directly to the gate and out of the field.

"I saw you stop," Mary said, as they shut the gate. "Oh, Sam—you aren't really mad at me?"

Sam put his arms around her. "I'm sorry I yelled at you, but I just couldn't—well, you know how I feel, Mary. And in four days I'll be gone again, and it will be too late. I'd take care of you. I'd be the best husband in the world. Don't you know that?"

Mary was unable to talk through her tears, so it was a full minute before she answered: "I do know it, Sam. Oh, Sam, I feel worse about it than you do, honest."

Sam looked after the old sow, who was placidly rooting her way from the fence. "That pig. I've been thinking about that pig. Look at her. You'd think the last place she wanted to be was inside the fence."

"She'll be back as soon as we're out of sight," Mary said positively.

"Uh-huh. But I've been thinking. I'm going to hide some place until I find out how she gets in." Sam looked around him, and across the flat land.

"There isn't a tree or a bush for a mile," Mary said. "And if you lie down in the wheat to watch her, she sees or smells you. She'll go off, like now, and she may not be back for a couple of hours—maybe not this afternoon. But by morning she'll be in again."

"A pig can't fly. And she needs a pretty big hole."

"There's no hole in the fence. Mom and I have looked—over a dozen times."

Sam had to convince himself. He followed the fence around the field, testing each panel not only with his eyes, but tugging at it, trying to lift it high enough from the ground to allow a hog to slip beneath.

It was a good, solid fence. The hog netting was three and a half feet high, the vertical stay wires six inches apart. The lowest line wire was of heavy-gauge barbed steel, and above the netting were three more strands of barbed wire. It was a fence that would turn jackrabbits, as old man Telford had said.

Sam went around the field twice, slowly and thoughtfully, and Mary followed in silence. There were but four suspicious places, and Sam re-examined these several times. A shallow depression between two posts had been filled with rocks—that was pigproof. The wires of the back gate were a little slack, but no hog Sam had ever met could squeeze through them. At the north end of the field a huge oak had fallen across the fence; the netting had been raised and stapled to the dead log and the barbed wire stretched over the top. Even if the old sow could get up on the log, which was nearly four feet high, she could not pass the barbed wire. The last possible point of entrance was the wooden main gate, but this was stoutly fastened with wire to solid posts. Sam began to mutter to himself before he had completed the second circuit of the fence.

"She must get in *some* place. One thing any Hutton should know is hogs. But darned if I can figure it out."

"I told you so," Mary could not resist saying.

Sam scratched his head. "Just let me think a minute. I'm a first sergeant, ain't I? If I'm not smarter than a pig . . ."

He stared after the old white sow who, after thoroughly scratching herself against the corner fencepost, was ambling down the lane toward the water hole. Then he turned around, frowning at the level, barren plain.

"I'm a first sergeant," he repeated. "Well, a Jap may not be smarter than an old sow, but he's no idiot, and he's got a gun, and . . ."

HE SUDDENLY kissed Mary. "I got an idea, but I want to study it over. You go on home. And listen—you get yourself ready to go to town tomorrow. I'm going to get married, or bust myself trying."

"Oh, Sam," Mary said, "let's not start that again. Please, Sam, let's not fight again."

"Remember when we went to school?" Sam asked dreamily, staring after the old sow. "Remember how we used to read about the prince who killed the dragon and married the princess, and the king gave him half his kingdom, too? I used to imagine your father was the king and you were the princess. Only it was kind of hard to think of me as a prince."

"You're better than any prince, Sam! Do you think you can find out how she gets in?"

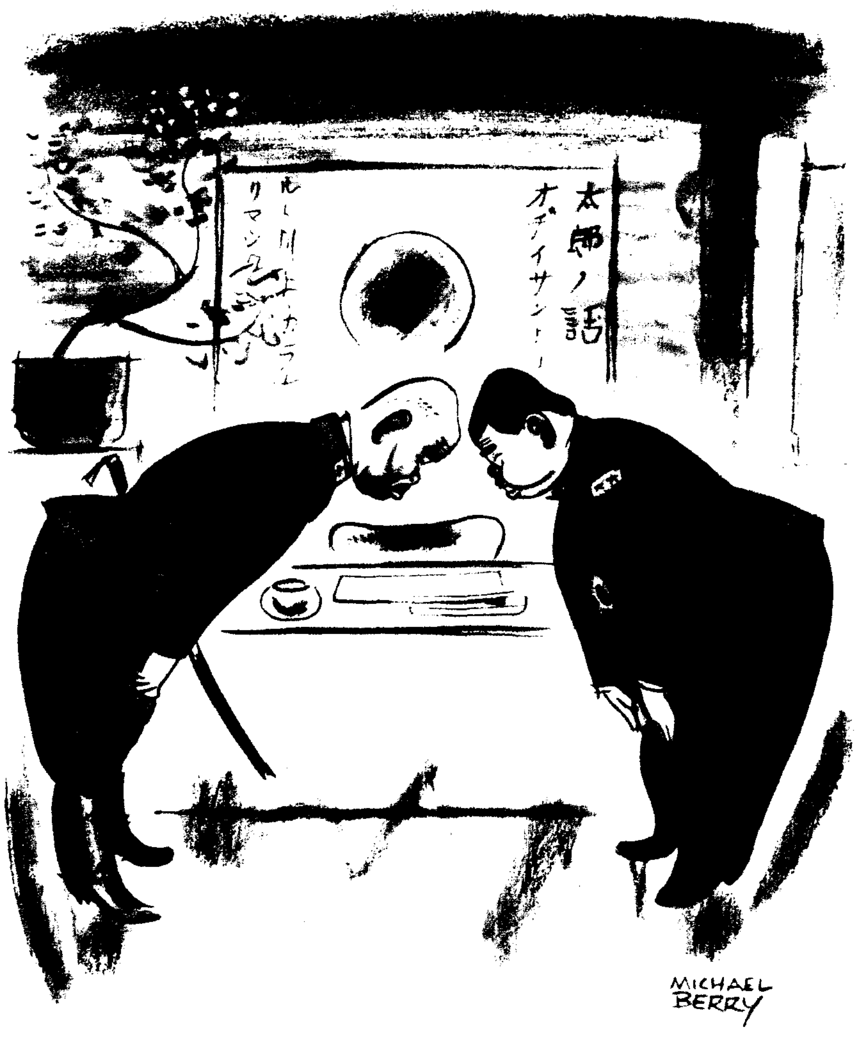
"Never you mind," Sam said grandly. "You want to learn to trust your husband. Now you go on home—I'll see you tomorrow."

They parted at the fence where Sam had tied the mare. Mary walked slowly down the lane toward her home, turning often to watch Sam, but he rode away without ever looking back. . . .

Old man Telford was up early the next

TOKYO TALKING

by MICHAEL BERRY



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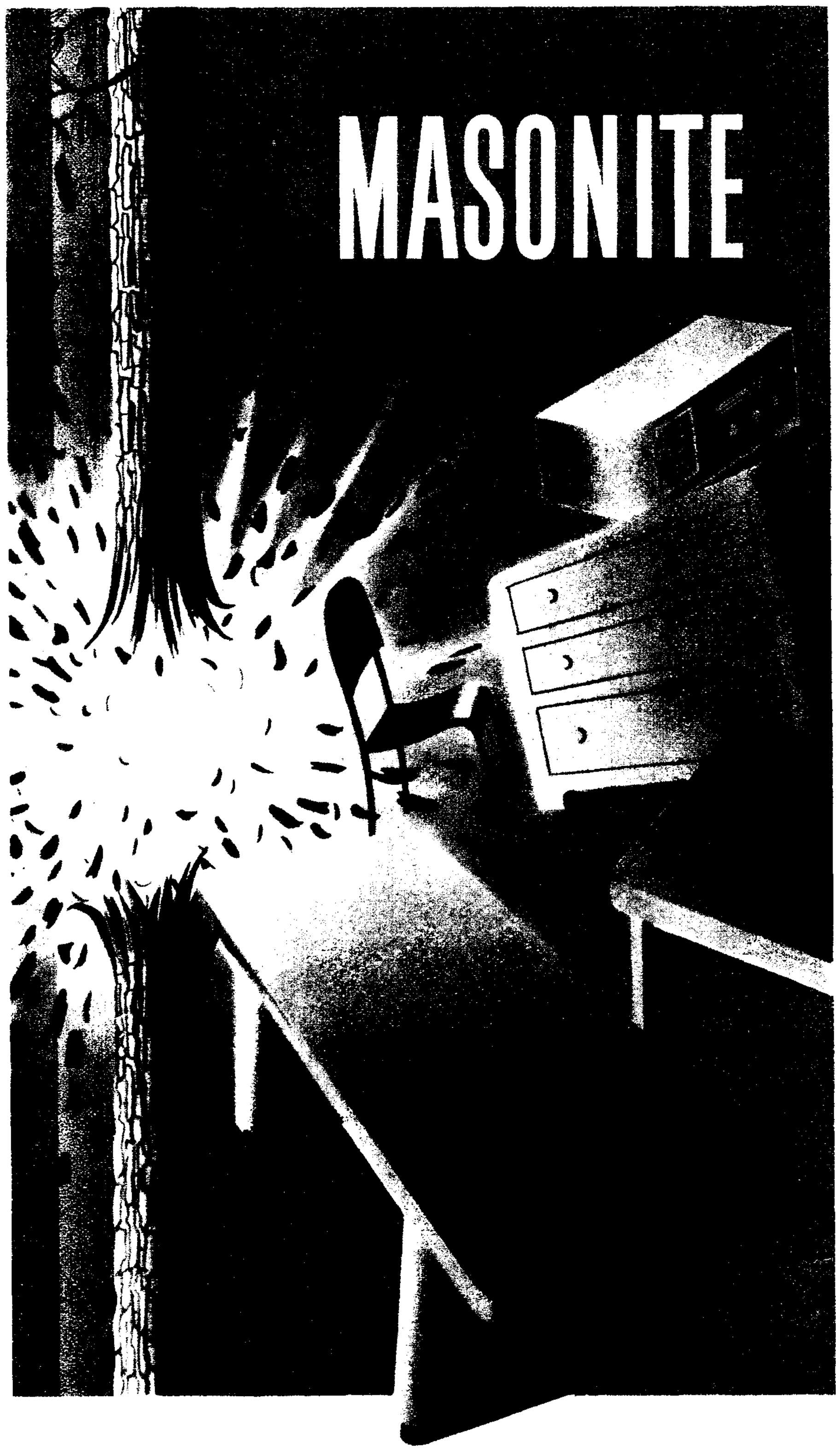

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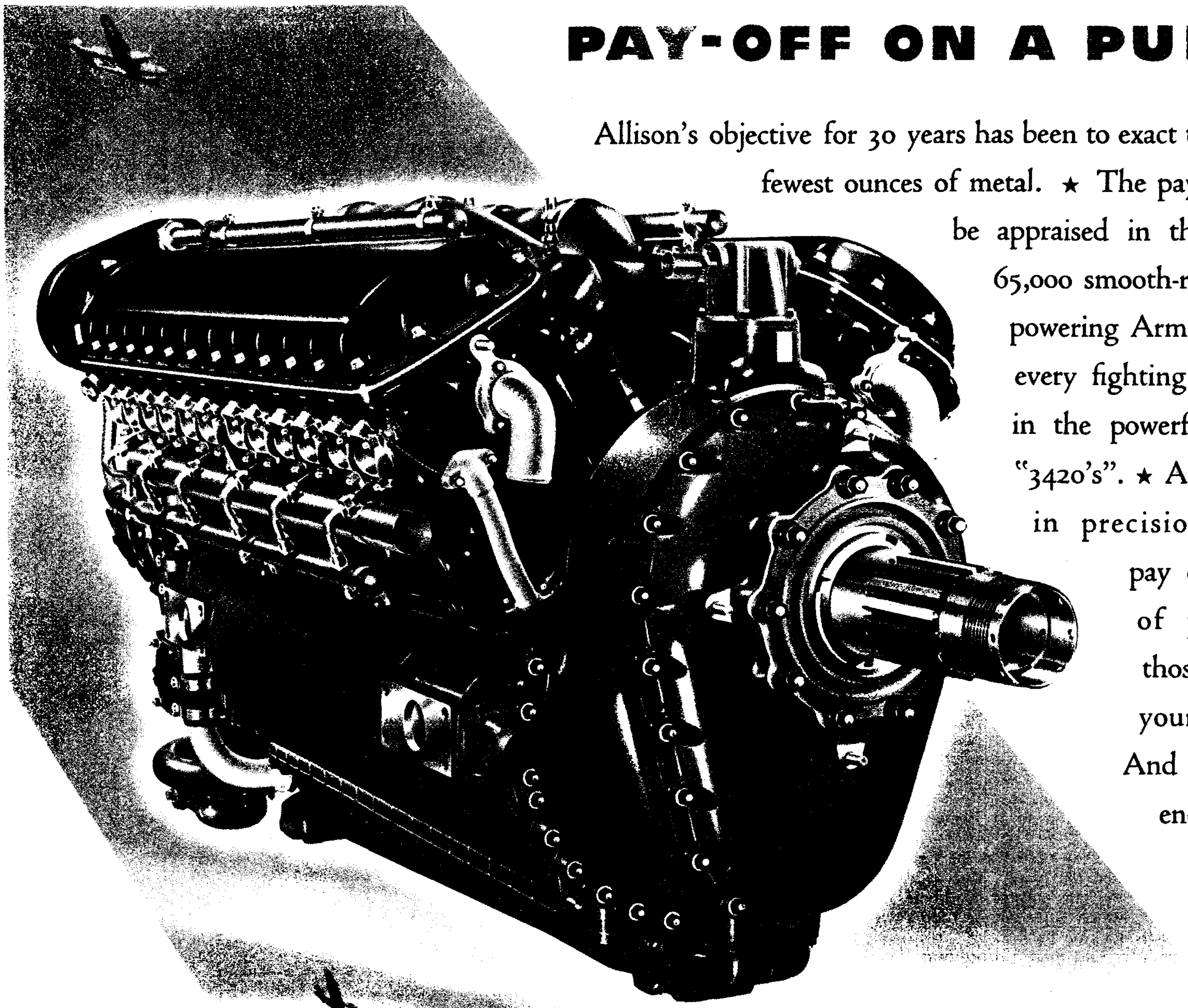

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morning and, even before it was light enough to see clearly, he had made a trip to the front porch, staring in the direction of the grainfield. He ate a hurried and skimpy breakfast and, before his wife and daughter had finished their coffee, he mumbled, "Be back in a little," and left the house.

Mrs. Telford sighed. "Sow'll be in, and he'll come back too low-down discouraged to do the chores."

Telford plodded down the dusty lane to the corner of the grainfield fence and looked over, across the yellow wheat. The old sow was placidly picking her way through an untouched patch, nibbling an ear here and there and trampling the rest into the earth. She glanced at him once but seeing that he was alone, she ignored him.

Old man Telford leaned against the corner post and looked up at the sky, muttering, "How long, oh, Lord? How long?" He wanted to weep. Sagging against the fence, he closed his eyes and his heart filled with despair.

He knew he should drive the old sow out of the field before she ruined any more of the ripe wheat, but what was the use? What was the use of anything? A man worked and slaved and led an honest, decent life, and this was what he got for it. A man would be better off dead, or so drunk he didn't give a hoot.

HE WAS roused by a cheerful voice. Sam Hutton was crossing the field toward him. The old sow grunted and looked at the two men and then moved to the corner farthest away. "'Morning," Sam called again. "Beautiful day, isn't it?"

Old man Telford waited in gloomy silence. Sam climbed the fence and tapped his chest. "I got some news for you, Mr. Telford. I aim to get married to Mary today."

"Don't talk such foolishness," the old man said weakly. "I don't want no Huttons in my family. Look, out there—see that old sow?"

"I know more about her than you ever will. Suppose I show you where she gets in? That proves I'm smart, Hutton or no Hutton, don't it? Proves I'm as good as a Telford, wouldn't you say? Proves I'm good enough for Mary, maybe?"

"Never was a Hutton smart enough to figure out how that old sow manages. I tell you, I set awake night after night, and I've set out here and prowled around that fence till I know every steeple in it. Boy, your own father looked over that fence, and he admitted it beat him."

"Didn't beat me," Sam said cockily. "I'll show you. Come on, Mr. Telford—well, I guess I might as well get used to calling you Dad. You come around the far side of the field with me, Dad."

"Ain't no use," Telford grumbled. "I been studying on that sow for nearly two weeks, now."

But he followed Sam around the field to a spot some three hundred yards north of the fence, where he stopped at a shallow hole, partially roofed with boards and dry grass.

"Hardest part was packing off the dirt I dug out," Sam told him. "If I hid inside the field, she'd surely smell me when she went around the fence. You've noticed she always works up wind."

"Looks like somebody was digging out a coyote den," Telford mumbled vaguely.

"It's something I learned in the Army," Sam explained. "It's a foxhole."

"That's kind of silly, Sam. Never has been a fox around here."

"You just let me show you how silly it is. I laid out here all last night. You follow me, Mr. Tel—you come along, Dad."

Sam led the way to the huge dead oak. When old man Telford understood where they were bound, he grumbled:

"She can't get over that log, Sam. No, Sam, log's been there eight years, and the old sow can't get over or around it. I *know*. I mended the fence myself, when the tree died and blew down."

"Can't get over or around—but how about through?"

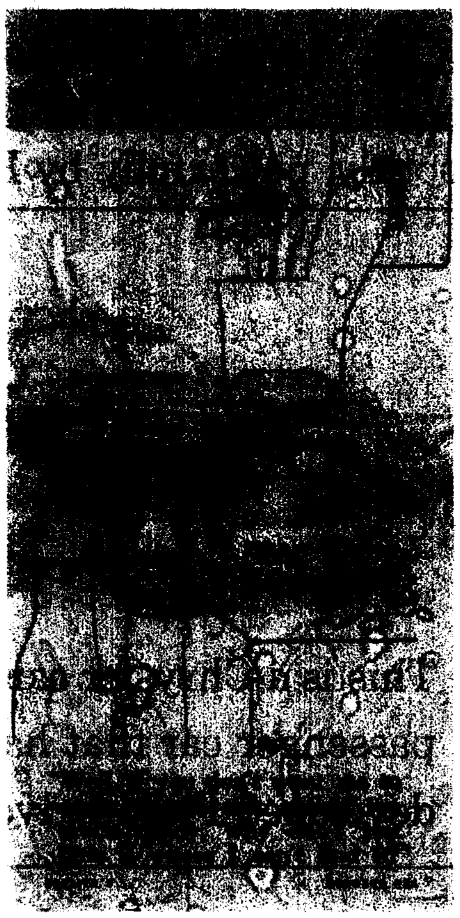
Old man Telford looked at him blankly, and Sam stooped and pointed. "Look for yourself. The log must have rotted a little more every year, and finally she pushed her way through."

Old man Telford looked hopeful but incredulous. He got down on his hands and knees and peered into the log. Then he stood up, a dazed expression on his face, and muttered, "A hole in it."

He blinked at the old white sow, as she went about contentedly trampling down the wheat, and he whispered, "Glory to God!" He shook his fist at the pig and raised his voice: "Ah, you devil! Got you—I finally got you! Sam, my boy! I always said you was all right, Hutton or no Hutton, but this —well, we ain't got time for that now. Come on, boy. We got work to do."

HE LED the way back to the house at a trot. Mary and Mrs. Telford heard the new and lively note in the old man's voice and came out to the shed, where Telford was shouting orders at Sam and trying to start his ancient truck.

"Two posts—find 'em around back. Get the pick-bar, too, Sam. And some water for this radiator. Lessee, now, where's the crank?" He answered his wife's worried questions impatiently: "Let be, Sade. You go on back to the house. Me and Sam got a little work to do. Sam and me—by thunder, if I'd had a son like Sam, we'd own this whole damn' country. You get the steeples, Sam?"



The old truck roared and bounced back to the field. They chased out the sow and watched her wander off in a smug, superior manner, to sleep in the shade until they had gone again. Then they set two new posts and stretched wire between them, so that the log was shut entirely off from the field. Old man Telford was so busy shouting insults at the white sow that Sam did most of the labor.

WHEN they had finished, the sow was not in sight, and they slid into Sam's foxhole. Telford was too impatient to remain still, and every few moments he raised his head and looked around for the pig. Sam had to hold him down out of sight by main strength.

"I can't hardly believe it yet," he babbled. "It sounds too good to be true. If you only knowed what I been through, Sam, my boy. But I tell you, if you're right—if we got that old white devil beat at last—well, all I got to say is, you ought to run for supervisor, once you get out of the war. Why, a man with your brains ought to be in the state senate. And if I got any influence in this county, you *will* be."

"We'll soon know if we got her beat," Sam said. "Because here she comes."

"Oh, my Lord. Where?"

"Keep your head down! We're safe if she don't see us—the wind's this way."

Old man Telford panted with eagerness and excitement. "By thunder, she's making for the log!" Then he groaned, as the sow trotted past the fallen oak without hesitating. She went completely around the field, turning her head from side to side and testing the air like a bird dog. When she approached the oak again, old man Telford could no longer bear the suspense and covered his eyes with his hands. The old sow stopped for one last wary glance around, dropped to her knees, and wormed her way into the log.

Old man Telford opened his eyes. "Where is she? Where'd she go?"

"She's inside the log," Sam whispered. "Not so loud—she'll be coming out in a second."

The sow's head appeared; she grunted and heaved herself to her feet, took two confident steps forward and then came to a dead halt against the fence. Every line of her ugly body showed incredulity. She stared at the fence and then turned her head and looked back at the log. She grunted loudly, trotted a few steps along the fence, then whirled and went the other way.

She stopped again and emitted a loud whoof of bewilderment.

Old man Telford beat his hands on the ground and howled.

"Not too loud," Sam cried, but old man Telford could not suppress his joy.

"She just can't believe it," he whooped. "Oh, Sam, this is worth a million dollars to me!"

The sow wheeled, and ran back to her old entrance end of the log and crawled into it again. When she emerged she glanced briefly at the fence and squealed. She lifted her head and cursed the fence in pig language, and old man Telford crawled out of the foxhole and rolled on the ground, gasping for breath, the tears running down his face. He pointed at the sow and howled crazily.

Squealing with insane rage, the pig ran back to the log. For a moment her peevish noises were muffled by the wood, and then she came out once more and was silent for a hopeful instant. The fence was still there. She screamed and flung her head from side to side and then ran around and crawled into the log again, filled with a stubborn determination to *make* it work.

Sam helped old man Telford to his feet and led him homeward, stopping every now and then while Telford embraced him, gasping breathlessly, "Sam, oh, Lordy! Did you ever? Oh, that pig! Lord, I'll die—I'll die. Listen to her—thought she could get the better of me, did she? Listen to her!"

The sow continued to squeal and scream her insane anger at the perverse wickedness of fences, crawling through the log again and again.

HALFWAY to the house they were met by Mary and Mrs. Telford. Telford was too exhausted for laughter by then. Weeping, he threw his arms around his wife, who cried:

"What is it? What's the matter?"

Mary looked anxiously at Sam, who said, "Your dad just outsmarted that old white sow."

"Well, didn't I? Oh, didn't I, though?" gasped Telford. "Just listen to her, Sade. Running back and forth through that . . . Lord, I can't bear it. My ribs ache. Sade, you get back to the house and rustle up a couple of fryers. Sam's staying for dinner. No, Sam, don't you argue."

"Mary and me were going to town."

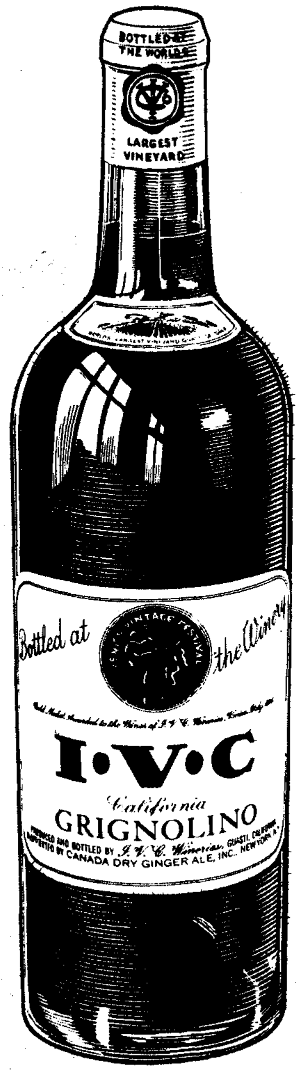
"After dinner. Sam, if you only were my boy! I tell you, and I mean it—you're more a Telford than a Hutton. If Mary would only get herself a man like you."

He subsided into wordless wheezings, looking back toward the shrill sounds of the pig's torment, and Mary said bewilderedly:

"I would—I wanted—I mean I wanted to marry Sam."

"Well, you better get about it," her father cried. "Before someone with good sense grabs him up. Oh, Lordy—but didn't I put it over on the old sow, though? Just listen to her squeal!"

THE END



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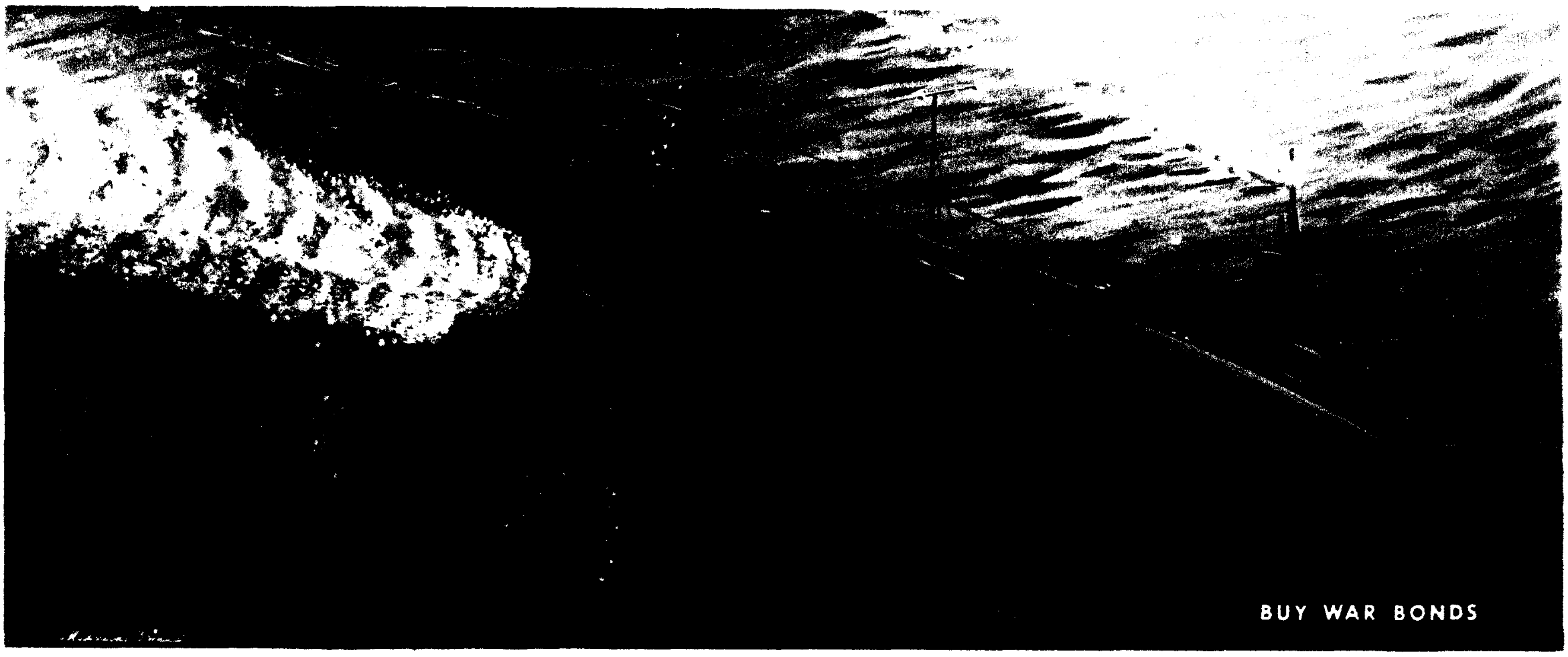

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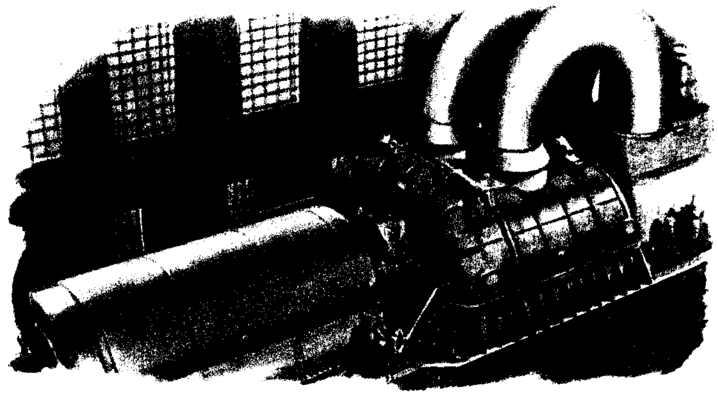

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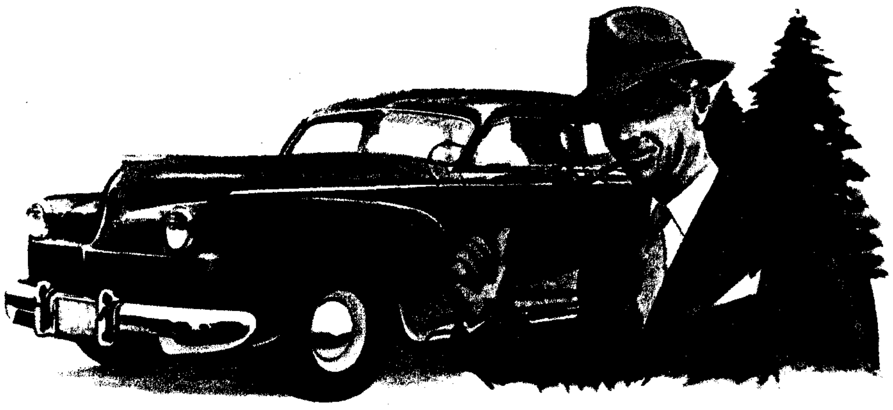

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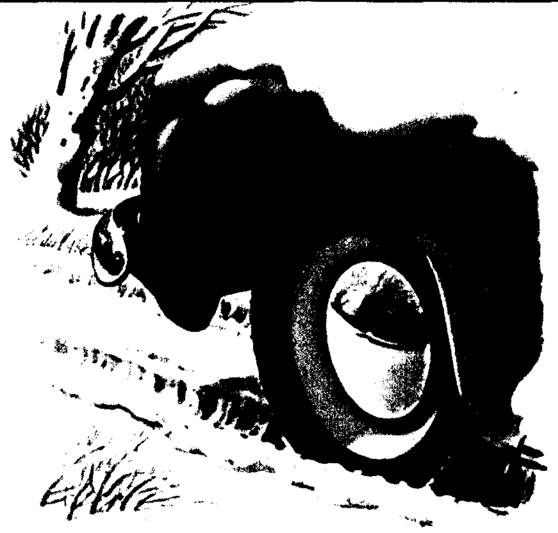

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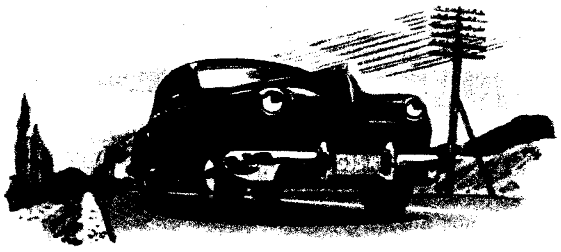

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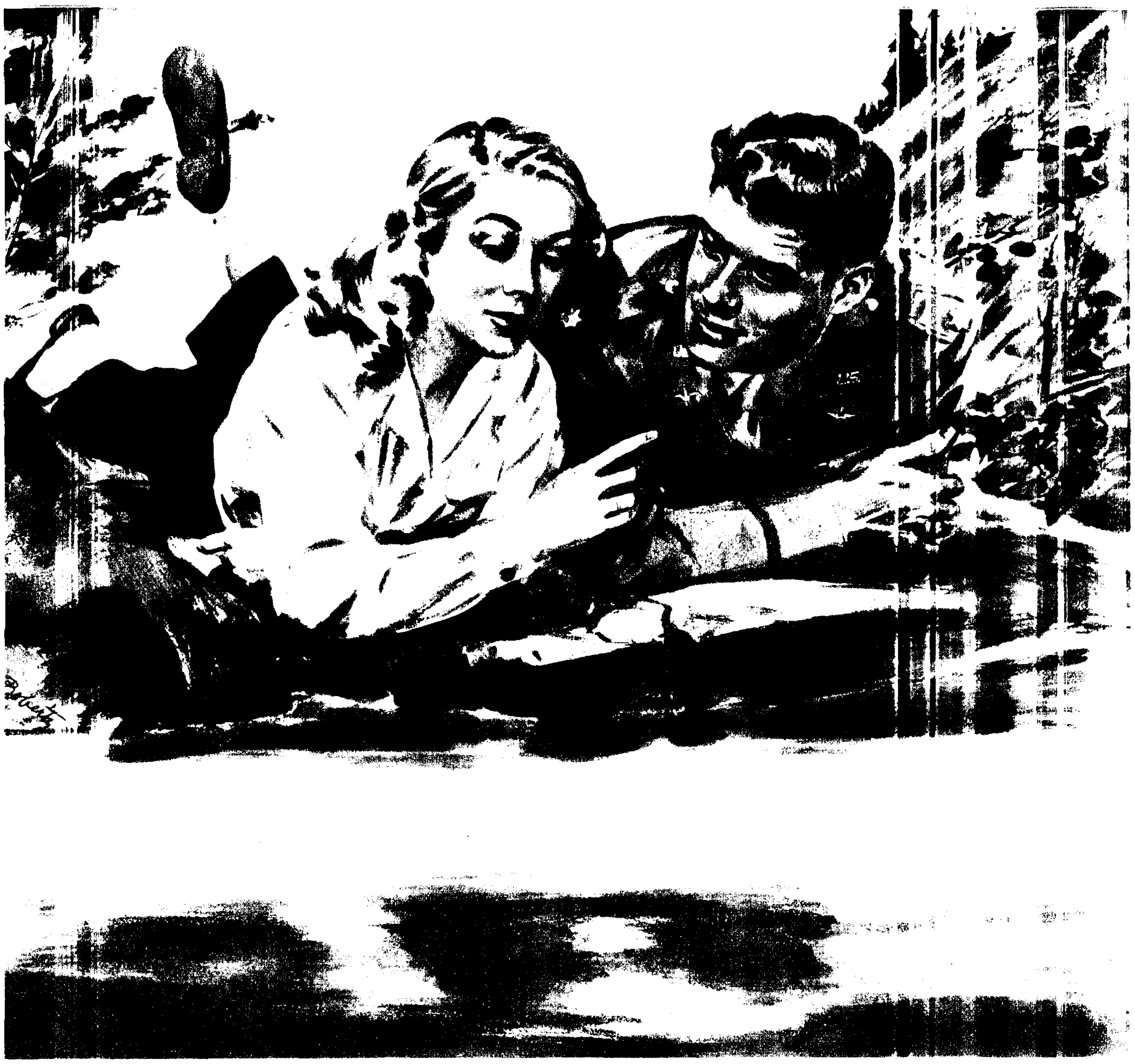


Betsey watched the pool, intent and absorbed. Cass watched her face. She was beautiful. "There," she said, digging her fingers into his arm. "Did you see them?"

ON ACCOUNT

BY FANE MERRIMAN HORTON

She was everything he had ever hoped for, but he could not give her the one thing she wanted—a key to his past

"THE one in the green dress," Cass Bradley said to the plump patroness. He followed her across the polished floor of the Country Club ballroom, to where the girl sat alone, in one of a row of chairs. She rose politely at the older woman's approach. She didn't look like a wallflower, and she lacked the wallflower's defensive brightness. She either hadn't heard, or didn't care, that soldiers liked their women fluffy and feminine. Her green dress was crisp and plain, linen or some such stuff. Her eyes were too dark for her hair, but she was no Hollywood blonde. The light ash-brown color was perfectly natural.

In response to a murmur from the patroness, she said that she was Betsey Pride—in a voice that was cool, self-possessed, a little husky.

"Major Bradley," said the older woman. She bustled away.

The girl looked once at the gold leaf on his shoulder, once at the left side of his blouse, starkly unadorned except for his pilot's wings. Once at his face.

He wasn't awfully young to be a major, not in the Air Corps, where baby-faced colonels were a commonplace. He was twenty-six, and just now he looked thirty-five. He was dark and self-contained and unsmiling.

Betsey Pride frowned faintly. "Have I seen you before," she said. "You seem—familiar, somehow."

Cass said deliberately, "I doubt it. I'm a stranger in town, and I don't have a Country Club background."

A small flicker of amusement crossed her face, and she instructed him in her cool, gentle voice. "Neither do I. They get in extra girls for these dances, you know."

So they were both alien. The thought gave him obscure satisfaction. "That's right, this *is* a dance," he said. "Shall we?"

She danced very well. Her face, so near to his, was full of repose. It didn't ask anything of him. He relaxed a little and began to enjoy himself.

It was all he wanted, he thought: to be let alone. He had almost said so, to the psychiatrist at the Redistribution Center. After they had checked his eyes, ears, teeth, heart, blood pressure and everything else they could think of, they sent him in to this colonel to have his mind pried into. He resented that, even though he knew it was part of the routine. He had never needed any outside help, or interference, with his problems. But he was practiced in the art of self-control, and he answered questions in a quiet, detached voice, as if he were speaking of someone else.

"Yes, sir. No, sir."

"You're not wearing your ribbons, Major?"

"I forgot them, sir," he lied.

He hadn't worn them—any of them—since his second day back in the States. As for the DFC, he had never worn that, since the day the general pinned the decoration on him.

It had been quite an impressive ceremony, but he didn't remember much about it. He had just come from watching Jeff Carr die, and he was still seeing Jeff's face, drained and gray because so much of the blood was out of him. Always before, Jeff's face had been so ruddy it made his tawny eyebrows look white. His stocky, compact body had shrunk, too, and part of it wasn't even there.

SO THE general had pinned this medal on Cass Bradley, and the next thing was the flight surgeon, saying, "All right, fella. You're going home. A little change will do you good."

He thought the flight surgeon was a fool, but he didn't say so. He had learned long before he got in the Army, that it did no good to be vocal about the kicks fate handed you. You rode out the bad breaks the best way you could. . . .

Cass came back to himself slowly. He was standing on a polished floor, with his arm around a girl in a green dress. A girl who looked at him quizzically and said softly, "Something on your mind, Major? The music stopped a couple of minutes ago."

Swiftly he began to cover up. "It's my uncivilized side. Somebody should have warned you." He led her to a pair of chairs, sat down beside her. "Tell me all about yourself," he urged.

Her eyes were serious, her mouth mocking. "I'm twenty-four years old. Height, five six. Weight, one hundred eighteen pounds. Occupation—"

"Statistics!" He brushed them aside. "What are your ambitions? Your likes and dislikes? What do you think?"

"I think—" There might have been regret in her voice, as she watched a lieutenant of Engineers approaching. "I think I have this next dance. Goodby, Major."

He watched her moving across the floor, in an effort to anchor his thoughts to the present. It was the one thing of which he was afraid, this tendency of his mind to slip back into the past. Flying, he would have been all right. But they wouldn't let him fly.

In the lecture room, he was all right. He didn't mind discussing battle experiences for the benefit of men who had still to face their first combat flight. These kids were entitled to all the help they could get. But he was coldly factual and he never mentioned names.

He never mentioned Jeff's name, even to himself, except when his mind tricked him. And he consistently put away from him the thought of Jeff's mother, and Jeff's son, here in this very city. He had written Mrs. Carr from England, one brief and difficult letter. But he didn't want to see her, and he didn't think she'd want to see him. Why would she? He'd got the DFC, and Jeff had got killed.

JEFF and Cass had teamed up originally, because they were the two oldest fighter pilots in the squadron. Cass liked hearing about Jeff's young son, who lived with his grandmother because his mother was dead. Cass had left no one behind him, he had no snapshots to show, no stories to tell. He wasn't the talkative type, anyway, but Jeff didn't seem to mind. Jeff took a curious pleasure in driving Jerries into the angle of fire of Cass' guns. He never seemed to want to make a record for himself.

"Sonny boy," he would say in his buzzing, bumblebee voice, "I'm going to make yuh famous. First, I'll get yuh the DFC."

Jeff had got Cass the DFC, all right, but he hadn't made him famous. There were too many men coming back from overseas with their chests plastered with ribbons, and the DFC was just another one.

Cass jerked himself back to the present. The dance was over, and his eyes began a search for Betsey Pride. He found her, made for her in a purposeful straight line.

"Our dance, I believe."

She raised her eyebrows, but said calmly, "I thought you'd forgotten, Major," and slipped into his arms.

Again the tension lessened, seemed to flow out of him in some miraculous way. It was a wonderful sensation. He said abruptly, "How did you get to this clambake?"

She laughed at him. "I came in a taxi."

"Will you go home in a taxi—with me?"

Her dark eyes were thoughtful. "I expect I could fix it," she said.

He didn't know what she meant, until he saw her talking to the plump patroness, and it dawned on him that these girls were not supposed to make dates with the men they danced with. It was a silly rule.

"What did you tell her?" he asked, when she joined him at the door.

"That you were an old friend," Betsey Pride said tranquilly.

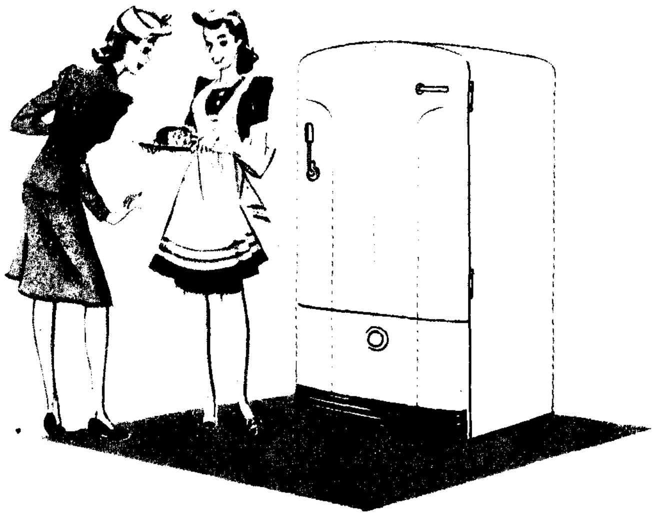
They stopped at a cocktail bar and he, Cass Bradley the untalkative, laid himself out to interest and amuse her. He had to make her want to see him again—because he had to see her again. He had to test whether this miraculous feeling of ease he got with her was real, or a mirage. After a while she

(Continued on page 64)

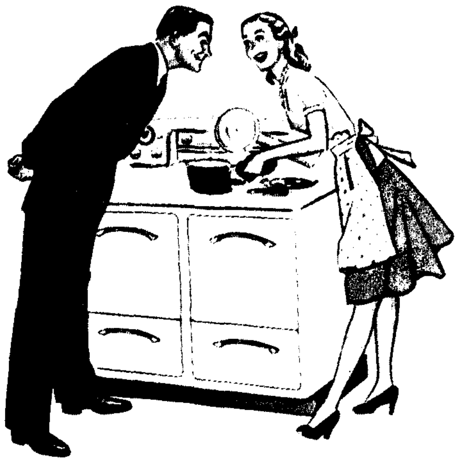
ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ

War-Busy Homemakers agree

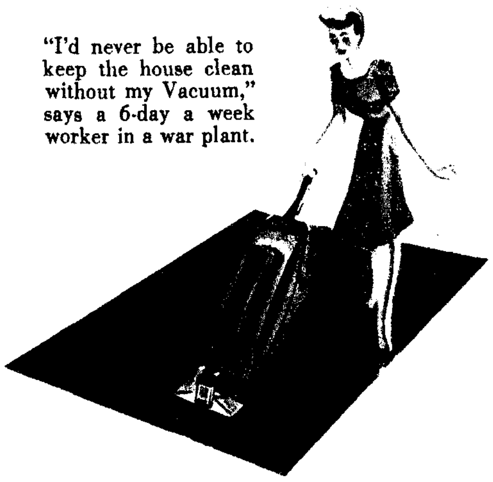
"THERE'S A LIFT TO LIVING ELECTRICALLY"



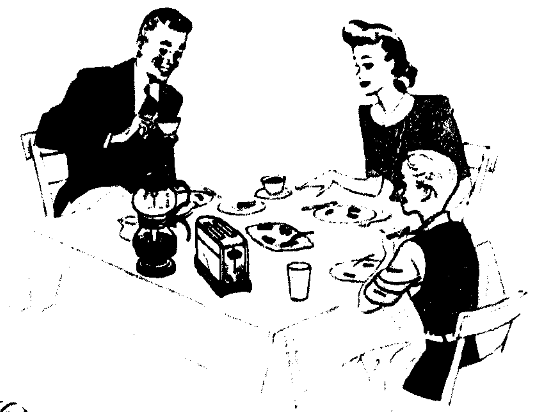
"What a timesaver my electric Refrigerator is, I only market once a week," says a busy War Bond volunteer.



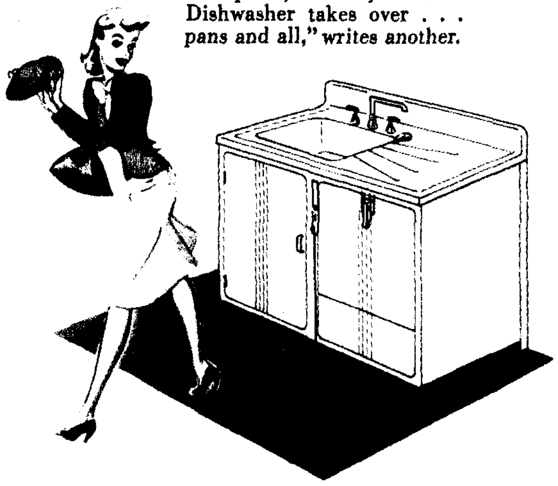
"Often I'm gone all afternoon, my automatic electric Range has dinner all ready when I get back," boasts a faithful canteen worker.



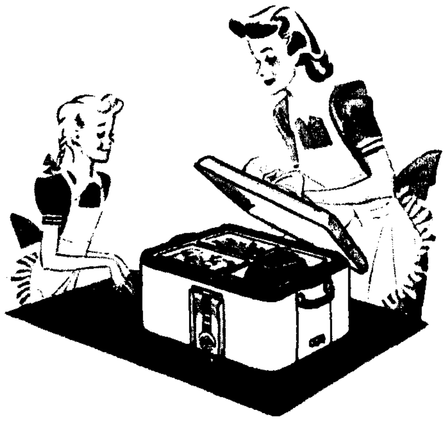
"I'd never be able to keep the house clean without my Vacuum," says a 6-day a week worker in a war plant.



"Breakfast is half the work, takes half the time thanks to my electric Toaster and Coffeemaker," says the wife of an essential warworker.



"I'm much too tired to do dishes after my job at the war plant, but my electric Dishwasher takes over . . . pans and all," *writes another.*



"I can cook anything in my electric Roaster," says a war bride living close to her husband's camp.

A crew of electrical servants like these gives any woman a "lift" with her housework. A lift *doubly* appreciated these days when homemakers are busy with so many extra tasks.

"We've more time for our war activities, more time for the family, more time to relax," they exclaim. "To say nothing of more energy for the dozens of things we want to do. All this, thanks to the wonder-working magic of our electric appliances!"

Someday . . . these "home front helpers" will again be available. They'll add hours more free time to a woman's day . . . do all manner of household tasks with a mere flip of a switch. But at Westinghouse, war work comes first, and *must,* as long as it's necessary. Meanwhile let's dream of the day when all America will know firsthand "the Lift of Living Electrically!"

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30 MILLION PRE-WAR

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCES

YOUR PROMISE OF STILL FINER ONES TO COME

Life Begins in a Test Tube

Continued from page 27

Garrett Price

COLLIER'S "Please, Theodore—not over your salad" GARRETT PRICE

this is accomplished, the egg slips out of the tube into the womb where the new life develops. If then the tube is defective or blocked, there is no meeting ground for the ovum and the sperm. The tube, actually a culture chamber as well as a transmission channel, is all important. If it were possible to fertilize the ovum elsewhere and then re-implant it in the womb, the tube's importance would diminish to nothing.

This was first accomplished by Gregory Pincus and his associates with rabbits. A rabbit egg was fertilized in test tubes, re-implanted in a mother's womb, and a normal healthy rabbit resulted.

But working with human ova was another matter. It took eight hundred ova, literally billions of sperm cells and six years of failure, suddenly crystallizing into six weeks of success to accomplish the test-tube fertilization. It took the confident perseverance of Doctor Rock and his assistant Miriam F. Menkin and the co-operation of many Free Hospital patients. And the day when the ova may be re-implanted is still unpredictable.

Scores of other facts about birth and growth must be learned first—not as calculated guesses, but as sure things. For when you look at it with a well-informed biologic eye, the staggering fact about reproduction is that any one of us was ever born at all.

The life cycle of an embryo reads like the tag lines of a radio soap opera. Will the egg get into the tube? Will it be fertilized? Will it be able to grow in the tube? Will it be at the proper stage of development when it is ejected into the womb? Must it have reached a minimum development in order to make use of the womb and a maximum development in order to be promptly nourished when it first arrives?

Like many awe-inspiring experiments, success in test-tube fertilization was gained through cautious, patient, constant trial and error. The same basic conditions and materials served throughout. The catch lay in the timing and combination.

The first specimen to succeed was an egg secured from a 38-year-old woman with four children. She was in the 10th day of her monthly cycle when the egg was recovered from tissues removed from her body not for experimental reasons but to improve her health. The egg, so minute that it was only a pin-point shadow to the naked eye, was drained from the bluish white follicle of the ovary. It was washed in a solution of essential salts, as near in composition as possible to the original environment of the protozoa.

For twenty-seven hours, the egg was incubated in the woman's own serum while it ripened. It was then exposed for an hour to a washed sperm suspension, containing many millions of sperm—for huge numbers of sperm are believed necessary to enable one sperm to enter and fertilize an egg.

The Growth of the Egg

At the end of an hour, the egg was transferred to fresh serum from another woman. A man's serum probably would have done as well. As the egg was forced down a small glass tube into the culture flask, or test tube, the investment of cells around it dropped off. Through a microscope, several sperm had already been sighted entering the cellular covering of the egg, but further culture remained necessary to show that at least one of them had entered, and fertilized, the egg itself.

Not until almost two days—forty hours and a half—had passed was cell division, the proof that growth was beginning, visible. Then it was observed that the egg which had been a single body, now consisted of two bodies, or, more technically, two blastomeres. Success was at hand. A sketch was made of the specimen, but, during further handling, the egg itself degenerated and was lost.

The identical process was repeated. This time eggs were used which came from a 38-year-old woman, sterile through tuberculosis of the tubes. It was ironical that one of these eggs was to reach the three-cell stage—one step beyond that of the woman who had had many more pregnancies.

If and when these experiments are developed, other eggs such as this one may be implanted in the mother's womb where they may grow into normal offspring.

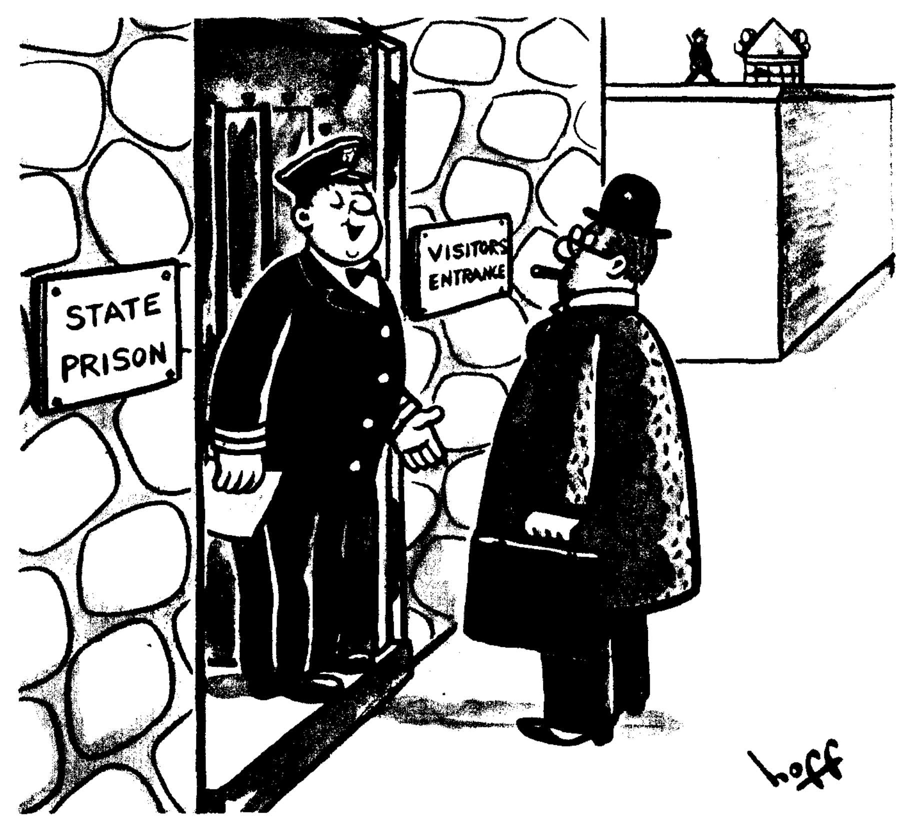
The next step toward this end will be to supply oxygen to the eggs in culture and thereby lengthen their life into the many-celled stage. To do this, a modification of the Lindbergh pump, developed by the aviator and the scientist Alexis Carrel to keep tissue cells alive, will be used. If the many-celled stage of life can be reached, there may be hope that test-tube fertilization will answer the hopes of many childless couples.

Meanwhile, however, such experimental work provides a gold mine of information about the intricate, exact pattern of birth. This by-knowledge is in many ways as important as the potential practical goal of the experiment itself. One of the questions which Doctor Rock hoped to answer when he began six years ago was when eggs ripen. "Halfway between one menstrual period and another" had been the calculated guess of science. Doctor Rock now believes ovulation—the casting forth of the egg from the ovary—occurs about fourteen days before the next period, provided the menstrual cycle is normal.

However small this iota of knowledge may seem, it is of tremendous importance in aiding couples who desire children. Timing is to reproduction what a watch is to a train conductor. And as the artificial birth experiment proceeds, two tie-in facts may be discovered: Exactly how ripe must the egg be to permit the entrance of the sperm? How long after the egg enters the tube is it susceptible to fertilization?

Thus such experimental work as Doctor Rock's may prove to be widely valuable in the whole field of infertility, even if a fertile egg is never successfully planted in a womb. But don't do any thinking right now about growing babies in test tubes. When Aldous Huxley wrote in Brave New World of that possibility, scientists scoffed. They are still scoffing. For, at present, the question of the nutrient needed for such growth is so unanswerable that the whole idea is fantastic, and scientists have more to do right now than to allow their imaginations to roam at large through freakish fields. One step at a time is the scientific procedure.

THE END



COLLIER'S "He escaped. Care to leave a message?" SYDNEY HOFF

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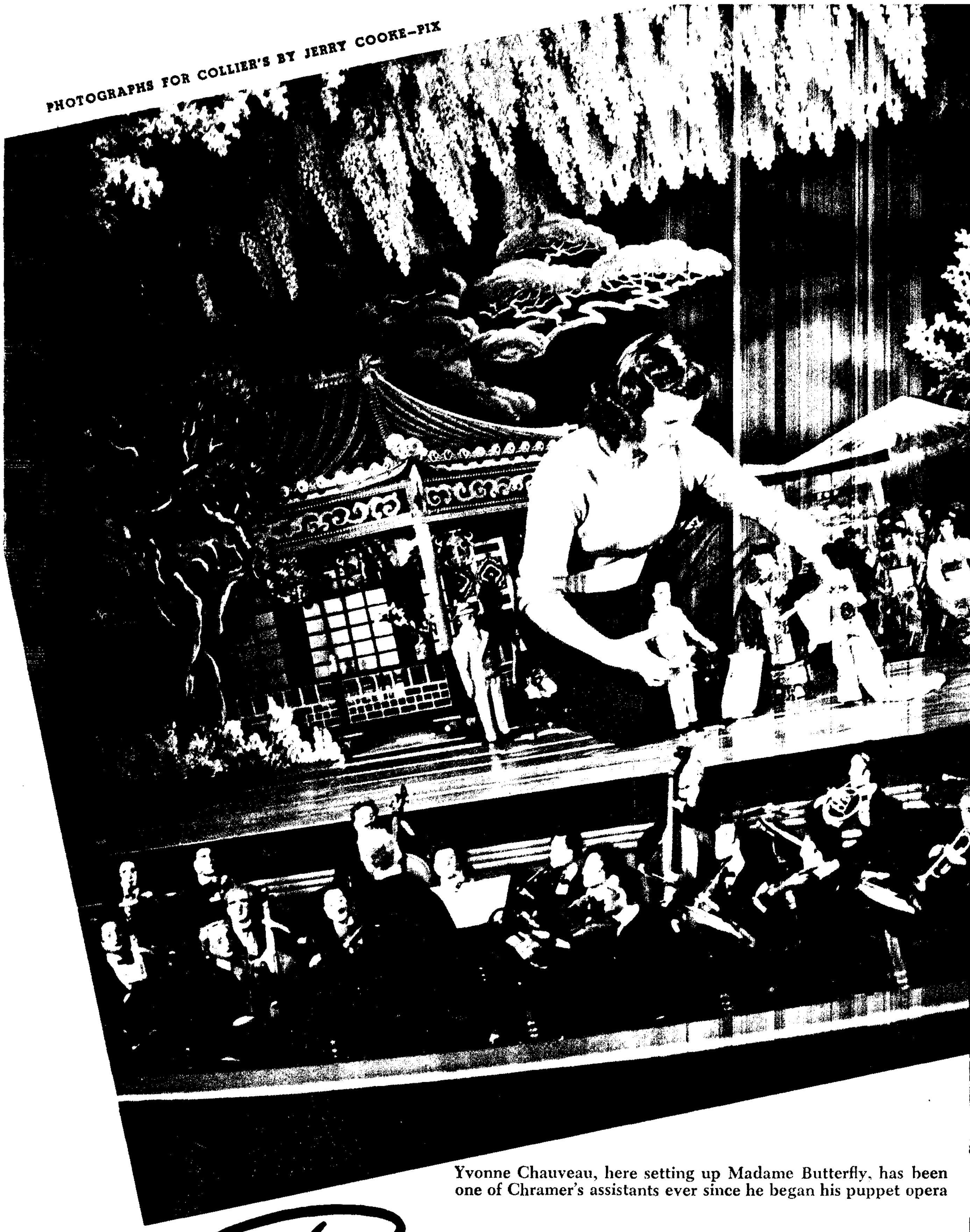
92 Years of Combined Shoemaking Skills

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE–PIX



Yvonne Chauveau, here setting up Madame Butterfly, has been one of Chramer's assistants ever since he began his puppet opera

At his restaurant, Fredrik Chramer indulges his taste for color by creating a symphony of the smörgasbord

Puppet [illegible]

The Kungsholm, one of Chicago's famous restaurants, provides unusual and colorful entertainment to charm its guests

BY MABEL RAEF PUTNAM

EJ BLOT TIL LYST—that is the inscription lettered above the proscenium of the miniature theater in the Kungsholm restaurant in Chicago. Taken from the Royal Opera House in Copenhagen, it means, "Not Only for Amusement," and it epitomizes the thing which makes the Kungsholm one of the unique restaurants of the world.

For here, the visitor, in addition to enjoying the choicest foods, may hear a performance of grand opera as the guest of the house or—to be more accurate—as the guest of Fredrik Chramer, owner of the restaurant, who presents this gala entertainment to his friends and the patrons of the restaurant.

Built by Mr. Chramer, this little theater on the top floor of the building is a masterpiece of design, one of the handsomest and most modern miniature opera and movie theaters in the country. But that description does not give even a faint idea of its exquisite beauty. With its brilliantly colored walls, rich carpeting and deep, upholstered velvet seats, it is like a luxurious jewel box.

In the back of the auditorium, between the two entrances leading from the foyer, is a soundproof projection or control room, equipped with a master switchboard. From this booth Mr. Chramer directs a performance of grand opera six days a week—Monday through Friday evenings, and a Saturday matinee—throughout the year. The singers, conductor and twenty-five orchestra members are puppets. The music is from recordings produced by two great opera companies, La Scala, Milan, and the Paris Opéra.

This novel enterprise is the result of Mr. Chramer's passion for opera. All through his childhood he studied music, and went to the opera at every opportunity. He heard his first opera at the Royal Opera House in Copenhagen when he was six years old. From then on, he played at making paper puppets, and at nine gave his first puppet opera for his schoolmates.

He became an impresario, however, just three years ago. A year before, Lauritz Melchior and Kirsten Flagstad were his dinner guests after they had sung Tristan and Isolde at the Chicago Civic Opera House. To compliment them, he had a puppet Tristan and a puppet Isolde act on the stage of a home motion-picture theater he had at that time, while he played a recording of their love duet. His guests were so charmed that he decided to present puppet grand opera every night. Now he has 10,000 recordings and 1,100 puppets and a repertoire of twenty-four operas.

Kungsholm opera is professional in every respect. The theater is acoustically perfect. The lighting in superb. The little 48-square-foot stage has 48 footlights, 48 proscenium

"Am I glad I've had a Job-Rated Truck during this war!"

Writes JOE E. PATTON
ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA

DODGE
JOE E. PATTON
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BUY WAR BONDS

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"This work demands being *on* time *all* the time, and this truck has given me top record. Am I glad I've had a *Job-Rated* truck during this war!

"I've other trucks, but this Dodge has done the best job at the lowest cost, and I hope and believe it will carry on for another 300,000 miles!"

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THERE'S that man again! Br-r-rh! Just try leaving the furnace alone for several hours...to go shopping, say, or to take in a movie...and Old Man Cold will be waiting with a chilly welcome when you get home.

General Electric *Automatic Home Heating* keeps Old Man Cold outside, with only an occasional look to be sure power failure or fuel shortage has not stopped the plant. You set a thermostat *once* for a whole season. After that, you don't even wind a clock. You get the same uniform day temperature *every day,* the same night temperature *every night.*

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Tune in: The "G-E HOUSE PARTY," every afternoon Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E W T, C B S ...The "G-E ALL-GIRL ORCHESTRA," Sundays, 10 p. m., E W T, N B C..."THE WORLD TODAY" News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E W T, C B S

lights, 10 floodlights, 12 miniature spotlights and 500 border lights. Mr. Chramer has decided ideas about color. He experiments with varied light combinations, and his color blendings lend rare beauty to the stage.

When the house lights darken, the footlights flood the red velvet curtain, the diminutive conductor "Tosci" climbs into the spacious pit and the overture begins, one sits back with the same delicious feeling that the operatic prelude always provokes.

Then when the curtain rises on the first act with its authentic setting, and the puppets' acting is as faultless as that of the great stars, one is startled into a realization that this is opera par excellence. Every gesture, every move of the puppets synchronizes perfectly with the music. And Tosci's movements co-ordinate precisely with the musical score. The whole performance sparkles. It is enchanting throughout. Completely fascinating, too, are the artistic settings built to scale with the fourteen-inch dolls.

The theater often entertains the artists heard from the recordings. It is a gathering place for Danes who are now citizens of this country. Lauritz Melchior, Jean Hersholt, Lorenz Iversen (manager of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra) and Lieutenant General William S. Knudsen were all boyhood friends of Mr. Chramer in Denmark. General Knudsen, when here, stands in the control room during the performance and sings along with the recordings, occasionally pausing to say, "Fredrik, after all, the old melodies are best."

Other artists enthusiastic about this opera are Helen Traubel, Rose Bampton, Vivian della Chiesa, Robert Lawrence, opera conductor, Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, and the impresario, Fortune Gallo. John Charles Thomas and Richard Crooks together gave Mr. Chramer a gold watch on a recent birthday in appreciation of his contribution to opera education. Bruno Walter, the first time he was there, watched the first act from the audience and became so excited about the puppets that he went backstage to watch them close up during the last two acts.

Music and dramatic critics also enjoy the puppets. When a new opera is produced, many are present on the opening nights.

Mr. Chramer took me backstage to see the operations. The puppets are stringless and are manipulated from below the stage through slots. This work is done by eight highly trained operators—girls who are music students and know every score by heart. Mr. Chramer directs them by means of earphones wired to his control booth. Sitting under the stage with these girls during a performance of Madame Butterfly, it was fascinating to watch them play their parts. Each girl is as absorbed in her role and as keyed up to come in on the right cue as any opera singer. Unerringly she manipulates her puppet with precision and exactness.

The whole undertaking is maintained upon a lavish scale. The dolls have 1,400 costumes, each one a replica in miniature of those worn by the Metropolitan and La Scala artists; and the other properties overflow the place. Both the costumes and the scenery are made in the theater's own workshop, of the richest materials, and exhibit the finest workmanship.

The Flavor of Old Sweden

As to the food, *smörgasbord* is, of course, the *pièce de résistance* here, and, eating it, one can well believe that "*smörgasbord* took the Scandinavians 500 years to create and is a gourmet's ritual." Mr. Chramer's taste for color is also displayed here. "Color is symphony," he declares. So he creates a symphony of the *smörgasbord.*

This extravagant ménage is housed in one of the city's imposing old mansions. Designed by Stanford White, it stands as a monument to the splendor of the Victorian era. The walls are made of bricks brought from Belgium, each one wrapped in straw. The massive front doors, of carved oak with iron knockers, were imported from Italy.

Today, however, the Scandinavian motif dominates this interior. The Swedish coat of arms, that pattern of the three crowns, is the emblem of Kungsholm—King's Home. Even the carpeting is woven in this pattern, of the Swedish colors of gold and blue.

But the operatic note is present almost everywhere. Up the three flights of the grand old staircase and in the gay foyer hang photographs of musicians in their every activity, most of them autographed. Artists in their opera costumes, in their homes, and pursuing their hobbies greet one at every turn.

Mr. Chramer says, "I love to educate people in opera." And since the Kungsholm little theater tickets are promised weeks, and sometimes months, in advance, it is evident that a great many people like this type of education.

THE END

If you don't live in Chicago, or for any other reason are unable to sample any of the Kungsholm's famous food, you might like to try some of it at home. Here are two of the restaurant's most popular dishes:

LEVERPOSTEJ

5 pounds liver
2 small onions
4 individual fillets of anchovies
½ cup flour
5 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons pepper
Pinch allspice
¼ cup light cream
3 eggs
½ pound fresh pork fat

Grind liver, onions and anchovies; press through a fine sieve. Combine flour and spices in a bowl; add liver mixture and cream; blend thoroughly. Beat eggs well and combine with first mixture. Turn into baking dish which has been lined with pork fat. (The pork fat is ground, melted, strained and allowed to cool so that you can work the fat with your hands to line the baking dish.) A baking dish about the size of a bread pan may be used. When the liver mixture is placed in the fat-lined baking dish, cover with heavy waxed paper, tie tightly and place in large roasting pan half filled with hot water; cover pan and cook for one to one and a half hours.

KALDOLMAR (SWEDISH STUFFED CABBAGE)

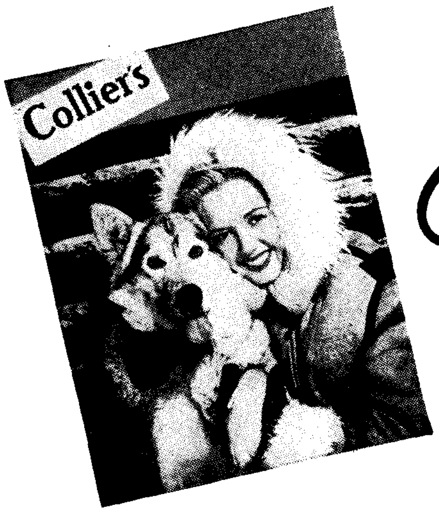
1 pound pork shoulder, chopped medium fine
1 medium size onion, grated
2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons flour
Pinch of grated nutmeg, salt and pepper

Mix all together, whipping in one half cup of milk and one half cup of light cream. Take white cabbage leaves which have been parboiled; open leaves and place a large tablespoon of pork mixture in center of each cabbage leaf. Roll leaf up quite tight and tie with string. Place in pan and boil slowly for 20 minutes in a little bouillon.

SAUCE FOR CABBAGE

Four ounces (½ cup) of cold butter (or butter substitute) mixed with one heaping tablespoon flour. Stir same into the bouillon in which the cabbage has been cooking; let this come to a boil then add ¼ cup cream and one egg yolk which have been whipped together; stir into sauce, season to taste. When ready to serve pour hot over cabbage.

★★★



Cover GIRL

THE girl on the cover is Paramount's Mary Elliott who, with Andy Devine, entertained our boys in the North Atlantic. In a letter to a friend she says: "My outfit shown in the picture is the one I wore up there when I drove a jeep with a rescue officer (one of the men who save fliers down on the Icecap) and a husky for companions. When we were above the Arctic Circle, the Navy had a ceremony for me and gave me a certificate for being the first woman to drive a car in Greenland. During our trip we traveled by dog team, ice cutter (on the fiords), flying boat, four-motored bomber, jeep, snow tank and once a palatial yacht, where I had the bridal suite."

She has been elsewhere, too, entertaining servicemen—Baffin Island, Labrador, New Caledonia, Guadalcanal, the Fiji Islands, the New Hebrides, Savo, Tulagi, the Floridas, Canton Island and a number of other far-away spots. (Sometimes our fighters get a break.)

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

San Francisco. Legend says that he experimented by skimming variously shaped sheets of light metal and observing what now would be called their aerodynamic characteristics. In this way he came to realize that the curvature of flying surfaces was all-important in flight. This belief he bolstered with the knowledge that birds' wings always followed a certain curve.

After graduation from Saint Ignatius, Montgomery went down to the Otay Valley farm near San Diego. His father, Zachary Montgomery, practiced law in San Diego and later, under Cleveland, became Assistant Attorney General of the United States.

In the early 1900s, following years of flight trials, Montgomery became assistant professor of physics at Santa Clara College and continued his experiments. In April, 1905, Montgomery made some more flight history. An assistant, Dan Maloney, mounted to the saddle of a monoplane christened the Santa Clara. A near-by hot-air balloon tugged at its moorings. The Reverend Father Robert E. Kenna, S. J., solemnly blessed the monoplane, and then Professor Montgomery, hat in hand, led a crowd in a prayer for God's blessing.

This done, he put on his hat and signaled. A rope was attached to the balloon and to the monoplane; the bag shot skyward and so did Maloney aboard Montgomery's glider. At about 4,000 feet, the two skyships parted and Maloney began a long glide, in which, according to local newspaper accounts, he "attained a frightening speed."

This plane was built of light hickory, braced with piano wire and covered with thin oiled muslin. Its wingspread was twenty-four feet; it weighed forty-two pounds and it had a rudder.

After traveling several miles in figure eights, and at times ascending on rising air currents, Maloney brought his glider to earth, remarking: "I landed like a bird." He posed for photographs and then bicycled back to college. He said later that his two greatest joys were that he had flown a plane blessed by a priest, and that he had shown Montgomery's doubting friends that his "youthful pranks" had paid off.

Maloney was killed in a similar flight two months later, but Montgomery went on to more experiments. He was to live little more than six years.

On Tuesday, October 31, 1911, Professor Montgomery, then 50 years old, was making experimental flights from a small camp twelve miles southeast of San Jose, in the Santa Clara Valley of California. He had made fifty-four successful flights in a monoplane of his own contrivance and was planning to pack up, return to San Jose and put a primitive motor in the plane. Flight 54 registered at about half a mile.

"Just one more, my dear," the professor told Mrs. Montgomery.

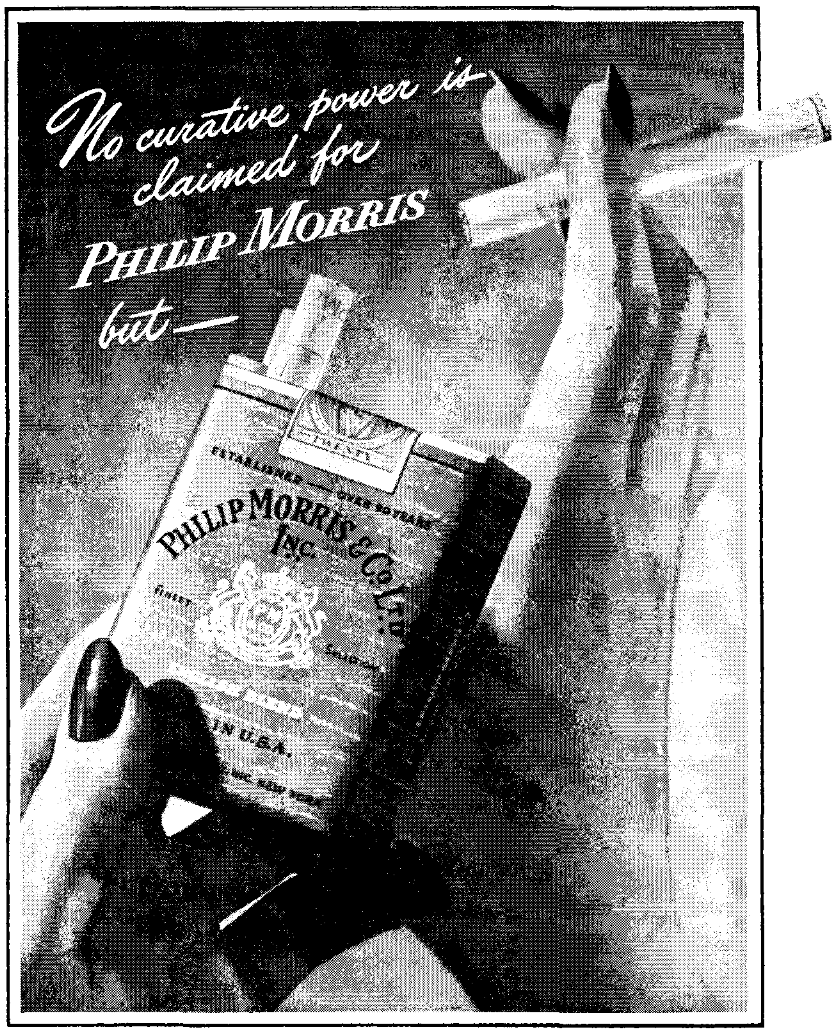
Flight 55 got off to a good start, but a gust of wind caught the wing, and the plane crashed twenty feet. Mrs. Montgomery, watching from about forty feet away, rushed to her husband's rescue. He was alive, and asked what she and the two mechanics, Con Reinhardt and J. C. Vierra, thought had been the trouble. No one knew. Three hours later Montgomery died.

A RETIRING man who was afraid of ridicule, Montgomery paid the usual price for his modesty. Columbus didn't discover America, but he had better press agents than the explorers who beat him across the Atlantic by many decades. Paul Revere's reputation grew out of a poem because his name happened to rhyme with "hear" and Dawes' didn't. Buffalo Bill, a camp butcher, never killed a man in his life but won fame as a wholesale slayer of Indians.

And Montgomery, who by all the evidence and the testimony of many scientists, made the first winged flights on the continent, has been pushed aside. Only the Austrian government—when there was one back in 1909—ironically enough awarded Montgomery the palm for originating winged flight, rather than bestow this honor on Lilienthal, a German.

Recently some San Diego citizens decided it was high time that Montgomery's achievements should be permanently noted. The city's Junior Chamber of Commerce formed a John J. Montgomery Memorial Committee under leadership of Robert C. Wilson. And some day, atop windswept Tía Juana Mesa, where young Montgomery made the first winged flight in America, a memorial shaft will rise. . . .

JIM MARSHALL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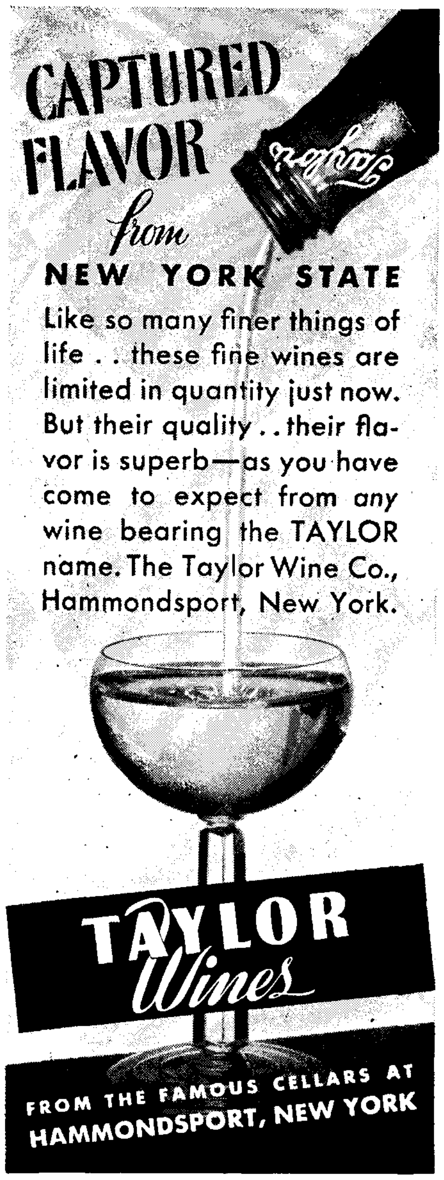
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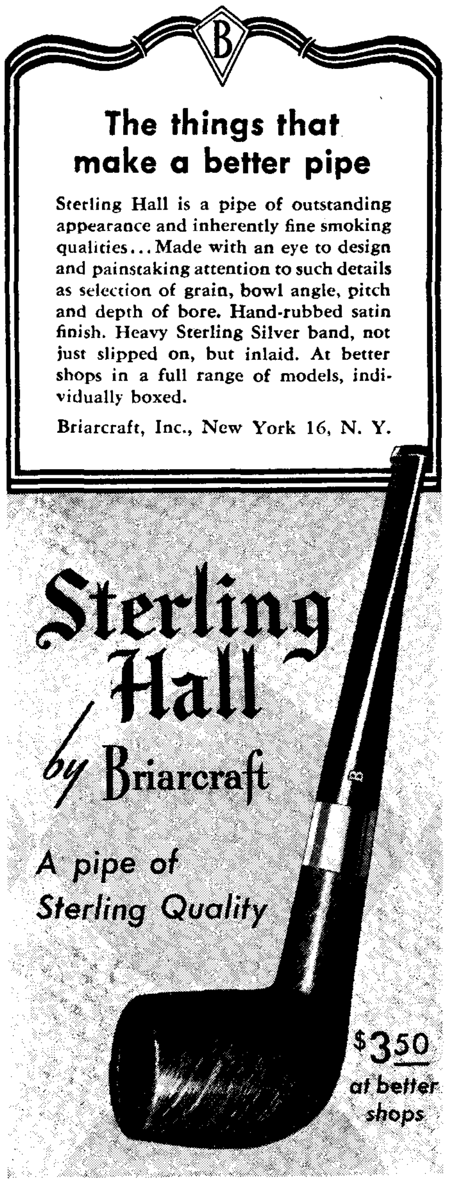
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Stalin's Plans for Germany

Continued from page 17

belief, anti-Fascist exiles, ex-members of the Reichstag, trade-union officials and well-known writers and poets drew up a manifesto which became the foundation for all the committee's work.

Among the exiles who signed it were the poets Johannes Becher, Willi Bredel and Erich Weinert, and the playwright and scenarist Friedrich Wolf, who was author of the first anti-Nazi film shown in America, Professor Mamlock.

Prisoners included the professor and economist Doctor Ernst Hadermann of Cassel, Professor Fritz Rucker of Berlin University, Economist Bodo Fleischer of Straubing, Editor Berndt von Kuegelgen of Berlin, Theological Student Jacob Eschborn from the Rhineland, engineers, workmen, office employees, miners, youth leaders, clergymen.

One woman signed the declaration, Martha Arendsee, ex-member of the Reichstag. Wilhelm Pieck, 68-year-old Communist member of the Reichstag, was one of the thirty-three original signers. Erich Weinert became president, Von Einsiedel one of the two vice-presidents. The other was Major Karl Hetz, an engineer from Königsberg of the staff of the 371st infantry division.

The main points of the manifesto were that Hitler was "dragging Germany into an abyss," that "the day is drawing nigh when blows will rain down on Germany simultaneously from all sides," that "the facts show inexorably the war is lost," that "if the German people continue to allow themselves to be led to their doom, resignedly and submissively, not only will there be hundreds of thousands more needless sacrifices, but also German guilt will increase."

This "submission and resignation" on the part of the German soldier irritates to the verge of despair the Free Germany Committee officials. One official told me last fall in Moscow that all the German soldier can parrot, when he's asked about atrocities and tortures and child murders, is: *"Befehl ist Befehl."* (Orders is orders.)

"Good heavens, man, if your officer ordered you to shoot your wife, would you obey?" this anti-Nazi writer asked the Fritz.

The Fritz thought a while, then answered, "No, sir, I wouldn't."

"Good! What would you do?"

"I'd hand my pistol to my officer, sir, go stand next to my wife, and say, 'Sir, shoot us both.' "

An Appeal to the Military

Despite this attitude, the committee manifesto appealed to officers and soldiers: "You have weapons in your hands! Hold on to them!" Workers at home were reminded: "You are in a majority! Refuse to obey Hitler!"

The committee then announced its goals: "The formation of a genuine national German government which must possess the necessary power to render harmless the enemies of the people. . . . It will support itself on the fighting groups which will unite to overthrow Hitler. . . . This government will immediately cease military operations . . . and embark on peace negotiations . . . renouncing all conquests. . . .

"In this manner it will place Germany once again on an equal footing with other nations."

To Germans, the manifesto indeed was an amazing achievement. Nothing like it had happened in the first World War. In fact, nothing like it had happened since 1812, when German patriots such as General Yorck and Von Clausewitz, the poet Ernst Mortiz Arndt, the statesman Von Stein called upon the German people to fight for their freedom from Napoleon.

"Anyone who knows the German military man, the German military mind and German career officers, knows what a tremendous step it meant, and what a great change must have occurred before they could make such an appeal," Doctor Kurt Rosenfeld, ex-Prussian Minister of Justice, said.

It held out the hope of a brave new anti-Nazi world, and many felt then it betokened an underground movement in Germany itself, an opposition among the German people that would have, sooner or later, to find its voice. Were these hopes justified? We shall never know. Nor shall we know how much the German defeats on the Eastern front have been due to the Committee's undermining work.

The committee brought out the first issue of its newspaper, *Freies Deutschland,* on July 19th. Well-printed, on good paper, the first issue had eight large pages, photographs of the audience and the leaders of the congress. There were also two significant smaller photographs showing German prisoners walking freely through the streets of Moscow, and through a picture gallery somewhere in the USSR. Somewhat unbelieving, I asked about this.

"Yes," a factory worker told me. "We used to see them about, apparently without guards, taking in the sights."

Freies Deutschland has appeared regularly without a break, though paper shortage has reduced it to four pages. It cannot be bought in the streets, however, nor can anyone subscribe. It took me months of constant needling to get the Soviet Foreign Office to let me see a file. Officials in Moscow are chary of foreigners meeting or talking with members of the Free Germany Committee. The official attitude was that the committee existed to do a job with Germans on Germans.

Two months after the Free Germany Committee was formed, the Union of German Officers was created, which gave the whole organization weight and real importance. The union was affiliated with the original committee.

General Walther von Seydlitz became the president and simultaneously vice-president of the committee. This officer is of the German nobility, descendant of an old army family, known and respected by millions of Germans. When Himmler attacked the Free Germany Committee by name for the first time last fall, he abused *"der Schuft"* (the scoundrel) Von Seydlitz."

"That was probably one of his more costly mistakes," one of the Free Germans laughed. "Von Seydlitz is not a man you can call 'scoundrel.' Germans know better."

I asked how a man like Von Seydlitz regarded the Communists.

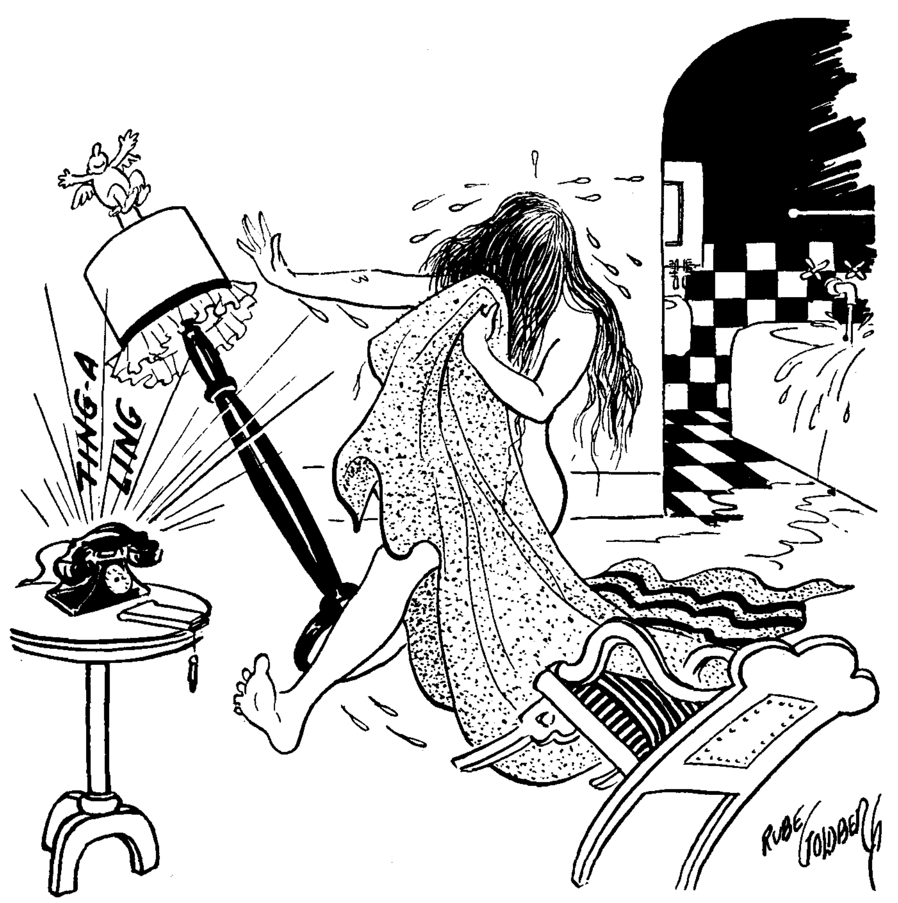
"He's not a Communist, of course," a committee official replied. "He's a conservative democrat who understands the Communists are fighting to liberate Germany, just as he is. He's honest, and he's against Nazism, and he'll work in a united front with anyone who shares his aims."

Leadership of the Officers

Other well-known soldiers who turned anti-Hitler after Stalingrad were Lieutenant General Alexander Edler von Daniels, commander of the 376th Infantry Division, who became second vice-president of the committee; Major General Otto Korfes, commander of the 295th Infantry Division, who joined the presidium; Captains Steidle and van Hooven (who became second and third vice-presidents), Major General Martin Lattman, Major von Frankenberg, and Catholic and Protestant army chaplains. The Union of Officers addressed German officers, the German people and the *Wehrmacht,* and begged them to "show our people how to save themselves."

It is not too difficult, in view of their horrible experiences at Stalingrad, to understand why these soldiers "turned." "Many of them," as committee members have re-

THE SQUAWK CLUB . . . . . . By Rube Goldberg



"It's bad enough getting out of the tub to answer the phone, but why do people always hang up just as you get there?"

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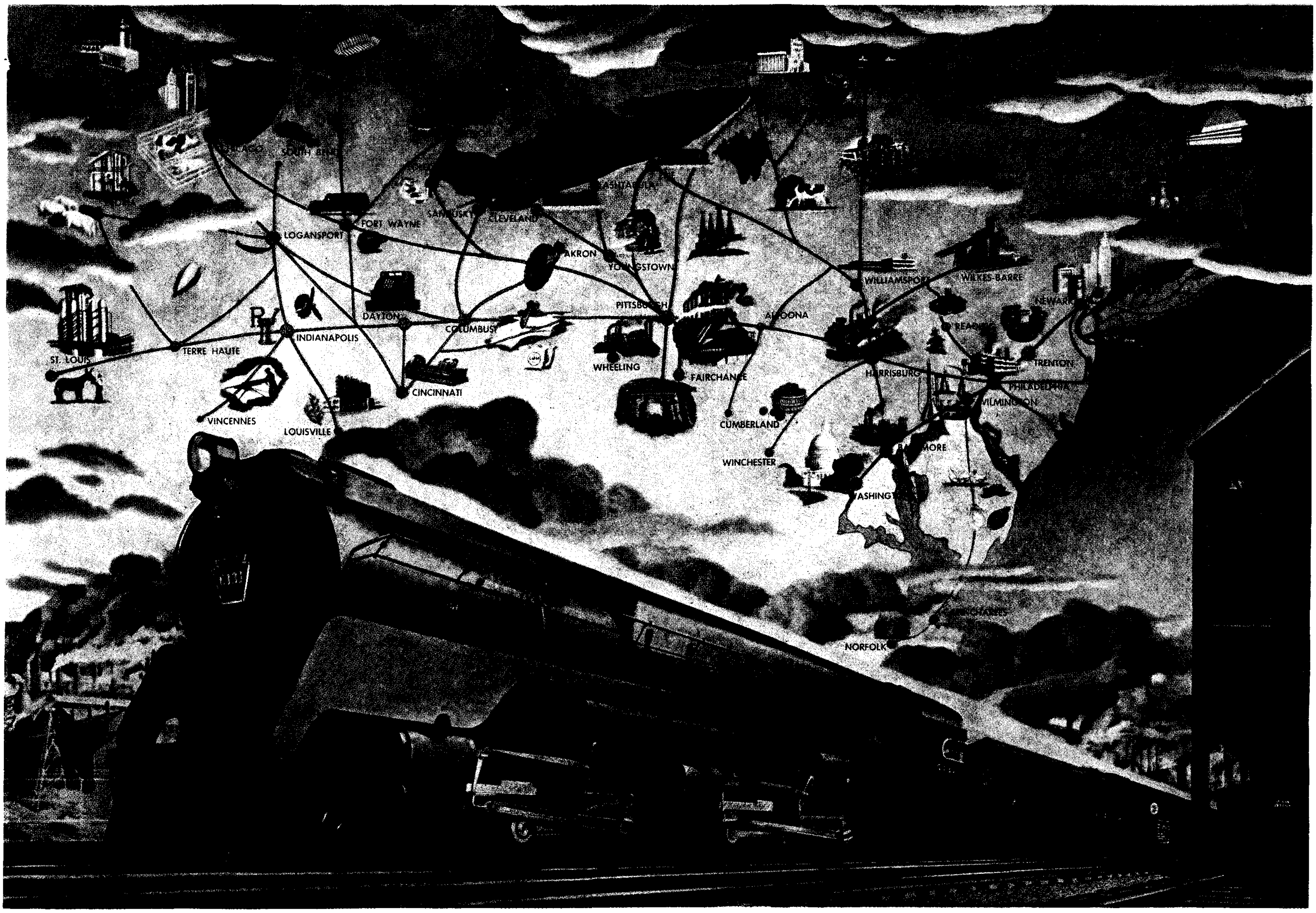
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marked, "were true patriots; the few left in Germany. They took a road not easy for them."

It was probably due to this organization that so many generals turned so quickly after the routs in White Russia. The officers of the Union visited, corresponded with, worked on other officer prisoners as soon as they were taken prisoner. They could talk to them brother to brother. And it is widely held in the Soviet Union, by those who know the work of the committee, that this approach played an important role in the swiftness with which the generals who were captured in last summer's offensive jumped on the anti-Hitler band wagon.

Where it took Von Seydlitz over six months (from February to September, 1943) to speak out against Hitler, sixteen generals captured in July, 1944, signed anti-Nazi antiwar statements after just one month of captivity. It was the first time in history that twenty German generals publicly declared in advance that their country's armies are defeated and that "capitulation is the best course."

Friedrich von Paulus, the stone-and-iron field marshal captured at Stalingrad, held out; but eighteen months after Stalingrad, on August 8, 1944, he also addressed a letter to officer and soldier war prisoners in the Soviet Union: "For Germany the war is lost. Continuation of the war is for Germany a senseless blood-letting. . . ." And speaking of Nazi brutalities in occupied countries: "If the German people will not themselves disown such treatment they will bear the full responsibility for it."

When Von Paulus joined the Union of German Officers with six other generals, after the collapse of the Eastern front, Von Seydlitz broadcast over the Moscow radio: "With the addition of Von Paulus, the senior officer of the German prisoners of war in Russia, the community of all Germans in the Soviet Union who have begun the fight against Hitler on a great united front becomes steadily more complete."

The latest group to form a working subcommittee of the Free Germany Committee were Protestant and Catholic army chaplains. There had been many discussions on church affairs, and the committee had been urging Catholics, of whom there are 25 million in Germany, to struggle against Nazism. In August, a Commission on Religious Affairs was appointed, led by Commander von Mannstein, nephew of the celebrated Catholic Bishop of Muenster and Count von Galen, famous for his attacks on Hitler.

Influence of the Church

Last December, twenty-five captive clergymen and theologians issued a manifesto "To Christians at the front and at home," urging that they no longer maintain silence, that waiting without action would make them partake of guilt. "You must refuse obedience, you must obey God more than man," they declared. "It was insanity if we thought we could save the Church by a victory of Hitler over the Soviet Union. The continuation of the war will mean the end of Germany and the end of the Kingdom of Christ in Germany."

Committee members are now speeding up their work to the boiling point. Even before I left, they were holding constant meetings at secret hiding places outside Moscow, were out all day and half the night, making trips to camps, and holding consultations with Red Army officers. They have worked in close touch with Red Army and political staffs right along. Their propaganda moves with the times. Wide publicity is given to Allied successes in the Pacific and on the Western front. The hopelessness of a two-front war is constantly emphasized, as is also the fact that treatment received from the Russians is fair and decent. One clergyman, the Reverend Alois Ludwig, admits that "victims of German bestiality could demand stern and savage vengeance. Yet hundreds of thousands of Germans in the Soviet Union know otherwise."

The *Freies Deutschland* offers hope even to the repentant Nazi. A former local group leader, Reserve Doctor Horst Rochoff, confesses that he had turned a blind eye on the looting of German Jewish properties in Germany. He was astounded—and won over—when, after his capture, he saw a Russian Jewish doctor work himself to death among German typhus patients.

This incident reminds me that a lot of people have asked since my return: "Do the Russians hate the Germans?" I have to hesitate over the answer, because even to me, who has seen the evidence, the answer is not quite credible. I suppose it all boils down to this: Hatred just doesn't come naturally to the average Russian. An officer of the Free Germany Committee told me that once when he was bandaging the wound of a Nazi soldier, a Red Army man standing by offered him his complete medical field kit.

"Don't be foolish!" the doctor remonstrated. "You'll need this yourself."

"Nichevó," said the Red Army man, his face lined with pity. *"E toje chelovek!"* (He's a human being, too.) And he insisted on the German doctor taking it.

A soldier in Minsk told us how his family had been wiped out by the Nazis. He called them bandits, but he said the word as quietly as you might say, "Madison Square Garden, please," as you give the taximan the address. And foreign correspondents agreed that when 57,000 German prisoners were marched through the streets of Moscow last summer, there was no fist-shaking, no screaming or spitting.

"The beasts!" I heard one spectator say, but this was quickly answered by a working woman with a toil-creased face who retorted, "They can't help it! Look how worn they are, and unshaven, and half of them have no boots."

Answers to
Home, Sweet Home
(Page 32)

1. F
2. D
3. H
4. J
5. B
6. A
7. C
8. I
9. G
10. E

It is noticeable that the Russians do not take out on German science, music or art their desire for vengeance on the "Fascist beasts." When Prime Minister Churchill in Moscow last fall attended the celebration at the Bolshoi Theater in his honor, one of the numbers the Red Army choir sang was the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust. (After the last war I asked a restaurant orchestra in Paris to play The Blue Danube, and they refused.) A famous German conductor, Sanderling, is conducting Beethoven symphony concerts in Moscow this spring.

I frequently sat in the theater in Moscow with German friends, talking German, and no one cared.

The Russians themselves have tried to stop some of this too easy-going attitude. They know you must hate the enemy while you are at war with him. There has been considerable agitation in the Russian press calculated to make the reader "hate." There has been the "Ehrenburg line"—Ilya Ehrenburg's vindictive tales about Nazis and their behavior, usually written for Red Star, the Red Army's newspaper. Children are taught to hate the Fascist invader. No "positive German" may be put on the stage in Russia, or appear in a movie.

In Lillian Hellman's play, Watch on the Rhine, to be produced in Moscow this spring, the anti-Nazi hero, Kurt, has to be born in Alsace. Friedrich Wolf's new play, Doctor Wanner, while published in the German International Literature and translated into Russian, may not be put on till the war is over. It shows a German physician in Germany seeing the light and becoming a good anti-Nazi.

I was told in Moscow that when the war started, some Russian soldiers didn't want to shoot for fear they might be shooting "their friends, the German workers." There had, after all, been fourteen million German Socialists, Communists and trade unionists—all presumably anti-Nazi.

Russians still feel that Germans are their friends if they are anti-Fascists. I was out with an official of the Free Germany Committee one day when, contrary to regulations, we got off the back end of a streetcar. This is an offense punishable by fine. The traffic police girl called us over.

"Have to fine you, citizens," she said briskly, and, turning to my companion, "Passport, please!"

He handed it over, and she studied it. Then her face broke into a sunny smile.

"German!" she exclaimed. "You are German! Then you must be anti-Fascist German! How interesting!"

He stood a little nonplused.

"I'm afraid I'll have to fine you nevertheless," the girl continued, crestfallen. Then she brightened again. "But I'll tell you what. The fine is twenty-five rubles, but I'll only fine you five!"

The New Type of German

Of course, German soldiers generally have not given up because of the committee appeals, but tens of thousands of Germans have been "made over" in the Soviet Union. They are not only going up to the front lines spreading propaganda among the Nazi troops under heavy shellfire; they are also working in Soviet factories. Some are doing highly skilled work, are teaching Russian young workers—as they did in the thirties, when German engineers were among the most popular foreigners, and German was the language most often learned in school.

Others are being trained, rather secretly, in special political schools. Any of these may become the nucleus of whatever new democratic government it will be possible to establish in Germany. Some have believed this war-prisoner weapon the Russians have forged was to be used only to break the *Wehrmacht's* will to fight. Even highly placed Soviet officials have on occasion given that impression. But too much evidence, including the evidence of my own eyes and ears in the Soviet Union, is against it.

What, then, is likely to be Russian policy toward a defeated German people? Stalin always distinguishes between the Nazis and the German people. He refers to Hitler politicians, Hitler Germany, Hitler imperialism. He says:

"Sometimes the foreign press publishes nonsense to the effect that the Red Army's aim is to exterminate the German people and to destroy the German state. That is, of course, a silly fable. . . . It would be ludicrous to identify Hitler's clique with the German people, with the German state. The experience of history shows that Hitlers come and go, but the German people and the German state live on.

"The strength of the Red Army lies in the fact that it does not and cannot feel racial hatred for other peoples, including the German people; it has been trained to recognize the equality of all peoples and races."

Freies Deutschland says that the German people should not fear occupation unless they are guilty of crimes. But many writers remind their readers that continued acquiescence constitutes guilt. The Free Germany Committee has been sparing with political declarations. It regarded its job in the camps as designed to re-educate, to get rid of racial doctrines, of prejudices about the Soviet Union, of belief in Hitler.

Major General Martin Lattman, committee member of the Union of German Officers, has summed up the hopes the committee holds at present: "Our political struggle is directed not only to Hitler's fall and the ending of the war, but extends into the future of the German people. . . . On the hard path to a new, peaceful, truly democratic, truly national Germany, there march together German officers and men of all kinds and opinions; soldiers, workers, peasants, politicos, writers, priests and Communists. . . . The Free Germany Committee is a united front, a pattern for a great German peoples' front to come."

As far as this correspondent could judge, this might also be taken to be the answer to the question of Russia's eventual plan for the people of postwar Germany after she has been rendered impotent to make future wars.

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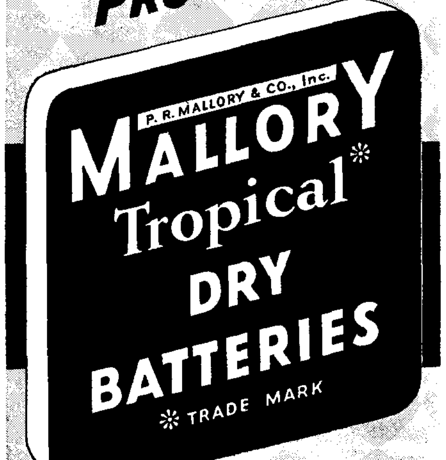

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Our Second Chance for Peace

Continued from page 21

to each nation and, when the test came, none fulfilled its obligation. The League did not prevent war, nor did it protect its members against aggression.

To remedy this fatal defect, it is proposed that the Security Council of the new organization be granted authority to impose sanctions on an aggressor, with all members binding themselves to carry out such sanctions. If sanctions fail to stop a would-be aggressor, then it is proposed that the Council have authority to order into action previously agreed-upon quotas of the national military forces of each member nation, particularly air forces, against the aggressor, and a military staff committee to direct such operations would be established.

It is over this delegation of real power to the United Nations organization that a major fight will be waged in the Senate. Some will attack it on constitutional grounds, contending it is an unconstitutional delegation of the power to declare war, vested exclusively in Congress. Others will fight it on the basis that it gives to one man, the President or his delegate on the Council, the power to involve us in war, since commitment of a limited quota of our forces commits the whole nation if that should become necessary.

Proponents will argue that the failure of the League, which relied on individual action by member nations, demonstrated the need for an organization which can act, not just talk, and that military force available for instant action is the only ultimate argument which would-be aggressors will respect. On the constitutional question, they will contend that the whole purpose of the organization is to prevent war, not wage it, and that its use of military force will be a policing function rather than a war function.

In essence, this issue is whether we shall retain the concept of complete and unlimited national sovereignty, which leaves every nation, including the aggressors, free to do exactly as it pleases in any situation, or whether we and all nations joining with us shall voluntarily limit national freedom of action and agree in advance through an international organization, on joint action against any future aggressor.

The other major issue in the present debate, as in the prior one, concerns the justice of the peace settlements. Already events in liberated Greece and the Polish boundary dispute have resulted in charges that Britain and Russia are playing the same old spheres-of-influence, balance-of-power game in Europe, and that any international organization will become simply an instrument to preserve this iniquitous *status quo,* like the old Holy Alliance. The United States, it will be argued, should take no part in such an undemocratic organization.

It Will Be Different This Time

The situation on this issue will be considerably different this time from what it was in 1919. Then, with the exception of the Shantung concessions to Japan, senators found very little in the actual peace terms in the Versailles treaty at which to cavil. Growing up in the Middle West, I got the impression that it was the terrible injustices of the Versailles treaty, particularly its harsh treatment of the poor, well-meaning German people, which were responsible primarily for the defeat of the League. Actually, except for the Shantung concession, senators opposing the League did not attack the actual peace terms, and later, on October 18, 1921, ratified a separate peace treaty with Germany containing many of the same terms.

Alleged injustices in the peace settlements already are playing an important part in the present debate. The principles of the Atlantic Charter are virtually identical with Wilson's Fourteen Points. Some of those who sneered at the Charter when it was announced have recently become its most vehement defenders, blasting Britain's and Russia's apparent departures from it with a fury they never displayed toward the aggressions of Germany and Japan. They take the high moral position that the Charter must be applied 100 per cent or America can have nothing to do with maintaining what will be an unjust peace.

Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr., son of one of the irreconcilables who fought the League, has so far been opposed to any steps toward collective security until the peace settlements are made. Senator Vandenberg takes a more realistic position and proposes that the international organization be specifically empowered to review any peace settlements and to correct injustices found.

There is a striking parallel between Wheeler's Senate speech last January and one Borah made to the Senate on January 14, 1919. After blasting the mild League as an "international superstate resting upon Prussian force, with a vast army of repression," Borah listed eight conditions for League proponents to meet, after which he would be glad to examine their proposal. He wound up with this: "If you feel you can undo what He in His inscrutable wisdom did when He planted race prejudice in the hearts and stamped color upon the faces of men, then give us your prospectus." Borah didn't want to make it too easy.

One Man's Dream of Utopia

Wheeler also demanded Utopia on Earth as a condition to any international co-operation by us. First he wanted an international bill of rights. That would be a fine thing, and a great many organizations and groups have urged it recently. Unfortunately, neither they nor Wheeler bothered to figure out how such a bill of rights might be enforced. A moment's thought shows that it could be done only by a supergovernment of the world possessing greater power over nations than our federal government does over the forty-eight states, in some of which we are not yet able to enforce our own Bill of Rights.

Wheeler's other pet condition for co-operation is a United States of Europe. Like all other internationalists, I hope Europe will move in that direction, because it makes both political and economic sense. But to expect the peoples of Europe, fresh from five years of the bloodiest, most brutal civil war in their history, to accept such a solution immediately is to demand the impossible.

What are the prospects for an affirmative instead of a negative result from this second Great Debate?

No poll has been taken of the present Senate, and none would mean much, as too many senators will not commit themselves on any issue until it is actually on the calendar. However, on the basis of past records, public statements and private indications, the present Senate divides up about as follows:

Likely to support a treaty, 45 senators.
Likely to oppose any treaty to the limit, 10 senators.
Likely to support reservations, strong or mild, 22 senators.
Attitude uncertain or unknown, 19 senators.
Simple majority of Senate, 49; two-thirds majority, 64.

So far this line-up looks somewhat more favorable to the chances for a United Nations organization being approved than did the division of a Senate on the League of Nations twenty-six years ago. Then the strong supporters of the League numbered barely forty. There were a dozen "irreconcilables" led by such outstanding senators as Borah, Hiram Johnson, Reed, La Follette and Brandegee of Connecticut. Lodge's strong reservationist group numbered about thirty, and there were around fourteen senators who wanted only mild reservations.

It is significant that in that first debate, it was the irreconcilables, the "little group of willful men" determined to defeat the League at all costs, who finally won out. They did it first by supporting the Lodge reservations, demanding as the price of their support that the reservations be made strong enough to be unacceptable to President Wilson and the strong League supporters, and then turning around and voting with the Wilson Democrats against ratification of the League.

There are four reasons, in addition to the improvement in numbers, why the prospects for Senate approval are brighter this time than they were in 1919.

First, at least eleven of the fourteen new senators elected in November, 1944, are strong supporters of United States participation in an international organization and a number of them were elected primarily on that issue. Eight senators with isolationist records were defeated in the primary and general elections last year, and two others did not run. This is in sharp contrast to the 1918 elections when Republicans won control of the Senate, and the majority of new senators elected lined up against the League. It is a reflection of the much greater public awareness and knowledge of the issue and its implications.

Second, because of this greater public awareness and understanding, plus the fact that the debate according to present plans will take place this year with the war in the Pacific still in progress, the opposition strategy of delay which worked so well in 1919-20 is not likely to be tolerated this time. People have shown repeatedly their dislike of protracted debate during the war, and with the tremendous public attention which will be focused on this issue, any unjustified delay will provoke instant protest.

Third, the proponents of international organization will have a strong majority of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on their side, probably seventeen of the committee's twenty-three members. This is in sharp contrast to the first debate when Senator Lodge, as chairman, had a firm majority of the committee on his side and was able to hold the treaty in committee for two months and also obtain committee approval for his fourteen reservations. Because of the weight attached to committee recommendations in the Senate, this is a very important advantage. It was brought about in large measure by the 1944 election, when five isolationist members of the committee were retired, and four internationalists and one isolationist were named to their places.

Much Stronger Bipartisan Support

Fourth, where the strong supporters of the League, with one exception (Republican Senator McCumber of North Dakota) were all Democrats in 1919, the support this time will be truly bipartisan, with at least ten or twelve Republican senators among the most ardent advocates of strong international organization. The situation in 1919 contributed directly to making the League a partisan issue, as the various roll calls show that it became finally. Inasmuch as neither party, then or now, could muster a two-thirds majority, that development was fatal.

Lest this picture appear too optimistic to those who want to see the 1920 decision reversed by the Senate, it is well to remember that several factors which counted heavily against the League will be present to an even greater degree in the new United Nations treaty.

President Roosevelt is even more bitterly disliked by many senators, of both parties, than was President Wilson. Of necessity, the President and his Administration must negotiate and assume responsibility for the United Nations organization charter finally presented to the Senate for ratification. That in itself will be enough to set some senators against it and persuade many others to examine it with a supercritical eye. The close liaison established in the past two years between the State Department and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, plus the conference held by the President with eight members of the committee before the recent Big Three meeting, are welcome signs that the Administration is aware of this problem and is trying to solve it.

The League was exactly what its name implies: a League of sovereign states, its members pledged to certain common purposes but each free to decide for itself whether it would fulfill the pledge. The League had no power to act and could make findings and recommendations only by unanimous vote.

The new United Nations organization on

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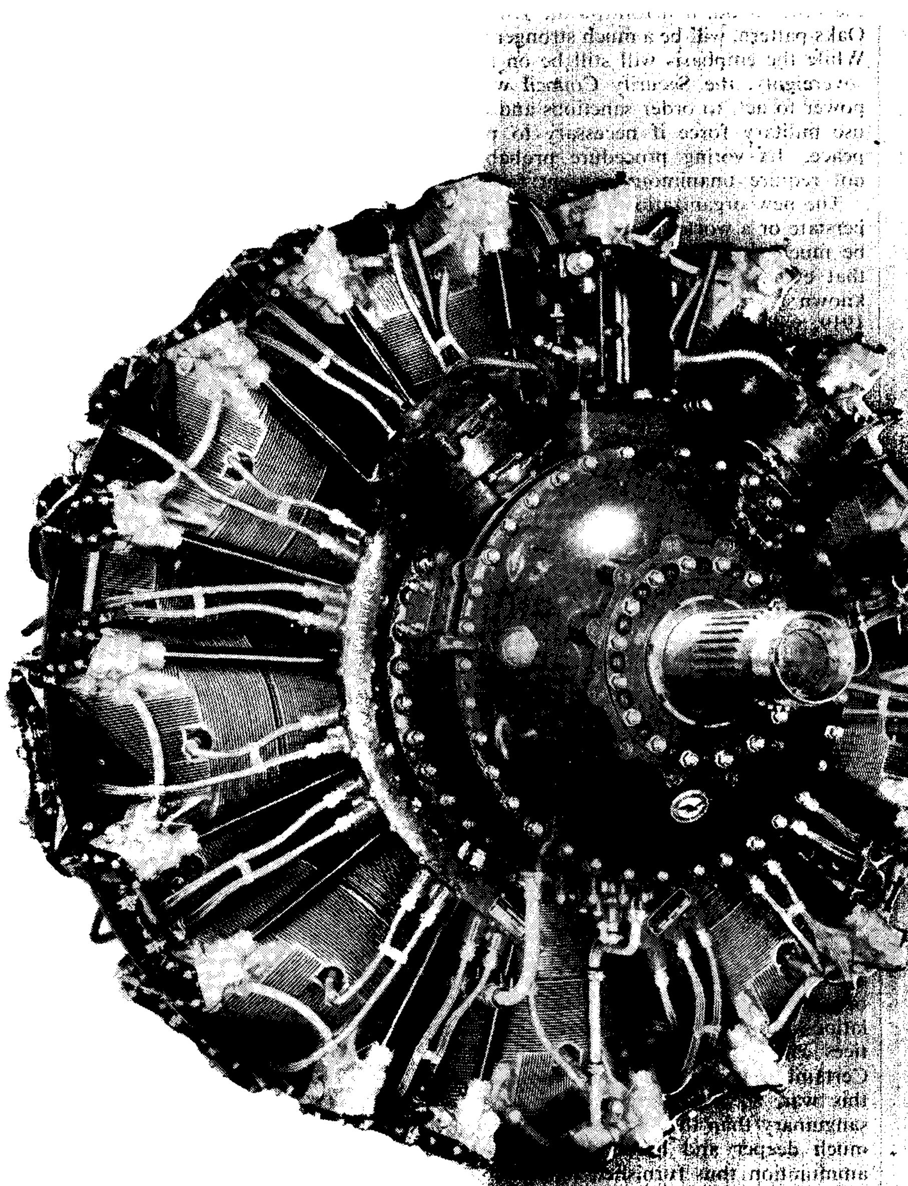

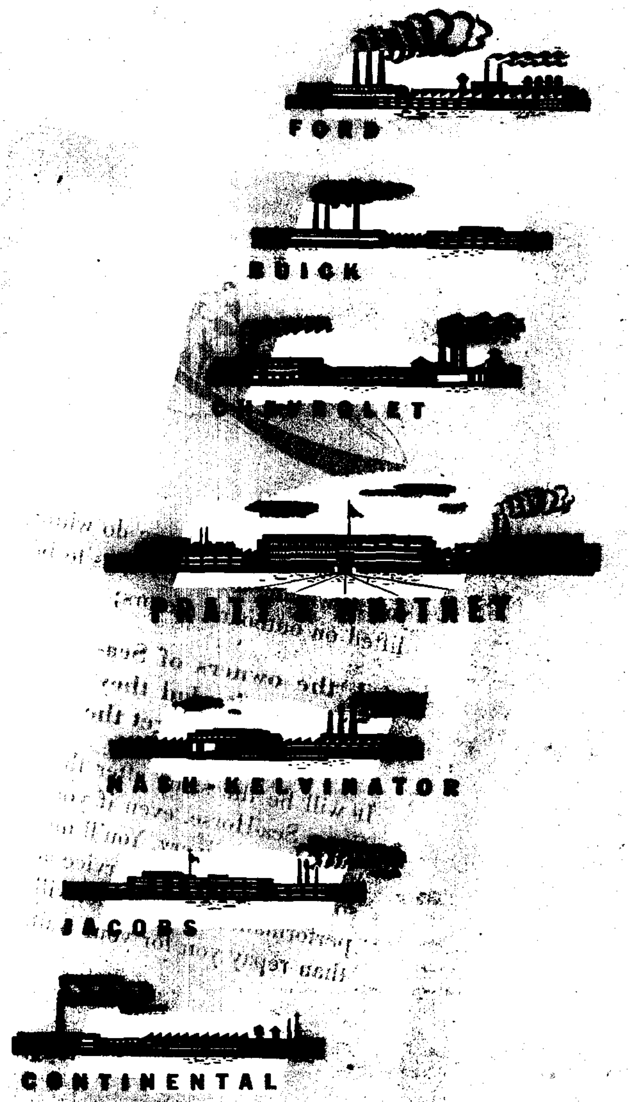

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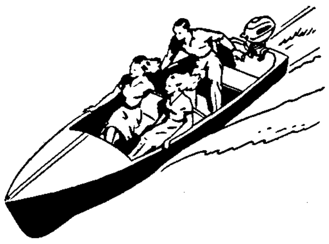

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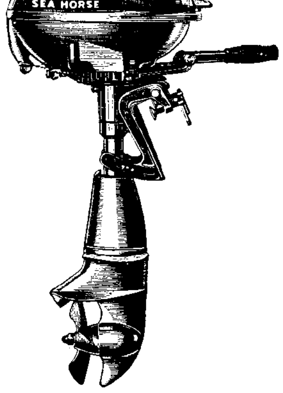

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ARMY NAVY

the other hand, if it follows the Dumbarton Oaks pattern, will be a much stronger agency. While the emphasis will still be on national sovereignty, the Security Council will have power to act, to order sanctions and even to use military force if necessary to preserve peace. Its voting procedure probably will not require unanimous consent for action.

The new organization would not be a superstate or a world government, but it would be much nearer to it than the League. To that extent, the appeal to fear of the unknown and unexplored, used effectively in 1919, will have that much more basis. Already many senators are on record against authorizing the American member of the Council to commit even a small quota of our forces to action against an aggressor. They cry out against giving one individual the power to involve us in war. They overlook completely the fact that it will not be one man, but at least a majority and probably a two-thirds majority of a council of eleven nations that will make the decision, which is a democratic procedure that should appeal to Americans.

We were actually at war in the first conflict for only nineteen months, yet there is no question but that war weariness, irritation at war controls and the whole "back to normalcy" swing were an important factor in defeating the League in 1919-1920. This time we already have been fighting for more than three years, with millions of men in combat compared to a few hundred thousand and with much more drastic domestic controls. The "back to normalcy" may be a strong factor again.

And finally, as touched on before, there are likely to be far more things in the peace after this war that offend America's ideas of what is fair and just in international relations than after the last war. Most injustices can be traced to hate, fear or greed. Certainly the hates and fears engendered by this war, so many times more brutal and sanguinary than the 1914-18 conflict, will be much deeper and harder to control. The ammunition thus furnished to our domestic defeatists—whose basic theme is that the world will never change and wars are inevitable anyhow—will be that much better than it was last time.

As in the first Great Debate, the personalities and abilities of the senators will help determine the outcome.

Senator Connally, as Foreign Relations chairman, will handle the treaty in committee and on the floor, and his job will be tremendously important. The big Texan is a rough-and-tumble debater with a penchant for broad and biting sarcasm which has angered more than one senator who has tangled with him. But for the past year or more, he has kept a tight rein on his proclivity for satire and wisecracks; instead, he has been cultivating friendly relations with all his colleagues in preparation for his job of piloting the big treaty through the Senate.

Powerful Assistance from Colleagues

In that task, Connally will have some top-flight assistance. Senator Walter George of Georgia, now chairman of the powerful Finance Committee and Connally's predecessor as Foreign Relations chairman, is expected to be a tower of strength.

The two party floor leaders, Democrat Alben Barkley of Kentucky and Republican Wallace White of Maine, are both on the Foreign Relations Committee and both are expected to give all-out support to the treaty. Senators Warren Austin of Vermont and Styles Bridges of New Hampshire are two more well-liked, strong Republicans who can be counted on for vigorous support.

In addition to these, such Democrats as Bailey of North Carolina, Hatch of New Mexico, Hill of Alabama, Lucas of Illinois, Green of Rhode Island, Pepper of Florida, Guffey of Pennsylvania, Murray of Montana, Thomas of Utah, Wagner and Mead of New York, and Maybank of South Carolina are generally counted on to support strongly a United Nations organization. Other Republicans who are expected to take the same position include Burton of Ohio, Brewster of Maine, Ball of Minnesota, Gurney of South Dakota and Ferguson of Michigan.

The sixteen "freshman" senators, ten Democrats and six Republicans, indicated their support of international organization in a letter to the President a few days after his inauguration, and they include such outstanding men as Republicans Morse of Oregon, Smith of New Jersey, Saltonstall of Massachusetts, and Democrats Fulbright of Arkansas, Moses of North Dakota, McMahon of Connecticut, all of whom were to a considerable degree elected on this issue.

All in all, it would appear that the proponents in this second debate stack up considerably stronger, both qualitatively and quantitatively, than they did in 1919-20.

Wheeler is already playing Borah's role by heading the opposition. Whether La Follette will follow his father's footsteps and help lead the irreconcilables is still a question, but he is generally regarded as opposed to our joining any organization at this time. He and Wheeler are both tough and resourceful fighters, but the rest of the bitter-end opposition this time, expected to include Shipstead, Milliken, McCarran, Langer and Brooks, does not look as formidable as the Borah, Reed, La Follette, Brandegee, Johnson group of 26 years ago. Senator Hiram Johnson of California, incidentally, is the only member of that little band still in the Senate and one of five present members who participated in that first debate. Johnson is as irreconcilable as ever, but the powerful voice which counted so heavily in 1919 has faded to a barely audible whisper.

Warriors of the First Fight

Senators Arthur Capper, Republican of Kansas, and David Walsh, Democrat of Massachusetts, were both reservationists in that first fight, while fiery, irascible Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee and mild Peter Gerry of Rhode Island are Democrats who strongly supported the League in 1919.

Who will head up the reservationist group, if one develops this time, is a big question mark. Vandenberg's key position in this respect has been mentioned. Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio has strong influence on the Republican side, and the position taken by Democrats like Tydings of Maryland, Thomas of Oklahoma, Bankhead of Alabama, Overton of Louisiana and Byrd of Virginia will have an important bearing on the final roll call. There is plenty of opening for a strong reservationist bloc to be formed if a majority of these senators get together on it, but it is doubtful whether such a group could muster the strength Lodge had in 1919.

In the final analysis, an argument far more powerful than any spoken words and more potent than any member of the United States Senate, is inexorably pushing both the Senate and the people of America toward a position of full participation in collective international efforts to maintain peace. That argument is the robot bombs, the V-2 rocket bombs and the B-29s. It is almost impossible to imagine what a horror of destruction a V-5 or V-10 weapon would make of a third World War. It is more certain every day that our Western civilization—and particularly our democratic and liberal form of government—would never survive it.

The only alternative to collective security is national isolation, for which we would pay with universal military conscription, a tremendous and growing armament burden, a continuation of all the governmental controls on our economy necessary for total preparedness, and almost certainly, at the end, another great war. This is not an alternative. It would be national suicide.

It is this overwhelming central truth which is driving us to accept the fact that we are not going to achieve a world Utopia overnight, that other nations will have different viewpoints and goals than we have, that world leaders will make mistakes and commit injustices in the peace settlements, but that, despite all these, we must join in the best form of international machinery upon which we and our allies can agree to preserve the peace after this war. In that direction lies the only hope for the lives and liberties of ourselves and our children and our children's children.

THE END

Weather Out of a Box

Continued from page 19

The enemy, too, makes good use of weather prognostication. Hitler's Doctor Franz Baur is supposed to have tipped off the Fuehrer that September, 1939, would be the perfect time to invade Poland; the roads would be dry and hard for the Nazi tanks, with no General Mud to interfere with the timetable. Before lashing out last December in that terrific counterassault which bent the Allied lines on the Western front, Field Marshal von Rundstedt was careful to pick a time when the weather would be so terrible that planes could not spot the intensive German preparations.

All this has opened up a field of which men have dreamed for years: long-range forecasting of weather, the all-important rain, sunshine or tornado which can bring fortune or ruin. The soldiers gazing with such concentration at those balloons and gadgets all around the globe, in cold and in scorching heat, play a big part in the possible realization of that dream.

Until this war started, forecasters seldom took a chance on predicting rain, snow or fair-and-warmer more than forty-eight hours in advance. In those days there were only a couple of hundred official Weather Bureau forecasters, although the airlines and other companies had their own weather experts as well. Today there are at least 7,000 graduates of the Air Forces courses in meteorology. Today the experts can make fairly accurate forecasts for dates thirty days from now. They do so all the time, and they have experimented with ninety-day weather forecasts, although not so successfully.

Why is all this likely to be so important to you and me in peacetime?

The meteorologists arch their brows with surprise at the idea that anybody would even have to ask. They are cautious as to exact predictions, but weather calculations, they point out, enter into almost any business you can name. If you manage a department store, for instance, and learn that a three-day downpour will probably commence on a Tuesday afternoon two weeks from now, you will doubtless put in a rush order for umbrellas and galoshes and coach your sales staff to get ready for brisk sales of rainwear.

Or say you're in the construction business, bidding to build a new highway bridge. It may make a difference of thousands of dollars if you know in advance that your construction crews face snow and freezes on the job.

We've all heard the talk about flying to London and Paris for $100 after the war. But whether you and I can hop over to Europe on the spur of the moment for a week end depends again on accurate weather information. Here is just one sample of the kind of discovery the experts have already made: In Iceland, despite the foul weather often found there, the met men can tell a pilot with near-certainty that if clouds block him out of one field on the western part of the island, he has only to keep going and land at another field on the east, which will be clear.

The experts say it's just a question of air currents—which are predictable.

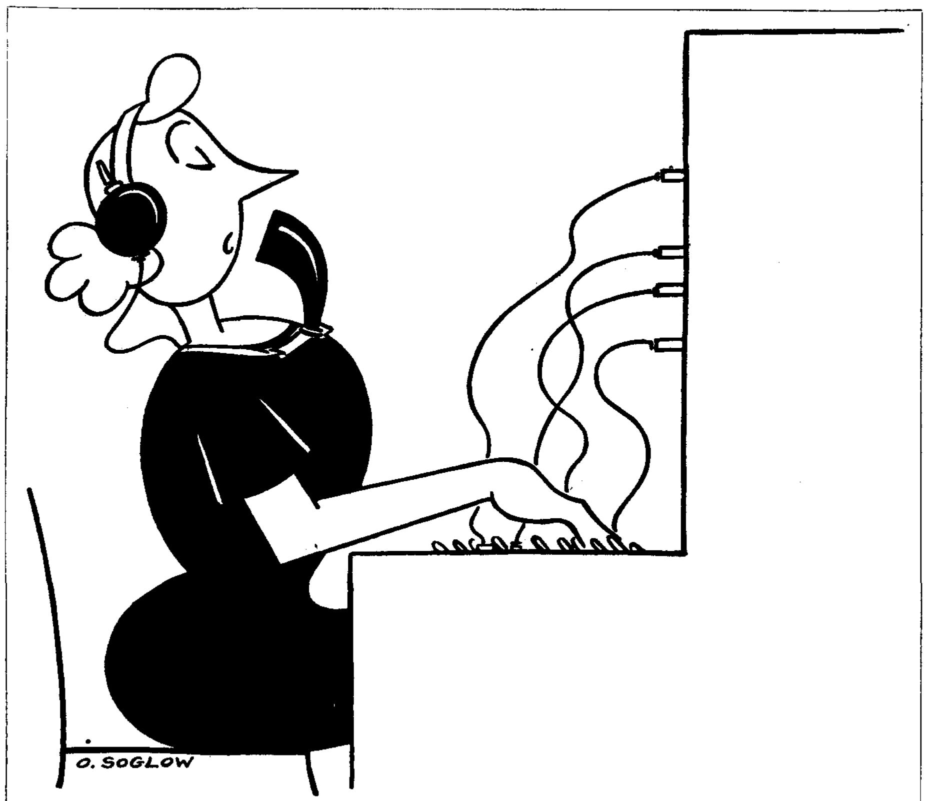
The most obvious of all the human endeavors affected by weather is farming. Drought starves the farmer and may ruin the merchants in scores of county-seat towns. Banks may totter. Railroads may feel the pinch because of lack of things to haul. Business may tumble all over the country.

Rain Governs the Markets

There are all sorts of food items, the prices of which may soar or plummet in direct relation to the weather. In the blazing sun of August, lemon sales skyrocket. Let a cloud appear in the sky and raindrops start falling, and you can hardly give a lemon away. Rain on the Far Western lettuce fields at harvest time sends lettuce prices zooming upward in the Eastern markets; because of the rain, many growers will not even bother to market their crops. If they did so, they would have to wash each head free of the dirt and grit which the rain had splashed into it.

We've already mentioned the possibility of getting such expert help from the weatherman that you could buy two plots of land and be sure that one or the other would always grow oranges. The man who told us about it, Doctor Jacobs, did a prognosticating job almost exactly like that a few years ago in the Imperial Valley, along the California-Mexico border. In some areas of that rich truck-farming region, farmers were having a very bad time of it; they had to contend with freezes thirty or forty times a year. The Weather Bureau sent Doctor Jacobs to investigate spots which might be better.

"Just by analysis of wind currents," Doctor Jacobs reports, "we were able to pick a large area which had never been planted to crops, but which in all probability would never suffer a serious freeze. Much of that



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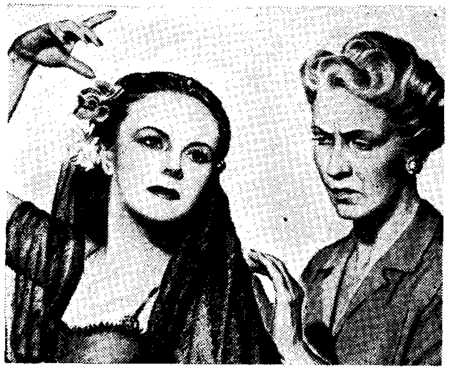

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new land is now under cultivation and it has never had a freeze."

The doctor is a student of what the scientists call the "air mass" theory of weather, a comparatively new idea which was thought up by two Norwegians, Tor Bergeron and V. Bjerknes, during and just following the first World War. The war going on at their doorstep blocked the Norwegians from obtaining many of the normal weather readings, but the two scientists went ahead and made excellent forecasts and weather maps anyway.

They did it by adopting a startling assumption. They declared that the movements of masses of air on the earth's surface showed close similarity to the movements of masses of water in the oceans, and that these air-mass movements followed predictable patterns which decided the weather. Thus one doesn't have to be in Tokyo to know almost exactly what the weather is there.

This is primer stuff today to the thousands of Air Force meteorologists, but in that theory lies the secret of how you or I could buy two plots of land in Riverside County, California, and know that one or the other would always produce handsome golden fruit.

In fact, you can go a long step further. Twice in this century, in 1913 and 1937, the California citrus growers have suffered disastrous freezes which ruined their crops.

In those same years, as an invariable accompaniment to the cold in California, there were violent and death-dealing floods in the Ohio and Mississippi River watersheds. Not only that, the temperatures in those selfsame periods were abnormally low far across the world in Indo-China.

This is convincing proof to the weatherman that abnormality of weather shows a definite world pattern. Freezes in California, floods in the Mississippi valley, cold spells in Indo-China—all simultaneous. All the weatherman must do is to spot in advance the appropriate conditions on his world weather map—spot the movements, in other words, of air masses on the globe—and he will be able to give warning weeks ahead of time of the coming floods and freezes.

Incidentally, there was one freakish accompaniment of the 1937 California freeze. In parts of Georgia, it was so warm that year that some peach growers even went so far as to put ice around the peach trees in January to keep them from coming into bloom far in advance of the normal time.

Forecasting floods and freezes many days in advance, through checking the movements of the world's air masses, is where the ingenious mechanical brain of the weather-pattern machine comes in.

A Job for the Sorting Machine

It's really simple, although at first glance the idea seems fantastically complicated. Everyone has heard about the punched-card sorting machines. J. Edgar Hoover's Federal Bureau of Investigation can take a chance fingerprint of a criminal, set the sorting machines to work, and come up with the correct identification in a few minutes—the machine simply plucking the right card out of the file. Business firms use the punched-card machines for many kinds of records. Doubtless you yourself are represented on a card like that in the files of the Social Security Administration.

What the weatherman does with it is something like this: He has a small card, punched with the proper information, for every period of every day at every major observation post all over the world—dating back to 1899. There are 55,000,000 of those cards, furnishing an immediate record of the weather in any zone on earth for forty-five years.

Today, let's say, he decides to make one of his thirty-day forecasts. He puts today's weather card, the one showing today's actual readings, into the sorting machine, and the machine goes to work. Out pops a card which shows a weather pattern surprisingly like today's. The card, say, for February 23, 1917, is so much like today's weather map that it could be a twin.

Next the weatherman merely digs out the cards for the thirty days following February 23, 1917, to see what happened. Weather generally repeats itself. Right there is your forecast for the next thirty days of 1945—plucked out of 55,000,000 pieces of paper by the mechanical brain of a machine.

This is a very simplified explanation, but it gives the basic idea. The use of that magic box to put past records to work for the future is perhaps the most striking development in long-range forecasting. But all predictions of the weather, long-range and short-range alike, would show far less skill even now were it not for the vast network of reporting stations set up as the result of war.

Those who man those stations often face risks, like any other front-line soldiers. A nine-man weather detachment on the slopes of the Himalayas awoke one morning to find a Japanese column filing up the mountainside a quarter of a mile away. Before the enemy got there, the weathermen had smashed their equipment and lit out for another Allied base fifty miles away. They reached there more dead than alive. One afternoon a weatherman in Burma lay down for a siesta. Jap planes roared in for an attack. The American leaped for his tin hat, which he had hung on the limb of a near-by tree, but before he could get it, it was filled with bullet holes. He wasn't scratched.

Major Howard A. Simpson of Glendale, California; Technical Sergeant Leslie C. Nuhn of Paradise, Utah; and Staff Sergeant James F. Graham of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, were waiting off bomb-spattered Sicily to run their jeepmobile weather station ashore, when a bomb crashed into another ship more than fifteen yards away, exploding ammunition and gasoline all over the place. The weathermen rushed aboard the burning vessel and made so many rescues that they were immediately cited for heroism.

Perhaps the worst task faced by an observer detachment was licking the same fierce weather which it had to analyze. This happened far up on the icecap of Greenland, where seven Americans found it necessary to lash themselves to the ice to keep from being blown away by 170-mile-an-hour winds. Seven of the thirty hardy arctic dogs which they took in were lost or frozen to death, but the met men kept right on. Their reports were vital for bomber crews in Britain; a barometric reading today in Greenland may portend zero ceilings over Germany next week.

One of the riskiest jobs of all is performed by the weather pilots who fly out alone over enemy territory, in superfast planes, a few hours ahead of American bombing raids. They make a final, last-minute check on the weather at the target, then signal the air fleets whether to take off or to wait for better conditions.

The weatherman can't work without exact information, and lots of it. Just one word or figure in a radioed report from a remote island in the central Pacific may furnish the tip-off on a typhoon which soon will be sweeping over the armies in the Philippines and heading on toward Japan. Such a report might halt plans for American operations along the China coast, or against Japan itself.

A Zephyr Can Grow to a Gale

From Japan that same storm which set out as a mere puff of wind thousands of miles away would go whooping hell-for-leather east toward the Aleutians, a spot where fighting men say they can find every sort of weather, all of it bad. From there the storm might race south over British Columbia, Washington and Oregon, lashing the Pacific Northwest with high winds and a five-day downpour.

It would move on east, block traffic in St. Louis and Chicago, then switch north again and make life miserable for the Air Transport Command pilots over Greenland and Iceland. The storm could race on and drench General Eisenhower's fighting front in Europe with snow and freezing cold, perhaps holding up supplies, then keep going until it petered out in Siberia.

The weatherman says that this storm—foreseeable at its very inception, given the proper information—would take at least thirty days to run its globe-girdling course.

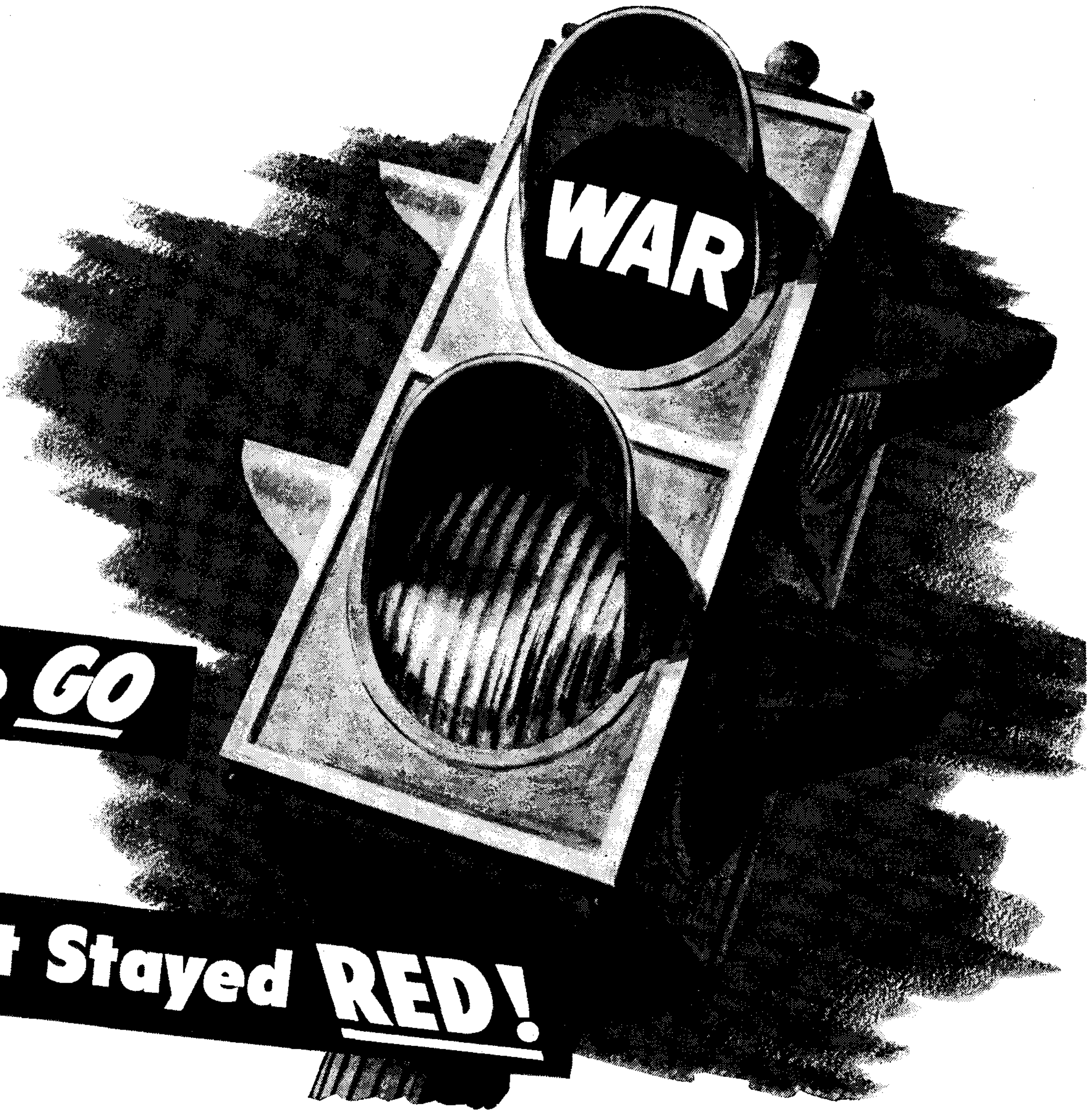
As the clincher to the story, one forecaster remarks: "We aren't so sure that that round-the-world traveler didn't start when somebody blew a feather in the air somewhere in darkest Africa."

THE END

Masters of the Situation

THE SITUATION	THE MASTERY
Two Missouri motorists traveling in opposite directions found a landslide blocking the highway between them.	**They swapped cars.**
A freak hailstorm pelted a U. S. airfield in North Africa.	**The officers hurriedly mixed highballs.**
Cuba, Ohio, had no air-raid siren.	**A woman was appointed to run out on the street and scream at the proper moment.**
A tenant in Philadelphia refused to vacate her first-floor apartment.	**The landlord moved a casket into a second-floor room, and she left.**
A passenger ripped the seat out of his trousers on a Missouri Pacific train.	**The conductor stitched the cloth together with his ticket-stapling machine.**
A college professor in Pine Plains, N. J., was annoyed by many visitors when resting in his back yard.	**He planted poison ivy (to which he is immune) all around his chair.**
Many friends asked a New Jersey governor for the pen with which he would sign an important labor bill.	**He used 33 pens in writing his signature.**
The city of Zeigler, Illinois, was bothered with the problem of tardy firemen.	**The Council announced that the last man to appear at a fire would not receive any pay.**

—W. E. Farbstein



Arvin was Ready to GO

but the Light Stayed RED!

READY FOR THE "GO" SIGN

ARVIN
Top Flight
RADIOS

REMEMBER LAST FALL when it looked like the "green light" for home-front production was coming on? *Arvin was ready then* ...all set to produce a beautiful line of Top Flight Radios for you and your family...and other Arvin products for your comfort, convenience and pleasure.

▶ But the light stayed *red* because of war needs...and Noblitt-Sparks Industries kept right on building fine radios and other essential equipment for *fighting men*...instead of Arvin Radios and other products for your home.

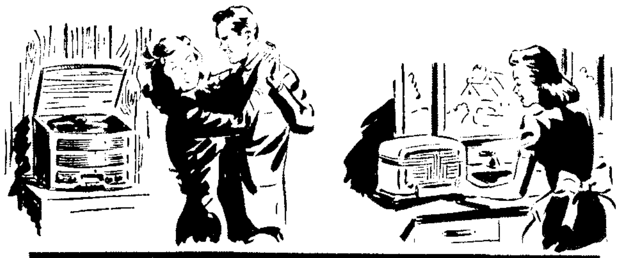
▶ Some fine day the sign will say "GO" for the production of the Arvin products you are wanting...and they'll come along fast to your dealer's store...including Arvin Top Flight Radios...tiny ones, middle-size ones, big ones, radio-phonograph combinations with AM and FM, table models, floor models, portables and rural battery sets.

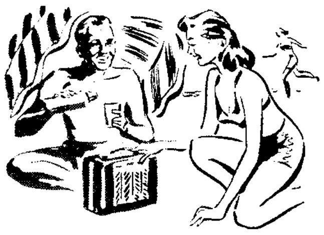
▶ Then, you can radio-furnish your home completely and economically with Arvins...upstairs, downstairs, all through the house and outdoors, too...top flight values from an old reliable manufacturer with more than 25 years of experience.

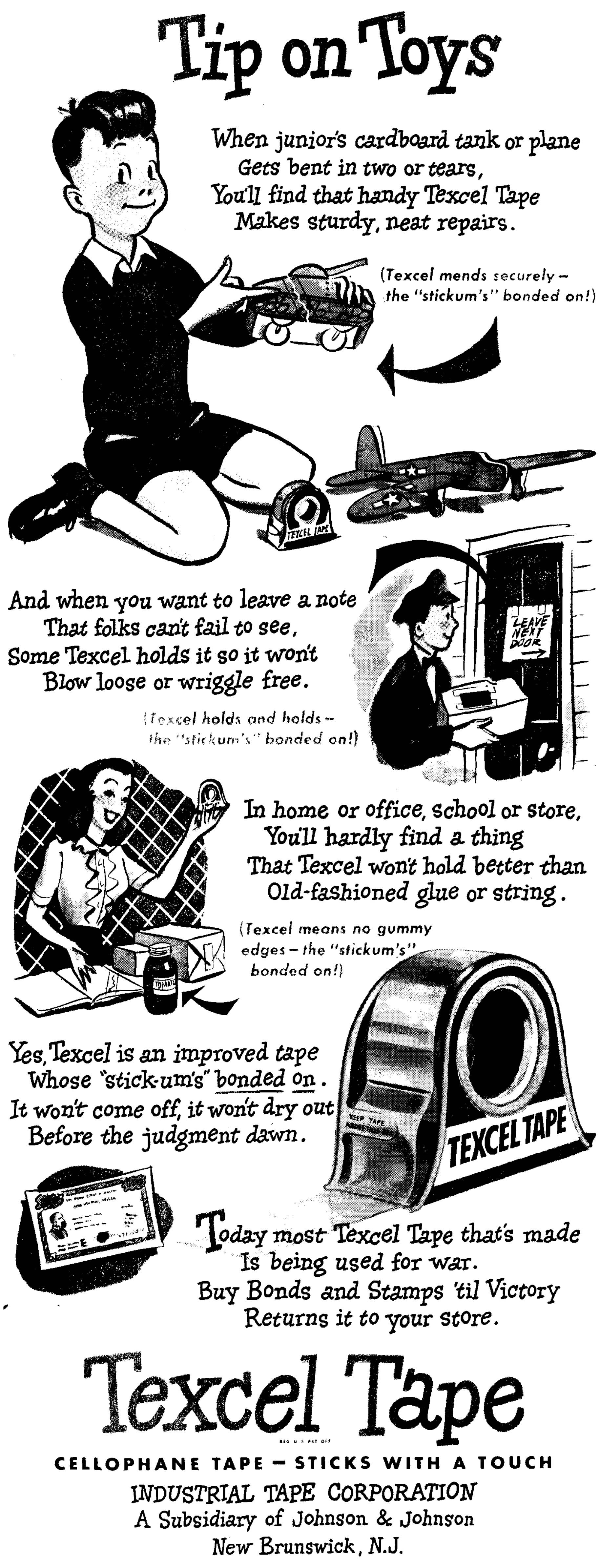
Products to come from **NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, INC.,** *Columbus, Indiana*
When war work ends . . . ARVIN Radios, Metal-Chrome Dinette Sets, Metal Outdoor Furniture, Electric Heaters, Electric Irons and Appliances, Laundry Tubs, Car Heaters and Other Equipment for Homes and Cars.

UPSTAIRS

DOWNSTAIRS


ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE


OUTDOORS, TOO



Tip on Toys

When junior's cardboard tank or plane
Gets bent in two or tears,
You'll find that handy Texcel Tape
Makes sturdy, neat repairs.

(Texcel mends securely –
the "stickum's" bonded on!)

And when you want to leave a note
That folks can't fail to see,
Some Texcel holds it so it won't
Blow loose or wriggle free.

(Texcel holds and holds –
the "stickum's" bonded on!)

In home or office, school or store,
You'll hardly find a thing
That Texcel won't hold better than
Old-fashioned glue or string.

(Texcel means no gummy
edges – the "stickum's"
bonded on!)

Yes, Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out
Before the judgment dawn.

Today most Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war.
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CELLOPHANE TAPE – STICKS WITH A TOUCH

INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORPORATION
A Subsidiary of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

Something on Account

Continued from page 47

said that she really must go home. "I have to be at work at eight."

In the cab they were both silent. They had gone a half dozen blocks, when he felt the soft pressure of her shoulder against his. Looking down at her, he saw that she was asleep, her head fallen back against the seat. She was as relaxed as a baby. Cass grinned and slumped into a more comfortable position and put his cheek against her hair. She was certainly a very restful girl.

She woke when the cab came to a stop. She was not embarrassed. She smiled at him sleepily. "I've been on twelve-hour shift for a week and I never seem to get caught up."

At her door, he was still reluctant to let her go. "How about tomorrow night?" he asked boldly.

"Why don't you phone me?" she said.

So he phoned her, and they went for a walk, because she couldn't be out late. And he said, "How about tomorrow night?"

HE SAW her that night, and the next, and the next. He met her roommate, a thin, dark girl named Jo. He didn't like her, because she got in the way. So he took Betsey dancing again and to the movies. They sat in lunch wagons, eating hamburgers and drinking coffee and talking.

It was there that the whole thing came up and slapped him in the face. Betsey said regretfully, "Tomorrow I go on the night shift."

"But you can't!" He was appalled. "When will I see you?"

She smiled at him with gentle mockery. "Sunday is my day off."

He recovered from his first panic. "That's a break, anyway. What'll we do?"

"How do you feel about the country?" she asked.

Cass grinned. "I can take it," he said, "or leave it. It's all right, if you're there."

"Then wear your marching shoes," she instructed. "I'll pack a lunch."...

Sunday was three days away. He was relieved and amazed to find that just thinking about Betsey Pride relaxed him from the tightness he had come to consider routine.

They rode the interurban trolley to the little foothills town. They walked along the mountain highway, turned off into a trail that skirted the shoulder of Lookout. It brought them eventually to a small stream, shallow and brown and querulous.

"The rest of the way we make our own path," said Betsey. She was panting a little from the climb, and the sun was warm on her hair. She went ahead of him, in slacks and a yellow shirt open at the throat.

Cass thought that she was slender enough to wear pants, but that no one would ever mistake her for a boy. She moved like a woman, and he was grateful for it, and he knew why.

"Here we are," she said. They were in a tiny glade, a hollow not much larger than a room. There was a clump of aspen, slender and maidenly, on one side; and on the other a miniature waterfall, made up of lacy spray and lulling sound.

They ate their lunch on a flat rock beside the pool.

"You've been here before," said Cass. "Who with?"

"That's bad grammar. You should say 'With whom?' "

"It doesn't matter," he said. "From now on, this is our spot. I didn't know I had this passion for nature."

Betsey carefully rubbed out her cigarette and crumbled the stub in her fingers. "Come here," she said. "I want to show you something."

They lay on their stomachs and hung their heads over the edge of the rock. Betsey watched the pool, intent and absorbed. Cass watched her face. There was a light sunburn on her nose, and her hair could stand to be combed. She was beautiful.

"There," she said, digging her fingers into his arm. "Did you see them—trout fingerlings? They're like shadows, darting."

Cass put his lips against the hollow of her temple. "I think I've fallen in love with you," he whispered.

Think. He knew he had. It had to be love—this feeling that he had to have her near him, always.

Betsey smiled at him dreamily. "Of course you have. I put a hex on you."

He kissed her on the mouth. "You're a wonderful girl. How did you do it?"

"Cass." She sat up. It was the first time she had said his name like that, or looked at him like that. "Cass, why haven't you been to see Jeff's mother?"

"What do you know about Jeff?" he asked harshly.

She answered simply, not the question, but its implication. "Jeff was married to my sister. I had breakfast with Mrs. Carr and Tommy this morning. There was a snapshot Jeff sent in one of his last letters. When I looked at it again, I knew where I had seen you before."

He didn't believe her. He remembered that first night, and how she had told the patroness that he was an old friend. She had known then, he thought, though why she hadn't said so . . .

A cold anger settled over him. It was dark gray, smothering as English fog, and full of the sounds of plane motors and bursting flak, and his own voice calling the flight back into formation and hearing them answer—all except Jeff. He forgot his tight composure then, forgot radio discipline and screamed sharply into the air, what words, he didn't know. After a long time he heard Jeff, sounding sleepy, "I'm still with yuh, Sonny boy. Let's git for home."

Jeff didn't speak again, but he was there all the way, on Cass' left wing where he ought to be. And it was like flying with a ghost. Jeff always talked his head off, on the way home from a mission. . . .

The dark haze cleared a little, and Cass knew he had gone back into the past again. He fumbled for a cigarette. Betsey was watching him anxiously.

"Darling," she said, "you don't have to talk about it if you don't want to. But you really ought to go see Jeff's mother."

Cass looked at her. All the wonderful ease and quietness was gone out of this hour. "All right," he said levelly. "If that's what you want. We'd better be starting back, hadn't we? It's a long walk."

TWO days of being tired and tense, two nights of not sleeping. And then, on Tuesday, a note from Betsey.

"Dear Cass: Mrs. Carr does want to see you, very much. She lives at 1724 Monaco Parkway."

She signed herself "Sincerely, Betsey Pride." There was a P.S.: "We can forget about Sunday. It was an impulse, wasn't it?"

So they could forget about Sunday. But not until she got her way, not until he went to see Jeff's mother. Well, he had said he would go, and he might as well get it over.

The house was an ordinary white cottage. Mrs. Carr was a short, solid woman with thick gray hair. She looked as if she could endure a great deal—and had, he amended, observing the lines around her eyes and the disciplined firmness of her mouth.

Cass went straight to the point. "I didn't think you'd want to see me," he said. "But Miss Pride—"

Her shrewd eyes studied him. "Come in, Major," she invited. When she had made him comfortable, she explained, "It was mostly for Tommy's sake. He's eight, and he's made quite a hero of you."

"Hero?" said Cass. "I'm no hero." It was an ordinary room, with a large photograph of Jeff on the piano. He had a sudden, vivid memory of Jeff in the squadron room, playing an accordion and bellowing, "I'm just a happy, roving cowboy—"

"Tommy thinks you are," said Margaret Carr. "Jeff thought so, too. His letters were full of stories about you."

"He was quite a press agent." It didn't occur to Cass until later that it was the first time he had spoken about Jeff naturally.

"It's hot, isn't it?" said Jeff's mother. "I'll get us something cool to drink." At the door she said, "Here's Tommy," and put her hand on the boy's shoulder for an instant.

He was startlingly like Jeff. A square,

sturdy youngster, his natural tawny color accentuated by the summer sun. His eyes, though, were not viking blue. They were dark and serious, like—like Betsey Pride's. He shook hands manfully, and planted himself on spread legs in front of Cass' chair.

"Was my father a good pilot?" he asked.

"Better than I'll ever be," said Cass.

"Then why did he get shot down?"

Cass looked into the clear eyes. He forgot he was talking to a child, and spoke as between two people to whom the truth was important.

"It was the flak that got him. We had been strafing airports, hitting German planes on the ground. There's nothing you can do about flak when you go down low that way, except throw your plane at it, and trust to luck. Jeff's luck ran out. But he wasn't shot down, he brought his ship home. And when we pulled him out, and saw the shape he was in, we knew what a miracle that was."

Cass was talking to himself, now. "Not one in a hundred could have done it," he said flatly. "Jeff flew with a very light touch."

"A light touch," Tommy repeated. His eyes shone. He came closer to Cass and touched the silver wings.

"Where are your medals?" he demanded.

Cass moved uncomfortably. He could lie to a psychiatrist, but not to the honest eyes of Jeff's son.

Tommy was insisting, "Where's your DFC? My father wrote in a letter that you were going to get it."

Go on, tell him, Cass jeered at himself. Tell him you don't wear it because you think Jeff should have had it instead of you, because a few fellows got it who didn't deserve it, and others who should have had it were overlooked. Tell him you're not a hero, and medals don't mean anything.

He was sweating lightly in the palms of his hands. What he said was as near the truth as he could come.

"I promised Jeff he could wear it part of the time. He helped me get it. This is his day." That much wasn't a lie. He had actually promised, scoffing at Jeff's enthusiasm. "I'll let you wear it on your next leave," he had said.

Tommy looked disappointed and puzzled. "My father *has* a medal. Wait, I'll show you."

He came back with a small box in his hand, open. "It's pretty, isn't it? I like purple."

Cass saw the length of ribbon, the heart-shaped bit of metal, through a haze. You didn't get this one for saving your own life. You got it after you had paid something on account. Jeff's account was marked Paid in Full. Cass leaned forward, so that his eyes were on a level with Tommy's.

"It's the best of all," he said firmly. "They don't come any better than the Purple Heart." He hesitated. "When I come again, I'll bring that DFC for you to look at."

Mrs. Carr came back then, and Tommy hitched at his faded green shorts. "I have to go now," he said. "The fellows are waiting." Plainly, he had things to tell the fellows.

Cass shook hands gravely. "Goodby, Tommy."

"I'll be seeing you," said Tommy. He plunged through the door.

"It was good of you to talk with him about his father," said Margaret Carr. "The things I can tell him don't satisfy."

Cass said awkwardly, "Would you mind if I brought him a model of a P-39? It's the plane Jeff flew."

"Tommy's crazy about planes. He'd love it." She smiled at him warmly. "Why don't you and Betsey come to supper next Sunday?"

Betsey. He'd been pretty much of a heel about Betsey, he thought, going down the street. He had loved her because she released him from tension, made him feel human again. He hadn't considered her feelings. In fact, he thought with shame, he hadn't considered anybody but himself for quite a while now.

He was in a great hurry to get to her, but he stopped at his room and pinned on the ribbons. ETO with battle stars, Air Medal with clusters, DFC in the place of honor.

It was still true that they meant very little, when it came to essentials. But by refusing to wear them, he had been screaming that he was a special case, that he wasn't just another soldier. How selfish his reasons had seemed, when he tried to put them into words a child could understand! The bitterness was out of him now, and he could wear his ribbons with humility and pride. Jeff had been so anxious for him to have the DFC.

AT BETSEY PRIDE'S apartment, he rang the bell, and her roommate, Jo, opened the door. "She's asleep," she said. "She has to go to work at midnight."

"She could wake up, couldn't she? This is fairly important."

The dark girl looked at him with disapproval. "I'll see," she said.

He stood just inside the door and waited. Not long. The bedroom door opened, and Betsey came out. She was wrapped in a white terry-cloth robe, her bare feet thrust into sandals. Her light brown hair was pushed back, she wore no make-up, and her eyes were heavy with sleep. She put out her hands and hung on to him. "Darling," she mumbled, "give me a minute to wake up."

Cass lifted her in his arms and carried her to a chair. "Take your time, baby."

She relaxed against his shoulder. He sat still and listened to her breathing and the steady beat of his own heart. He might see her in many hours and ways, if he was lucky. But she would never be lovelier, never dearer than now. He smoothed her hair.

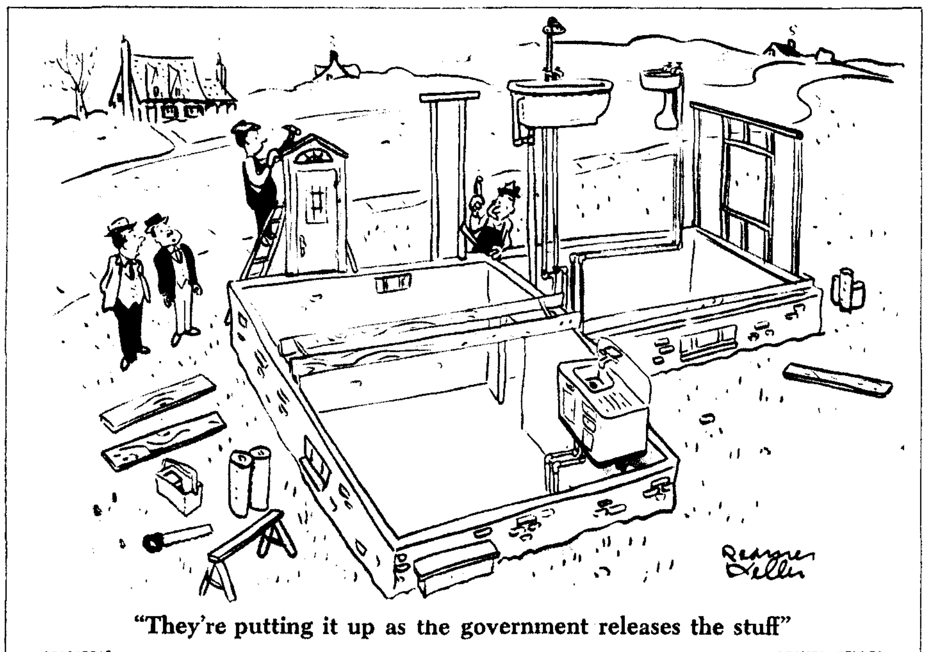
Her hand fumbled with his wings, moved lower. Her eyes opened and she sat up. She looked from his face to the row of ribbons, and back again.

"What was it you wanted, Cass?"

There was lots of time to tell her what a fool he had been. He drew her back into his arms.

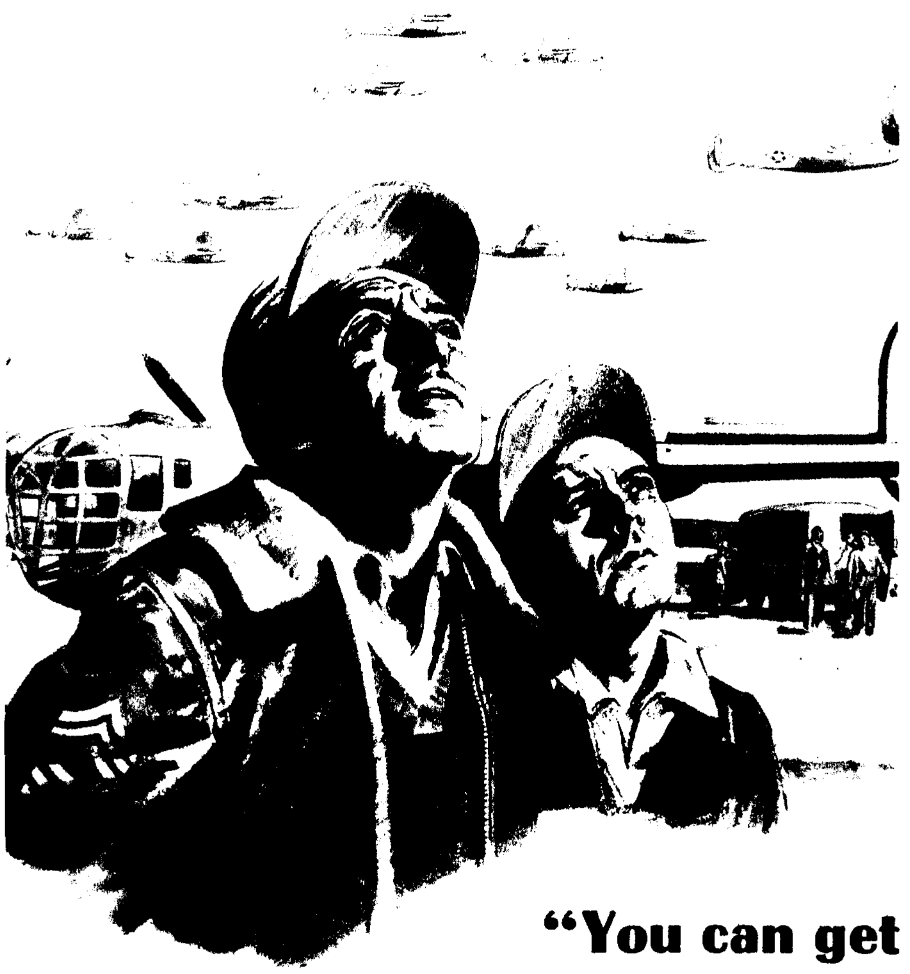
"You," he said.

THE END



"They're putting it up as the government releases the stuff"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



"You can get a lot of Joes to fly—"

"*They ain't the first crew that flew her, and probably won't be the last. But you won't get another ship like that! I've seen her on fire, and full of holes, and come in when nothing but God was holdin' her together. If those guys inside will just stay alive, she'll always come in . . .*"—M/Sgt., not named, Ninth Air Force.

THE bomber, big or little, is a complex monster, a maze of things that can go wrong. That the USAAF has been able to mount formations of hundreds of bombers, for strategic targets and tactical support of ground troops day after day since June 6th, is one of the wonders of this period of wonder. The only explanation is the ground crews.

Little glory, lots of hard work, long hours of anxious waiting are the lot of ground crews. Bombers may get back with sides sieved from bullets or flak; oil, gas, or hydraulic lines broken; controls, landing gear, flaps impaired; radio out and engines roughed up. And the number of ships ready for service again within twelve hours often surpasses understanding. Because these men give not only their best effort but their full devotion, make the plane their child and creature. And when the last report is "missing in action," the lost ship as well as the lost crew is a deep wrench, a personal loss.

So remember that not all of the heroes in the AAF wear wings . . . that the chevrons under the Army Air Forces shoulder patch, both here and overseas, are in themselves decorations of no small degree . . . silent citations that signify the teamworkers whose full share figures large in the final victory.

BECAUSE the huge training program of the U. S. Army Air Forces and our Allies has given us the opportunity for the mass production of over 20,000 Jacobs engines, and more than 10,000 engines of another make . . . proved the Jacobs capable of delivering as high as 1,200 flight hours between major overhauls instead of the originally specified 350 hours—in the hardest type of service to which any plane engine is subject . . . the new Jacobs postwar models will deliver dependable power at costs that will make both private flying and commercial operation cheaper, safer and more profitable. Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

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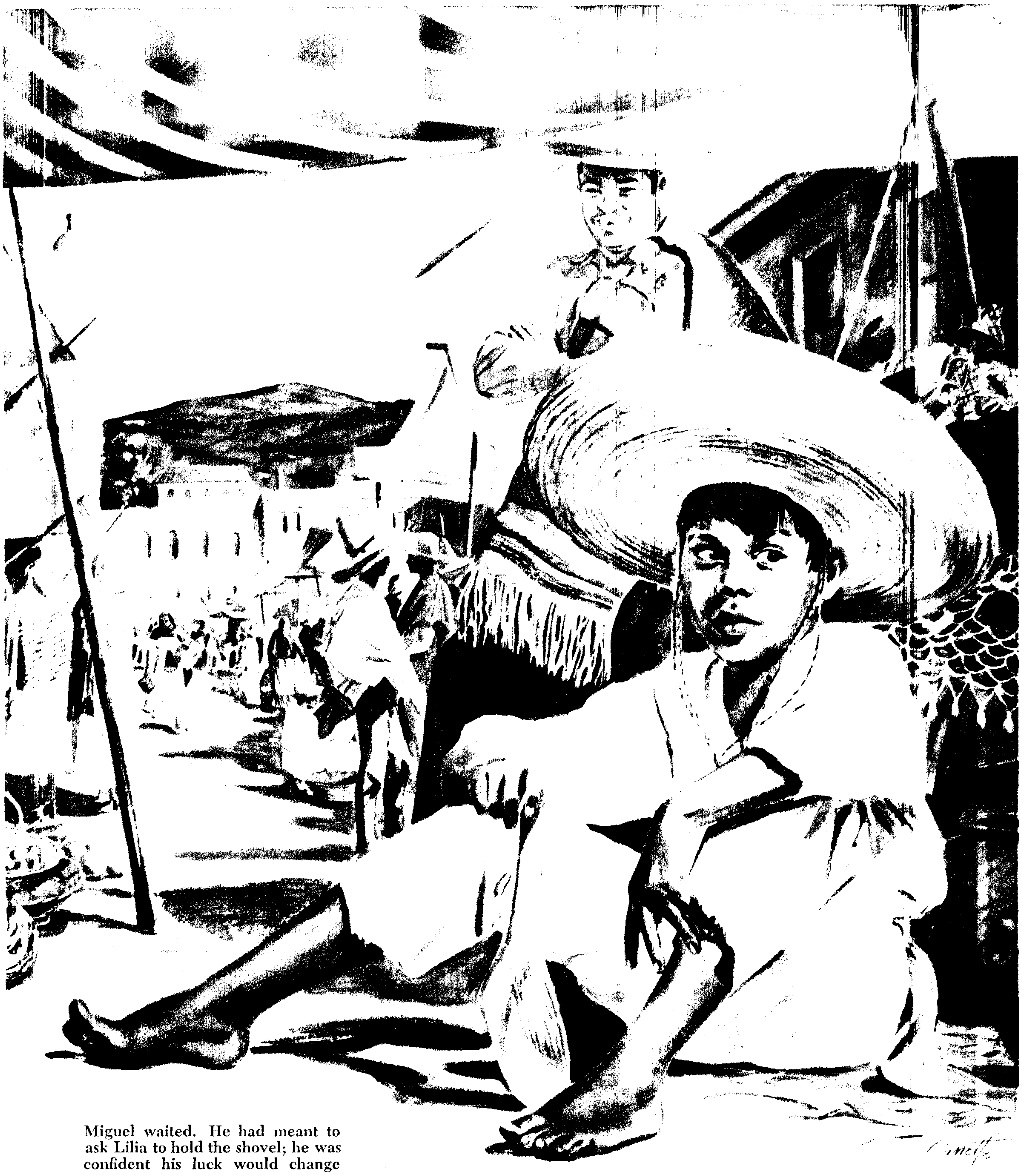

Miguel waited. He had meant to ask Lilia to hold the shovel; he was confident his luck would change

A PRESENT for MIGUEL

By MARY LEE EMERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU CUNETTE

MIGUEL saw that there were only a few tourists on the bus. He had waited with the other children on the Cathedral steps, and he grumbled to Drusaleon who sat beside him. Drusaleon did not grumble. He jumped up quickly as the bus slowed down and stood with a welcoming smile near the iron railing of the Plaza where the bus usually stopped. He was always like that, a wonderful nature. Miguel felt sad and inadequate.

He turned his eyes away from Drusaleon to the village below him, where in the largest square the great white awnings had been hung for the Market. Indians in brilliant serapes, or dark rebozos, were busily spreading out their wares, as he watched them moving in and out of shadow. He considered giving up the project of picking up a tourist, and thought instead of going down alone into the delight of that busy world of color, and smell, and sound.

He did not lift his head from his knees, but let his eyes return to where the passengers were getting off the bus. Three large people, looking very much alike, were the first off. Encarnacion was trying to sell them post cards. Miguel considered. They had no luggage. It would be better to attach himself to someone who had come for a week or two. People with luggage had more use for a small boy. They could never find anything for themselves, and always a centavo or two came from the shopkeepers, if he led them to buy.

Miguel roused himself. A man had descended with a purposeful air. He had a small valise and might be good for a few coppers. Miguel unrolled himself and rushed forward. The man was already crossing the Plaza to the Silver Shop; and Miguel, at his heels, suggested that he would be happy to give him advice on his purchases. The blond devil pushed him aside without a word. Even refusing him, the man should have given him a coin.

If you've ever been given something you didn't want—because it was useful, or you needed it—this story of a Mexican child will strike home

Turning back, Miguel saw that Drusaleon was following the fat couple and their child into the church. Drusaleon would get them when the tour of the church was finished. Miguel crossed himself and offered his disappointment to St. Prisca, glancing up at her image on top of the pink Cathedral.

There was left only a lady in a pale dress who stood tranquilly looking down into the winding streets of the town. Miguel went and stood beside her. She seemed to be listening to the sounds that came up to them: the heavy snorts of pigs, the crying babe, the music, the braying donkeys. Miguel looked at her curiously. She took off her hat and turned her face up to the tops of the great old laurel trees and sighed deeply. Then she put her hand upon the smooth, tawny trunk of one of them and gazed at the church. There were fine fat angels upon it.

"Most genuine gold," said Miguel.

"Oh, I hardly think so," replied the lady without looking at him.

"To the left," said Miguel, "you there see the mule road begun 1592. Order Don Luis de Valesco, who was think of trade wid the Orient."

"You speak very good English," said the lady looking at him. "Where did you learn?"

"Yis," Miguel agreed, "picked him up from everybody."

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Me? Am seven. You like Mexico?" He tried to say the word with an X the way the Inglese did. "You stay long time here, in these town?"

"Just for the day."

"Oh, so. You like buy tin?"

"Tin?" Her tone was crisp. "No, thank you."

MIGUEL rushed across to the Cathedral for he saw the fat family emerging, but Drusaleon had already taken charge. "Right this way for get best drinks," he was saying, as he pointed the way across to the ancient bistro. He gave Miguel an impatient shove, and Miguel went back to his lady.

She was moving up the cobble-stoned street now, and Miguel had to run to catch up with her. She seemed surprised. "You are going my way?" she asked.

He nodded and plodded along with her, feeling the round cobbles under his bare feet and making a sort of tune out of the clinking sound of her footsteps, accompanied by the soft slap-slap of his. She was going away from the Market now, and he politely pointed this out. She seemed to know that.

"Tin Shop." Miguel paused invitingly. Mirrors with elaborate frames, trays, lanterns, ash trays, candlesticks, ferocious masks of the most intricate workmanship, all of tin, were bursting from the doorway of a convenient store. She looked at them with apparent interest but did not pause. He waited unbelieving, then again had to run to catch up with her.

She opened her guidebook. "What you look for?" Miguel asked, hurt. "I know everything."

"Where is the Washing Place?" She smiled straight at him.

"Oh," he said, "you want see Washing Place? No shops!" he warned.

She waited.

"Must go up this away," he pointed out the winding street. It was steep and narrow, and Miguel thought that he would go back to the Market and look at the toys. It was a long, hot climb to the Washing Place. He would try to make money when he was older, he decided.

She thanked him and moved up the path. He watched her go, her feet stumbling on the cobbles. Under her heels were tall, rigid pieces of rounded wood that made it difficult for her to climb. Then some children sliding down the street on boards ripped from packing cases gave up their game to follow her. "You wish see Washing Place?" called out Alonzo, and Miguel changed his mind, and ran after her. She was his gringo. He had seen her first. He did not want to go to the Washing Place, for his mother would surely be there, and it was part of his plan never to see his mother while the sun was up. But he had something to say to this lady. "You buy shoes? Better shoes for

(Continued on page 71)

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AMERICA'S first choice . . . the whiskey of first *quality* . . . SCHENLEY Reserve. Every mellow drop is pre-war whiskey blended with choice American grain neutral spirits. Help yourself . . . soon . . . to the "Sunny Morning Taste" of America's *largest selling* whiskey, SCHENLEY Reserve.

SCHENLEY
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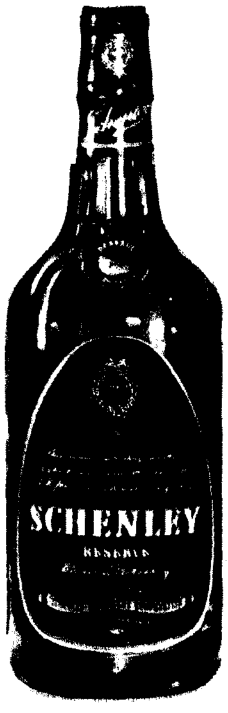
They also serve, who
BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!



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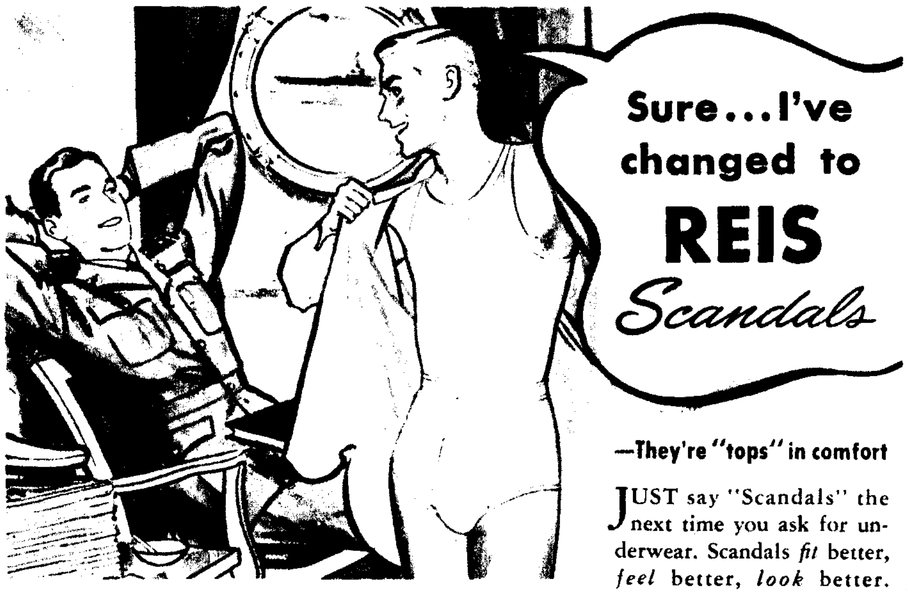
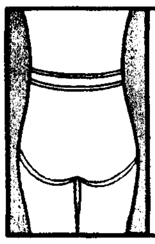
THEY'RE CUT TO FIT . . . TO FIGHT FATIGUE

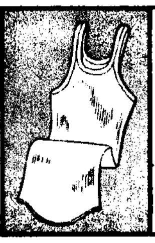


—They're "tops" in comfort

JUST say "Scandals" the next time you ask for underwear. Scandals *fit* better, *feel* better, *look* better. So comfortable because they're scientifically designed to follow male anatomy. Patented *Dart*-stitched, non-sag pouch gives you the mild support that helps fight fatigue. Get Reis Scandals—the manly underwear.



"Hi-Waist" design for perfect fit. Generous cut . . . full seat coverage for looks and extra comfort. No seams to sit on.



Matching shirt absorbs perspiration—keeps outer shirt fresh. Specially shaped to follow the "leg-line" of Reis Scandals.

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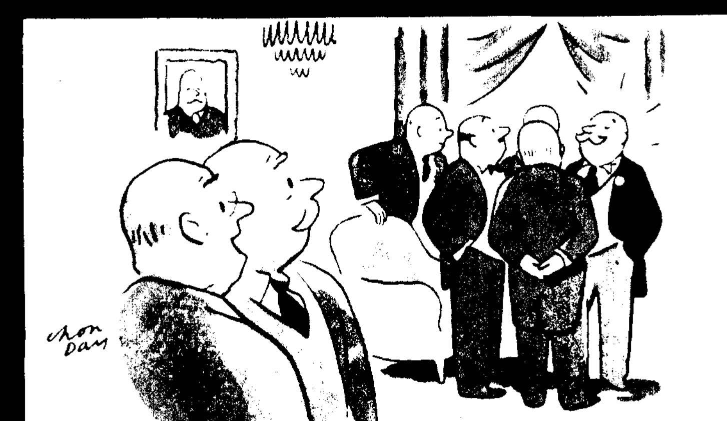


"J. B. just ran across a whole package of Fleer's gum."

FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT
FLEER'S
5¢

for finer flavor
FLEER'S

SOMETIMES SCARCE
ALWAYS ENJOYABLE

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. • ESTABLISHED 1885

The Cancellation

Continued from page 13

away. She wrote that the whole thing had been a mistake from the start. She swore there wasn't another man. But I don't believe her," he said savagely. "There's always another man when a woman acts that way."

"But it's your baby," Francie said. "You have a right to go home and see him."

"It's all hers. I never saw him. He was six weeks old before I knew I had a son. In her letter she said it's best that I never see him. She said that would make everything easier. I heard," he said in a detached sort of way, "that he looks just like me." He was thoughtful for a moment, then asked with surprising gentleness, "Why don't you tell me that I'll get over it?"

"No, you'll never get over it," she told him. "But you're young—and attractive. There'll by other women."

"But I don't want other women." He reverted to his harsh tone: "I want her. Tonight . . . tomorrow . . . and all the rest of my twenty days."

"IF I were you," advised Francie, "I'd pretend I never received that letter. I'd just go home. We'll be in Washington soon. You can make connections."

"I can make connections and I could be in Benton Harbor tomorrow. But I'll be in Florida tomorrow playing tennis."

"But if I loved her, I'd see her once more before I took that letter too seriously."

"Sure I could do that; pretend I'd never *received that letter*. She'd be sorry for me, maybe, and wouldn't say anything. But when I got back on the ship, I'd be waiting for another letter—the one saying that after seeing me, she was more sure than ever that it had all been wrong from the beginning. Then I couldn't do anything else but take it lying down. This way I can at least get some tennis in.

"You know, she was always jealous about my tennis. She broke our engagement once when I had to go to the West Coast to play a tournament. If she was jealous because tennis *took me away from her, she has a bigger* gripe now—the war."

The porter came and told them their berths were made up. She said, "Thank you." The officer said nothing. The porter left them. She waited. The train was getting into Washington. The lights of the city flashed by the vestibule window. She was able to see his face now. She saw that it was turned away from her—that it was cold, arrogant and unfriendly. She said good night, but he gave her no answer.

She made her preparations for the night and got into her berth. She wasn't sleepy. She leaned back against the pillows with her unopened book in her hands.

The train stopped over in Washington for a long time. She heard the man who had the lower opposite get aboard and heard his noisy preparations for bed. Somewhere among the curtained berths a man snored determinedly. She hoped the lieutenant had changed his mind and got off at Washington. But then she remembered that no one had come for his luggage.

The train got under way again. She opened her book and made a determined effort to read. Her eye caught a movement at the berth's curtains. A hand was inserted in the opening. She undid the buttons.

The lieutenant was kneeling on the floor. He rested his elbows on her bed and stared at her. She sensed that he was grateful that she didn't act coy and pull the covers up about her. She saw that a change had come over him. The skin of his face had tightened until the cheekbones stood out. The pupils of his eyes had vanished to pinpoints, and the light blue of their color seemed inhuman in the bleak light from the small bulb near her pillow.

He looked at her and she knew that any disappointment he might have felt concerning her in the beginning was forgotten now.

"I think you are a person who can understand things," he said, as he knelt there. "And I'm going to ask you to do something for me." He waited.

She said, "Of course."

He must have remembered her name from seeing it on her suitcase. Not taking his eyes from her face he said, "Frances, I'd like you to put your arms around me in a slow kind of way. Then I'd like you to say, 'I'm glad you're home.' Then wait a bit and say, 'I love you.' Then wait a little longer and say, 'Bill'!"

Without hesitation she put her arms around him. "I'm glad you're home," she said softly. She waited. "I love you." The tears came into her eyes then, and she whispered, "Bill!"

He kissed her. It was a kiss without passion—a gentle kiss, such as a child would give. He pressed his cheek against hers and murmured, "Margaret, Margaret."

She whispered rapidly. "Don't you believe that letter. She wants you. It's just that she's been without you so long. She thinks maybe you've forgotten. She's . . . she's testing you, to see if you really love her. *I* know. I've . . . I've done something like that. Go home. Talk to her. Talk to her the way you did when you got her to marry you."

He left her abruptly without saying a word. She switched off the light and lay in the dark.

She thought of her own sorrows. Once she had been young; so young. The world used to be a place of shining promise. She had had her dreams and had held on to them longer than most. She had loved and had so much wanted to be loved. Her anguish, too, had had the wrong timing. But then, when did grief ever come at the right time?

The curtains moved again. But it was only the ladder being adjusted to the berth above. The lieutenant's light flashed on and after a moment went off. She tried to stop thinking. She began to count in rhythm to the beat of the train wheels on the track. She was almost *asleep when she heard the sound. It came* from above. It was the sound of ugly, tearing sobbing.

The sobbing rose above the sound of the speeding train. In a pause she noted that the rasp of the man's snoring had stopped, too. There seemed to be nothing at all in the world but the harsh guttural sound of a man's weeping. She couldn't stand it! She couldn't stand it! She put her head under her pillow, but the sobbing came through.

WHEN she was dressed the next morning, she noticed that the curtains of the upper berth in her section were still drawn.

"Your friend sleeps late," commented the man from Brooklyn.

"It's just as well," she answered. "He has a long way to go."

Francie and the Brooklyn man went into the diner together. After they had ordered, he said, "You slept well last night?"

"Yes," she lied.

They were halfway through breakfast when the lieutenant entered. He looked around for a place. "You should come sit with us," invited the man from Brooklyn.

The lieutenant, without a good morning greeting, took the vacant place at their table.

The little man beamed. "Today, I see my youngest boy," he said. "A fine boy. I'm showing you his picture." He took a battered snapshot from his wallet and showed it to Francie. The pictured private was a little, round, homely fellow just like his father. "He's good-looking, no?"

"He's nice-looking," she temporized.

"We used to worry about him. He wouldn't go to school like the other boy in France. A wild boy. Always hanging around in the poolrooms; always with a bad gang; always fresh to his mother."

The waiter brought the lieutenant's breakfast. He began to eat, paying no attention to the little man's story.

"I tell you, many's the time I cried in the night," the little man continued. "Do you know what it is," he asked Francie, "when a man cries in the night?"

Francie's eyes went to the hands of the lieutenant beside her. She saw his fork stop on the way down to his plate. His hand trembled a little. "No," she said clearly, "I don't know. I never heard a man cry."

The lieutenant resumed eating.

"But now," went on the round man, "is everything fine. A different boy since he's in the Army. Writes to his mother every Sunday. And now, ambition he's got for when he gets out of the Army. A changed boy. But before, I used to cry."

He insisted on paying for Francie's breakfast. When she protested, he said, "Someone from Brooklyn, and I don't pay for the breakfast? What kind of a man would I be?" Then kindly releasing her from gratitude, he said, "If it was the dollar breakfast, no! But coffee . . . toast, nothing. A tip I must give for myself, anyway. So I'll make the tip do for you, too. We save money."

"You're very sweet," she said sincerely.

He addressed an imaginary companion: "Listen to her! She says I'm sweet." But Francie could tell he was pleased.

They said goodby to the lieutenant. He nodded without looking up. On an impulse, Francie leaned over to whisper in his ear, "We'll be in Raleigh in ten minutes. There's an airport there. You can make connections . . . Bill."

He concentrated on pouring cream into his coffee. He acted as though he hadn't heard her.

Francie and the Brooklyn man agreed to share the last taxi left standing outside the station in Raleigh. "I want to go to the bus station," she told the driver.

"Me, you should take me where I can get a bus to Fort Bragg," said the little man.

"I gotta try to get another passenger," said the taxi driver. "Gotta save gas."

"Is all right by me," said the man, "but you should make our stops first."

The driver agreed and went off to get another passenger. Francie settled back in the shabby cab. The radio was on, blaring out the latest war bulletins. There was a little cracked vase fastened near the window. It held a dirty, shabby yellow cloth daisy.

Both of them saw him at once. The lieutenant came out of the station with his luggage and looked around as though trying to find a cab. The little man had the window rolled down in an instant. He leaned out and shouted:

"In here, Lieutenant. In here. A fine cab! Heat in it and radio! And flowers, too."

Francie was out of the door on the other side. She stood on the curb, jumping up and down. "Hurry up, hurry up!" she called.

The lieutenant hurried toward her. He was grinning.

As HE got into the cab, the Brooklyn man said, "War news you don't want to hear on your vacation." He leaned so far over that he almost fell over the back of the driver's seat and gave the radio button a turn. A woman's low voice, singing a torch song, came on.

The cab driver, having seen the lieutenant enter his cab, came back and took his place at the wheel. "Where to?" he asked the officer via the rear-view mirror.

"The airport!" shouted Francie and the lieutenant together.

"Got to go to the bus station first," said the driver.

"You heard the officer," said the Brooklyn man. "The airport."

The driver shrugged and started the cab. The woman sang over the radio: *"I dream of you, more than you dream I do."*

The driver stole a glance into the rear-view mirror. All three of his passengers were smiling happily. He started to whistle the song along with the singer.

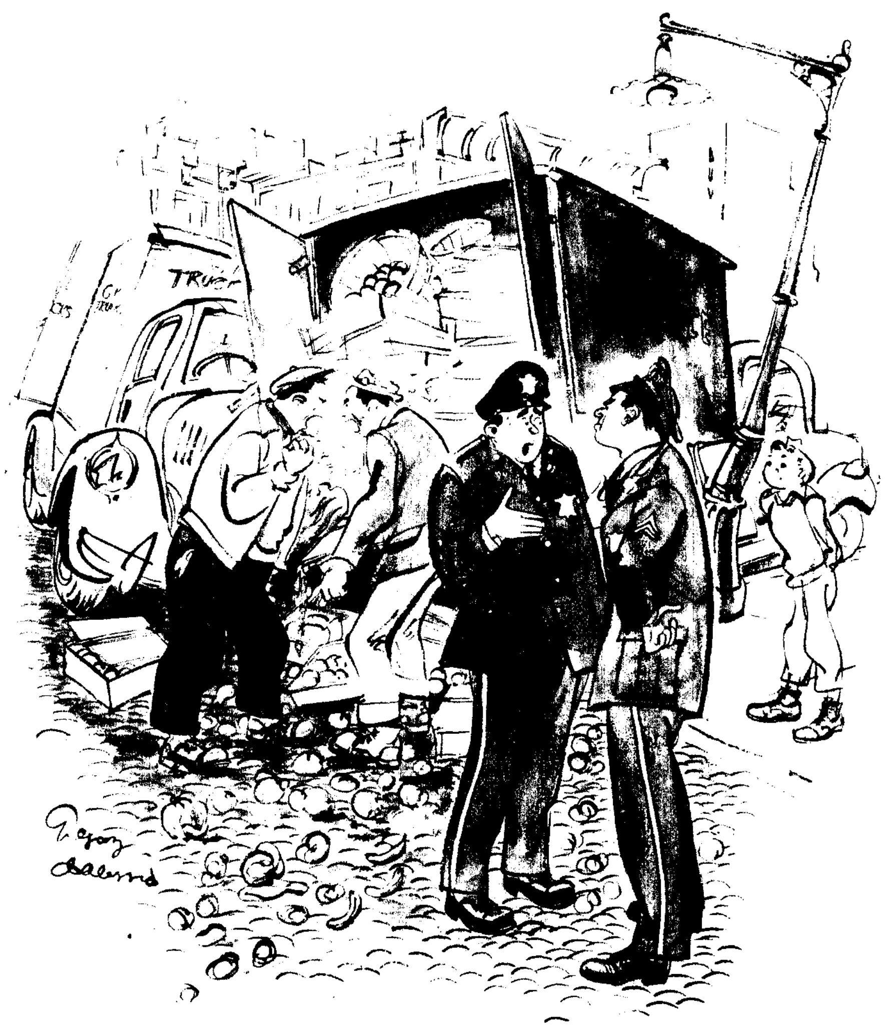
The little man from Brooklyn leaned forward and touched him on the shoulder. "Better than Bing Crosby you whistle."

The three passengers laughed and laughed. What the hell! thought the driver belligerently. Then all of a sudden—he didn't know why—he laughed, too.

THE END

WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Well, it's too much for me! How would you break up an argument between two former Marine sergeants?"

COLLIER'S

Which kind of Civilian are You?

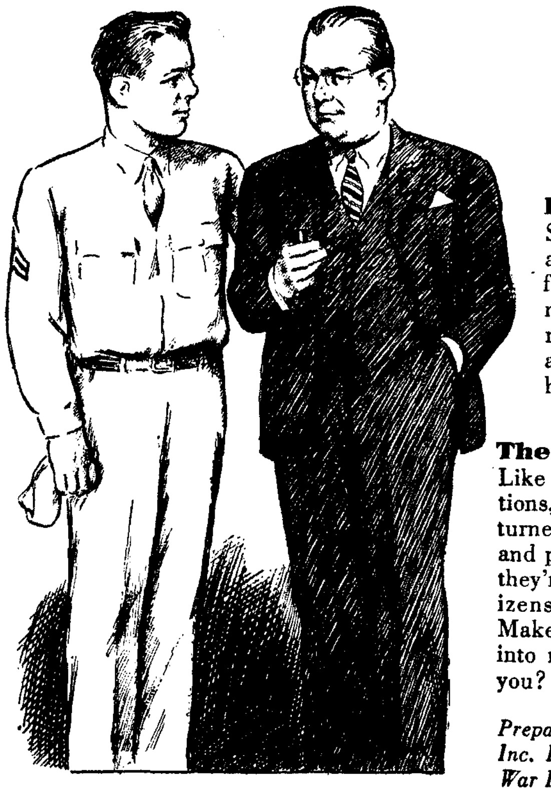
The Gloom. Guaranteed to set any convalescing soldier back two months. "Oh, you poor, poor boy. I just can't bear to look at you. Boo-hoo-hoo." This type Army doctors would cheerfully throttle.

Home front hero. "For days we went without butter." And they wonder why returned fighters are sometimes moody. This particular veteran of Saipan is wondering whether it was really worth it.

"Ever use your bayonet, Sergeant?"

This type never fails to ask for the gory details so as to have something juicy for the gang at the club. Can't understand why soldiers duck him. Thinks they'd like to talk about the war. He does.

Lady with saucer eyes. Stares at every disabled veteran as though he were a sideshow performer. This is a very successful method for keeping him always reminded of his changed appearance. A sure way to break down his confidence.



The Man We Hope Is You. Like most civilians he asks no questions, weeps no tears. Just treats returned soldiers like people he's glad and proud to welcome back. Realizes they're more able and resourceful citizens than when they went away. Makes it his job to help get them back into normal civilian life. How about you?

Prepared by the War Advertising Council, Inc. In Cooperation with the Office of War Information and the Retraining and Reemployment Administration

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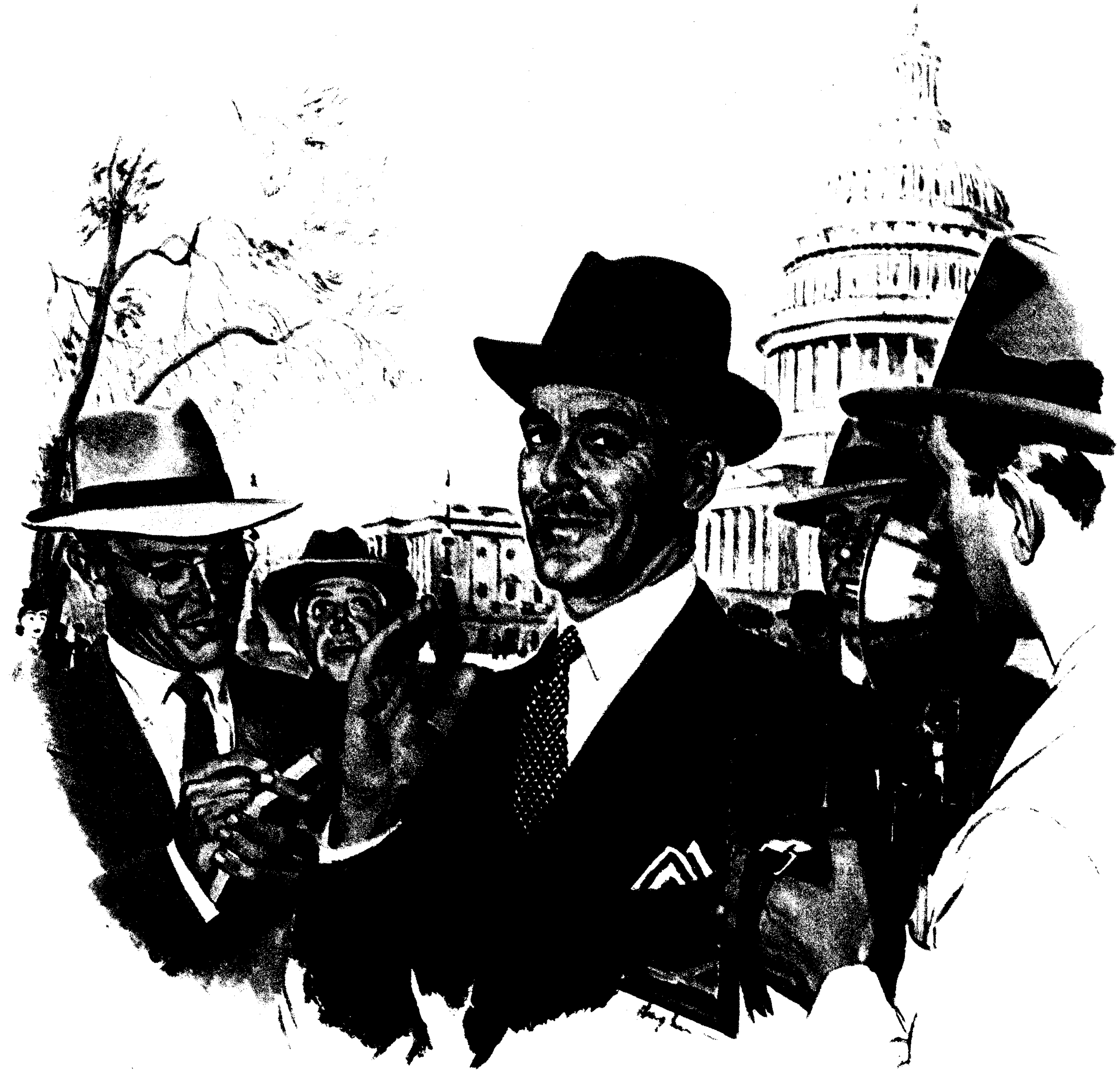


"Sorry, boys... have to keep it under my Stetson"

The Stetson he keeps it under is called the "Diplomat"

THE gentleman above may be tight-lipped, but his clothes speak volumes.

His entire outfit is right for the occasion.

The blue suit with white stripes, and the white, starched collar with red-figured tie set against a white shirt, strike just the right note of formality ...and contrast.

The Stetson "Diplomat," with its ultra-smart lines, tops this combination perfectly. The center crease and up-brim carry out the formal note; the gray felt and black band look especially well with the color effect below.

A hat for *you* for important occasions? You bet!

And whatever the occasion or the clothing you're wearing, remember this: there's a style and color of Stetson perfectly suited to them.

The Royal Stetson Diplomat shown above is $10. Others to $40. John B. Stetson Company, U. S. and Canada... makers of hats for men and women.

• • •

P. S. Remember, loose talk still costs lives... keep it under your Stetson.

You'll look your best in the right

STETSON

A Present for Miguel

Continued from page 66

this bad stones; better Mexican sandals; more better for feet ache."

She answered slowly, "Why, perhaps you are right. I'll see. I'll see."

"You come now, buy shoes?" he suggested.

"Later perhaps." She trudged up the street, stopping to admire the flowers in pots festooned on the sides of the houses, or to gaze at the birds in cages that hung in the open doorways.

"We go back, get shoes," Miguel urged. In another minute he knew they would be at the top of the hill, and there was nothing to buy there. He would get a good commission on shoes.

She shook her head and went on. The houses ceased abruptly, and the clear pool with its many fountains of gushing waters lay laughing in the sunshine.

"Why . . . lovely," murmured the lady.

His mother did not look up at first. She was flapping a white suit back and forth on a slanted stone under a low jet of water. Miguel knew all of the women there. Next to his mother knelt Aurelia, whose long braids dipped into the pool as her body moved back and forth. That was his sister Sosima who was laughing with Mrs. Garcia, a neighbor, who was so huge as to be shapeless. Sosima's eyes met his, and she called out to his mother.

HIS mother sat back on her heels and began to pour out an excited stream of stirring sound.

"My mother," Miguel said to the lady. "She no speak English." He went down to her and confided that he hoped to get a few coppers if he could induce the gringo to buy anything, but that she was a woman beyond his understanding. His mother ceased talking and looked at the woman. The gringo smiled timidly, but his mother's sad, burning eyes never responded.

She turned back to her work. "I must finish your stepfather's clothes," she said. She nodded toward a large basket beside her half filled with little knots of damp clothing. "You could take the basket down for me," she said, "and see if the baby still sleeps."

Miguel explained volubly how absolutely impossible it was for him to do any such thing. He could not lose this woman: the bus had brought so few. His mother sighed. Now that he was nearly a man he could see how small she was. Her face looked thin and pinched beside Aurelia's. He tried to exchange a few words with Sosima, but she said crossly, "Go away. You will not help, and there is much to do."

The top of the hill was the starting place for the slide, and the children who had followed them now gathered around the strange lady. They stood there quietly, just looking at her, and when she asked their names, they did not answer. Miguel had to speak for them, indicating each child in turn—Alonzo, Maria, Ilda, Sylviano, Pedro and Marianne.

"How pretty, oh, how pretty!" the lady exclaimed.

Pedro then asked her name, and Miguel translated.

"Miss Alline," she said. "Margaret Alline."

They tried saying it with smiles, and Miguel loyally said it was pretty, too. Some of the children hopped upon their boards and went bumping off down the cobblestones as Miss Alline began to descend cautiously. Miguel looked at her anxiously for he could see that her shoes were not sturdy. "Need better shoes," he remarked brightly. "You like see Market now?" he inquired. "There we are opal, jade, moonstones, silver. Also plenty shoes. All wait to be sold. You like see? Please you come now?"

Miss Alline agreed that it would be very pleasant. Miguel felt like dancing.

"You are my friend," said Miguel.

They walked down the broad steps, and Miguel greeted the shopkeepers by name, setting about more earnestly trying to help them sell their wares.

"Leder?" he asked, stopping before the bags. Here, too, the saddles and whips were very fine, but she scarcely paused to look at them, so he drew her with excited exclamations to the silver booth where all manner of stones were set in delicate, hand-wrought silver.

Miss Alline was full of interest. "You buy?" Miguel prompted.

She shook her head. "I am just looking, Miguel. I am a very strong-minded woman," she said.

Miguel translated this to the Mexican, the hopeful owner of the silver, who had been hanging upon Miss Alline's every expression, but who now immediately withdrew to give his attention to other customers.

Miguel dragged his feet as he walked beside Miss Alline. "There is ice cream here, Miguel," she said. "Wouldn't you like some?" He was glad to see that her purse could open. He felt a trifle soothed as the cold, sweet, vanilla flavor slipped down his throat, and he indicated the woven cloth, the coats, the serapes and the rebozos.

She stroked one. "What is the price of this shawl?" she asked. Miguel answered quickly, for the shopkeeper knew English, and it was thus that Miguel must keep up his professional standing.

"Two pesos. You buy?"

She shook her head. "I haven't any money to waste," she confessed, "but I do want to get a present for you."

Miguel wondered if he could be sure of his English: he might have misunderstood. "For me?" he asked incredulously.

She smiled warmly. "Who else? Aren't we friends?"

Hopefully he led her to the corner where the toy tables were. In an enchanted blind alley beneath the white awning, sharp-eyed old Lilia Estrada had spread out the most precious things in the Fair. The toys were on two levels within reach of the hand, and in a special place of honor, most wonderful of all, the foreign toys that worked.

As soon as she saw Miguel old Lilia obligingly wound up some of these: the truck with real kegs, the merry-go-round that made music, and a sort of shovel that moved an arm up and down, scooped up a shovelful of sand and then emptied it.

Miguel got down on his knees to *see* this better. He couldn't control his breathing, and his cheeks were hot. "You see? You see this? You like? You like?"

Miss Alline smiled in a superior way. "They are not so interesting to me, Miguel, because they were made in my country, and I have seen so many of them." She asked the price. Miguel and Lilia answered together, for every Market day Miguel spent all of his spare time near these tables. Lilia wound the shovel up again.

"Fifty cents!" Miss Alline exclaimed. "Why you can get them for half that in any store at home. But these are beautiful." She turned to the Mexican toys, and her fingers fondled the little clay doll dishes, the miniature water jugs. She looked at the donkey with its load of baskets. "So small, so cunningly woven," she said. "Just think, you can buy these exquisite things for a few cents, while that ugly toy is fifty!"

"I think it very chip," said Miguel desperately. He seized another toy, a flat doglike image, and laughed at the comic face. "This very chip," he said.

"Put it down, Miguel. It is an ugly, vulgar thing. Hardly a thing to play with."

"Very funny," he said gravely, putting it carefully back in its place.

Old Lilia was now urging them to buy, but Miss Alline did not linger.

As they walked away she said again, "Now, Miguel, I must get you a present."

MIGUEL looked back to the tables. He even took a step toward them, knowing that without hesitation he would choose the magnificent red and yellow shovel that could scoop up sand by itself. But her next words were puzzling. "Perhaps I should get you something to wear," she said half to herself, fingering a serape.

Miguel looked at her quickly to see if she were joking. He waited in suspense. "I should like it to be a good present, a real one," she continued. "It is to remember me by, and I want it to last a long time."

"You think that shovel would last mebbe forever?" asked Miguel feebly.

"The what? Oh, dear, no. Those cheap tin toys . . ." She did not seem to grasp the import of his question. She had seen a shoemaker's shop and was hastening to it. At last, he thought, at last! She would get herself some shoes, and Gimez would give him money, for he was a generous man.

The sandals hung around the doorway in bunches of color, rather like the wreaths at harvest time. Within, Miguel could see Mr. Gimez in his blue work apron seated on a stool and sewing a white braided shoe. Cruz,

The Four Stages of Man

The Horizontal

My squirt knows how to sleep
and eat
And cry and burp and kick his
feet
And chew his hands and smile
and drool;
And I, like any other fool
Whose progeny has struck her
blind,
Feel I've produced a master-
mind.

The Vertical

He sits up in his crib and car-
riage,
And even those who would dis-
parage
An infant's progress, now must
see
He's speeding to maturity.

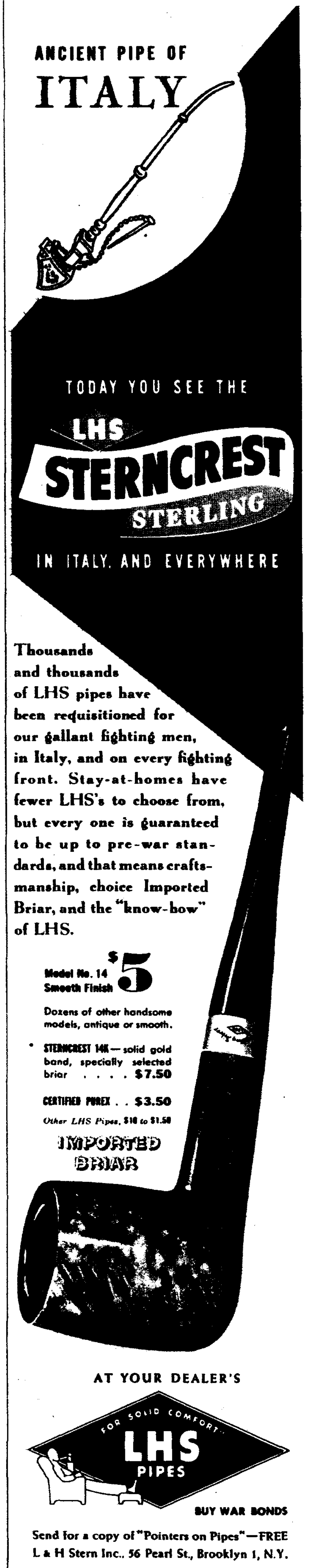
Slow Motion

He crawls, he staggers to his
feet,
Then sprawls on his protesting
seat
Upon the play-pen floor, and
though
His mode of locomotion's slow,
His wanderlustful eyes betray
He's plotting to be on his way,
And doubtless will, because his
yen
To roam is mightier than the
pen.

Perpetual Motion

He never learned to walk at all,
But sped from the Australian
crawl
To running like a frenzied fox
With the endurance of an ox
Descended from a butterfly
Or hummingbird. Although I
try
To train the rabbit not to flit,
He never yet has learned to sit
Upon his chubby *derrière* . . .
He doesn't even know it's there.

—Margaret Fishback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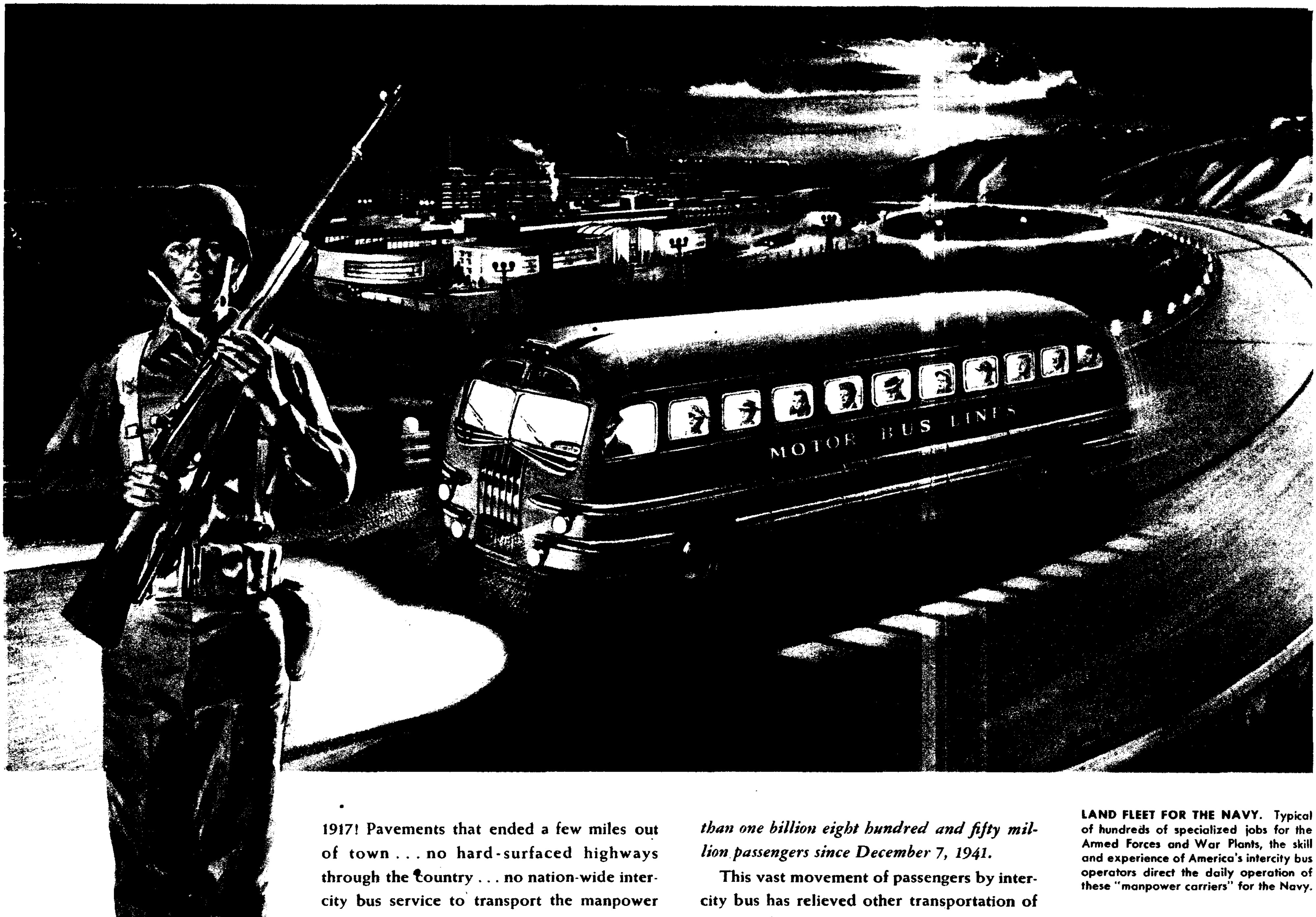
A WORLD OF CHANGE BETWEEN TWO WORLD WARS



SERVING TWO GREAT ARMIES. While serving the great civilian army that's backing up our fighting forces, intercity buses also carry the great majority of selectees—provide an indispensable service for men on leave and on furlough.

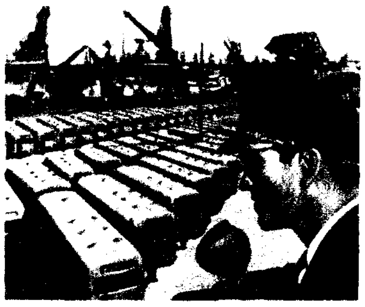
1917! Pavements that ended a few miles out of town . . . no hard-surfaced highways through the country . . . no nation-wide intercity bus service to transport the manpower that makes up warpower. The entire burden of moving manpower fell upon the same transportation that also was asked to carry the nation's freight and war supplies. *That was the picture in World War I.*

But how different is the picture in World War II! Today, more than 390,000 miles of bus line routes criss-cross America. And over these routes, 23,474 intercity buses move a steady stream of manpower day and night . . . to all the war-busy places in the nation. Despite hampering shortages of equipment and drastic reductions of highway speeds, *intercity buses have carried more than one billion eight hundred and fifty million passengers since December 7, 1941.*

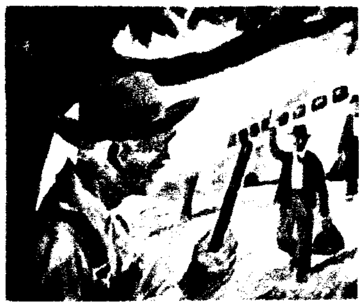
This vast movement of passengers by intercity bus has relieved other transportation of an overwhelming load . . . has proved a major factor in preventing letdowns and bottlenecks . . . in giving the homefront the strongest wartime transportation ever known.

Yes, there has been a world of progress in highway transportation since the first World War. And this progress has only just begun! Tomorrow, intercity buses will reach still more places over greatly improved highways. You will travel in luxurious, newly-designed buses. You will have many more spacious new terminals, improved restaurant and comfort facilities, finer service in every way. *There's a better day of travel coming.*

LAND FLEET FOR THE NAVY. Typical of hundreds of specialized jobs for the Armed Forces and War Plants, the skill and experience of America's intercity bus operators direct the daily operation of these "manpower carriers" for the Navy.



AIDING AMERICA'S FARMERS. With their own sons off to war, farmers depend largely on outside help for planting and harvesting the crops so vital to victory. And in farming communities everywhere, intercity buses bring up the manpower.



MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

his assistant, a few years older than Miguel, sat upon a lower stool near the entrance. Both heads were bent over their work.

"Shoes, please!" called Miguel in a tone of authority. Mr. Gimez rose, and Cruz grinned at Miguel.

"I want to buy my little friend a pair of shoes," said Miss Alline.

Miguel stared at her for an instant of horrified comprehension, and then he began to run.

"Miguel, Miguel," she called after him sweetly. "Come please, don't be shy."

He slowed up and came back. He held his head down so that his hair fell across his forehead and into his eyes. His underlip protruded.

HE MARCHED into the shop. Mr. Gimez was surprised to see him, he thought as he climbed upon a chair. Mr. Gimez said nothing, but he handed Miss Alline the sandal he had been working on.

"Oh, I mustn't, I mustn't," she sighed, holding it in her hand as though it were a little rabbit. "Some day I shall come back and get all the beautiful things in Mexico. Today I must buy shoes for this little boy." She smiled fleetingly at Mr. Gimez. "I promised him," she said, "and I want the best pair in the shop."

COLLIER'S "Let 'em out! Let 'em out!" PERRY BARLOW

Gimez brought out pair after pair, but nothing would fit Miguel's broad dusty foot.

"It's no use putting that on, it's much too large!" cried Miss Alline sharply, taking the shoe from Cruz and measuring it against the foot. Gimez and his assistant both shrugged despairingly.

"I have an idea," said the lady. Miguel climbed down and followed her with alacrity out of the shop. She went straight back to the bazaar. "Socks, Miguel. Socks are what we need," she was saying. Miguel, not understanding at first, soon brought all his talents to bear upon the eventual sale. She bought a pair, which she measured on his foot. He held his leg up like a heron in the marsh and laughed again. She gave him the socks to put in his pocket.

"Don't lose them," she warned. "Now wait here, Miguel, wait right here. I'll be back in a minute, and we will finish buying the present."

As soon as she was out of sight, Miguel held out his hand to Leon Otrampo for the coppers which were owing to him upon the socks. Leon laughed heartily. "Since when would I give a commission on a purchase made for *you?* You have the socks. How much more do you want?"

Miguel sat sadly upon a stone. It was just, of course, but it had been in his mind to give those coppers to Lilia and ask her to hold the shovel until next Market day, when he was confident his luck would change. He feared the shovel would go today.

Miss Alline was nowhere to be seen, and Miguel waited disconsolately. He drew his knees up to his chin and rested his head upon them.

"You look like a little brown animal, Miguel, all hunched up like that," said Miss Alline's voice.

He looked up and smiled at her without changing his position very much. She had a package of an odd shape in her hand. Could it be the steam shovel? His heart was hopeful. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting," she said. "I had to go to the drugstore." She lifted the package and a faint swishing sound came from it. Miguel was puzzled and fascinated, but no more was said until they were again at the shoemaker's. There Miss Alline opened her package and took out three things: first, a bottle of colorless liquid with a blue label on it, and then she unrolled some cotton from a package, and wet a big wad of it.

"This is witch hazel," explained Miss Alline pleasantly. She knelt down beside the chair, and tried to get his feet clean with the wet cotton. Miguel could only stare. The liquid was cool and soothing to his feet, but he was in a tumult of bewilderment. He thrust his lip out.

MISS ALLINE took a fresh bit of cotton and then from the third package drew a piece of thin, soft paper and dried off the foot. "Now, the other," she ordered gaily. He put it out, angry for an instant. It was as though he were his baby brother, and he thought that when she had finished he would jump up and rub both feet in the dust of the roadway and get them dirty again, but that feeling passed quickly. She was asking for the socks. He gave them to her. She put them on him and gathered up the bundles. "Now, please, the shoes," she said to Mr. Gimez.

Miguel protested vehemently that it would be better if she would buy shoes for herself, but she would not listen.

After trying two pair they found some beautiful woven sandals, the leather polished to a high degree, that fitted him very well.

"Walk around in them, Miguel," Miss Alline said, taking his hand and drawing him to his feet. "Be sure they fit."

So these were shoes; these stiff harnesses that made it practically impossible to walk. He gave her a feeble semblance of a smile.

"How much?" she asked Mr. Gimez.

"Four pesos." Miguel looked at her in alarm, but she seemed very cheerful, and gave Gimez a bill and took her change with a happy air. Such extravagance! Miguel looked at his feet with new respect. Four pesos! His family could live a week on that.

He walked proudly but stiffly at her side, and soon the boys began to gather around him and follow them. That was an unpleasant, jeering voice that Pedro was using, and Juan too; but Miguel had the answer. "Cost four pesos," he said, turning his head from side to side, so that all could hear him, and holding up four fingers. This awed and silenced the boys, and unable to think of a fitting retort, they left him.

Miguel stuck by Miss Alline until the bus came. She took his hand as she was about to get in. "Goodby, little Miguel," she said.

"Goodby, Mees, my friend, I wish you pleasant journey," said Miguel with a deep bow. "I thank you."

"Don't mention it, Miguel. I wish I could buy shoes for all the children in the world."

She waved to him from the bus window as it went down the road. Miguel waved back, but as soon as the bus was out of sight he sat on the Cathedral steps and took off the shoes. The socks he thrust into his pocket. Then holding the shoes tightly in one hand, he ran down the broad steps, and tore through the Market until he stopped breathless at the toy tables.

Old Lilia drew her rebozo closer across her breast. "What now? Why the haste?" she inquired.

He handed her the shoes. "Will you for those give me the shovel that works by itself?" he gasped.

She turned them over. "Where did you get them?" she asked him, her keen eyes narrowing.

"The gringo. Four pesos she paid for them. Could I have, could I please have the shovel? Lilia Estrada, I ask you, please."

She considered the matter. She examined the shoes. He waited. She looked at him and nodded. She lifted the shovel from its place of honor and gave it to him.

HE WALKED slowly among the bright wares holding his treasure in his arms. His heart was thumping wildly. Happiness was as painful as new shoes, he reflected in surprise. He almost wept with the emotion which surged up in his throat.

He met Drusaleon. Drusaleon stopped beside him, eyed the shovel and greeted him with deference. "The gringo?" he asked.

Miguel bent his head. "You may come and watch while I use it," said Miguel. "You may even use it a little."

They found a cleared space near Drusaleon's house beside some stunted and gnarled trees. A white turkey gave over to them a stretch of ground he had been scratching.

They stayed there until the stars came out, and the lights of the houses on the mountains twinkled almost to the sky. They could hear the soft voices of people murmuring in their houses in the summer night, or out under the trees, the sounds blending into music, with guitars and singing, and it all floated into the air with a happy humming sound.

It was almost too dark to see when the boys hid the toy carefully in a scooped-out place under a protecting rock, and they sang as they went down the hillside.

They promised each other to meet early in the morning. Miguel felt that Drusaleon was a wonderful boy. A friend. A friend.

He entered the house whistling. His mother scolded him for being late but gave him his tortillas nevertheless.

"Did you get any coppers?" she demanded.

Miguel, his mouth full of tortillas, shook his head. With one hand he put the end of a tortilla into his mouth and with the other he threw the pair of socks upon the table.

"No?" said his mother, her eyes wide. They all gathered around and looked at the socks. "Of what use?" demanded his mother. "What a dreamer she must be." And they laughed again and again.

Miguel joined in and nodded. "A dreamer," he said.

THE END

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We Lived to Tell

Continued from page 23

through those endless months of heat and dampness and attack after attack of malaria: some of the men had as many as twenty recurrences during the year and five months at Davao. We would finish planting the rice, and we would tell ourselves: "At least, we won't have to harvest that rice," but we would wind up harvesting it three months later. With a harvest every three months, it made each year seem like four years. We tried to keep our minds alert. We were afraid we were going Oriental in our thinking as well as our living: we would find ourselves doing things the Japs did, stealing habitually and justifying in Jap-style by elaborate excuses.

To prevent our minds from degenerating, we got up classes in Spanish and even Greek. We would hold regular seminars on politics, religion, world affairs—we settled the problems of the peace table a dozen times a night. A captain of the Engineers would make a speech on railroads in the States, a West Point major told us of life at the Point, we had lectures on popular novels or medicine or mining in China, and of course there was always somebody to give us a talk on Texas. We held meetings of the Cadillac Club; anyone could belong who promised to buy a big super-duper shiny new Cadillac the moment he set foot in Frisco. Or we just talked about women.

The First Christmas at Davao

Or sometimes we would talk about things we did as kids: family birthdays, Thanksgiving, Christmas. That first Christmas at Davao was a tough one to face. We put off thinking about it as long as we could; it was hard to think of spending Christmas in a steamy prison camp six thousand miles from home. Some of the men formed a glee club, and on Christmas morning they got up before dawn, while the rest of us were asleep, and assembled outside the barracks. As it grew light, we woke to the soft harmonies of the Dartmouth Winter Song. We lay there and listened to that song of the north wind and snow and great white cold, the glass by the fire and the pledge of fellowship, and it brought things close that had been very far away.

Sometimes we would have pets in camp to keep us company, dogs or cats or monkeys, but they didn't last very long. The men needed food too badly. Johnny had a dog for a while, an old mongrel bitch that used to follow him around the compound, but one night she disappeared.

He never said anything. After all, the men were starving.

We were too sick and weak to play baseball or volleyball, but we made playing cards out of flattened tin cans, and we marked blocks of wood for dice. The Jap guards couldn't understand our playing games; they had no way of amusing themselves and they were jealous of us. They would try to depress us by telling us over and over that there had been a great naval engagement and the entire American fleet had been sunk. One morning we found these anonymous verses by one of our men pinned on the bulletin board outside the barracks:

Tokyo, June twenty-first,
In the seventeenth year of Shoa;
Imperial Headquarters announced today
The American Navy is no moah.

In the umpteenth battle of the Coral Sea,
Which was fought a fortnight ago,
Ten Yankee battleships and forty-nine subs
Were sent to the ocean flow.

The Japanese losses were very slight;
In fact, are hardly worth mention,
But we list them here so the world may know
Of our honorable intention.

Six carrier pigeons of the Imperial Fleet,
While carrying out their directive,
Either failed to return to base,
Or crash-dived into their objective.

The Jap we hated most was Hashimoto, the one we called Little Caesar. He had just been made an officer, and he was fanatically vain about the fact. He loved to make speeches to us, using the phrase, "I, Lieutenant Hashimoto," every other sentence. "I, Lieutenant Hashimoto, am doing this for you. . . . I, Lieutenant Hashimoto, will treat you fairly." He was one of the ugliest men in the world, ugly even for a Jap, but at least he was manly looking. He was built like a wrestler, with a bull neck and sloping shoulders and short huge legs.

Hashi seemed to be growing more and more erratic lately, flying into violent fits of temper on the slightest provocation, then repenting and trying to make amends. He was doing a lot of drinking, and at these times he would go out of his mind entirely. It was during one of these bad periods that Jim—we'll call him—a young corporal in our barracks, was caught filching a pair of tin snips from the Jap kitchen.

Jim wanted the snips to repair the cook stove in our mess, but Little Caesar assumed automatically that he had stolen them to cut the barbed wire and escape. Nothing Jim said could dissuade him. They dragged Jim over to Jap headquarters, took off all his clothes—they even took off his G-string—and stood him at attention, and Little Caesar began to practice judo tactics on him. He clouted Jim across the face with the heel of his hand, threw him to the ground, kicked him all over the body and in the groin, and stamped on his face with his hard-heeled black leather officer's boots.

After an hour or so, they dragged Jim to the Jap kitchen, made him re-enact his crime and then led him back to headquarters, and Little Caesar went to work on him again. He had had several drinks in the meantime, and the beating that followed was the worst any of us ever had to take.

Hashi kept it up steadily for three hours, until almost midnight. It is hard to imagine a beating like that. You read about it, but you cannot think of it happening to a real person, someone you know. Jim was a kid, from Yonkers, played football in high school; he was a big handsome Polish youngster, well-built and husky, but after that beating, he just dragged himself around and his flesh sagged from his bones. His strength was gone. He hardly had strength enough to swim to shore when our prison ship went down.

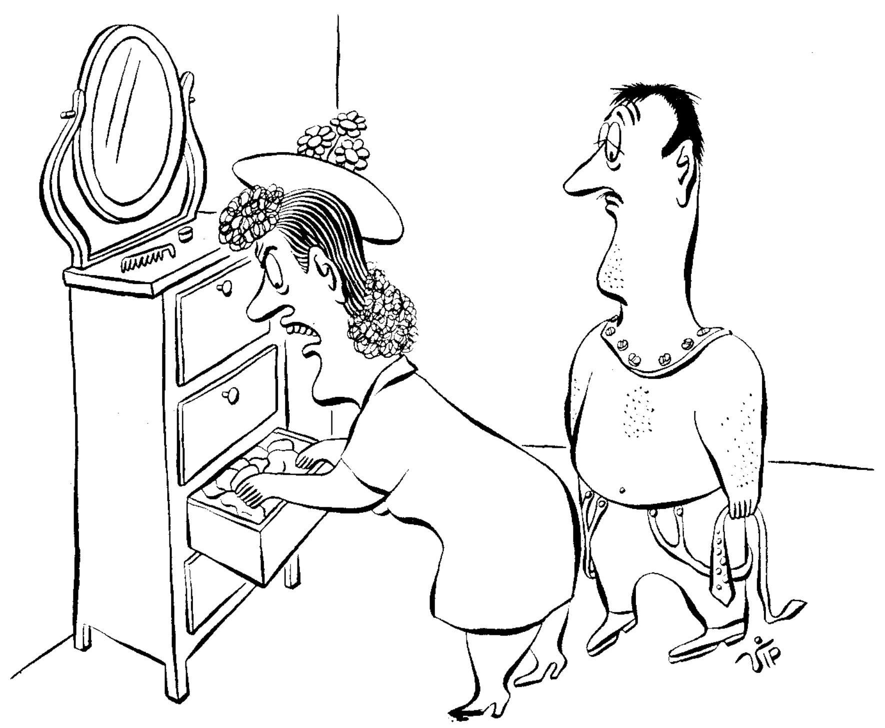
Punishment Beyond Imagining

That three-hour beating was only the beginning. After it was over that night, Hashi held a mock trial, and sentenced Jim to twenty-one days in the guardhouse. The guardhouse was a bare shed with three walls and wooden bars across the fourth side. Jim was kept stark naked the whole time; he didn't even have a blanket. The guards would take turns giving him orders, and laugh. They made him stand an hour at attention, then kneel for an hour, then stand halfway erect. He had to stand at attention eighteen hours a day. He was made to empty the Jap latrines, but he was never allowed to empty his own bucket.

They gave him one meal a day; a Jap guard poked the bowl of rice through the bars with a stick, and often took it away again before Jim had finished. He was supposed to be allowed one inch of water in a canteen cup each day, but sometimes the guards decided that was too much and they would pour half of it on the ground before they handed it to him.

He was beaten every day for three weeks; it was almost continuous. Hashi would get drunk at night and wake him up and give him another judo lesson. By this time Jim was blind from the beatings, and out of his head; one night he hauled off and took a poke at Little Caesar. Hashi ran out terrified and summoned all the guards to surround the guardhouse with fixed bayonets, and then went back in and beat Jim unconscious.

His sentence was supposed to be over in twenty-one days, but they gave him an extra



"I swear, you'd lose your head if it wasn't fastened on"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

day because they claimed that his crime hadn't been committed until after six P.M. On the twenty-second day, Little Caesar personally escorted Jim back to our barracks, gave him food and water and arranged a soft bed for him to sleep on and even fixed Jim's arm that he had dislocated.

It was hard to figure Little Caesar out, until one day he came to our doctor for treatment. He had enormous sores that kept breaking out on his legs, and the doctor discovered that he was syphilitic. Evidently the paresis was beginning to affect his brain. He was growing more violent daily and he loved to practice judo on the Americans. But you would see a kid like Jim stand up and take everything Hashi handed him and not quiver, and it made you proud of your country.

We found out how we felt about our country the night before we left Davao. Someone had smuggled an American flag into camp; no one even knew it was there. We were putting on an informal entertainment in the compound that night, juggling acts and hillbilly ballads and comedy routines. Some of the men had rigged up a backdrop out of an old shelter-half tacked to the wall of the barracks, and the performers stood in front of it and sang.

After a while the Jap guards wandered away from the barbed wire, bored with the show. When they had gone, we double-checked through the audience to make sure there were no spies in the crowd. The Americans were alone. Then the master of ceremonies held up his hand, and in silence he pulled aside the shelter-half, and there it was.

How long have you ever gone without seeing the American flag? We hadn't seen it for two years—since it was hauled down at Bataan. It was just a small flag, torn and faded, and the red and white stripes had run together with the rain, but something happened inside us as we stood and looked at it. We stood at attention, and we sang The Star-Spangled Banner. We had to sing in a whisper so we would not be heard by the guards. There were a thousand men in that compound, and they sang without any sound; the words passed over their lips like a silent prayer. The only sound was when a man began to cry. . . .

We were transferred to Lasang on March 2, 1944. At first we were glad when we learned we were among the six hundred prisoners being moved. We thought nothing could be as bad as Davao. We were wrong again.

Lasang was a Jap fighter strip, from which their planes took off to attack our bombers and ships to the southward. Our job was to enlarge the runway—another violation of international law as we know it, since the Geneva rules state that prisoners of war shall not be required to work against their own country. (To be sure, Japan was not a signatory of the Geneva Convention, saying only that Japan would observe its terms "as far as practicable.") Our barracks were located only four hundred yards from the strip. Either the Japs figured that our bombers would hesitate to hit the airfield for fear of killing their fellow countrymen, or they were determined we should be the first victims of an American attack. We were not even allowed to dig foxholes.

Five hundred and fifty prisoners at Lasang were assigned each day to work on the air strip. The Japs paid us by contract: a private received ten centavos a day, a noncom fifteen, a company-grade officer thirty pesos every two months. Ten centavos is about a nickel a day, and a day at Lasang was twelve hours. We didn't get any time-and-a-half for overtime, and we didn't have any swing bands to keep us working. But there were no strikes or job-shiftings or absenteeism under the Japs.

The other fifty Americans were taken each day to the coral pits at Tabunco. The job there was to dig the coral, break it up and load it into trucks to surface the new runway. The coral pits were eighty to a hundred feet high, dug into the hillside and closed in on three sides. All afternoon the tropical sun would beat against the dazzling white coral, and the inside of the pit was like a polished reflector oven.

A Scene Out of the Inferno

You thought of a scene out of the Inferno, the Japs pointing their bayonets and prodding the naked men wielding sledges and shovels in the fierce heat. The flesh of our faces actually shriveled, and our throats were choked with the fine coral dust. We were half blinded by the white glare. We smeared charcoal over our faces to cut the reflection, but it was no help. We tried making sunglasses out of cardboard, with slits for our eyes, but we had to take them off because they cut our vision and we couldn't see to protect ourselves from falling chunks of coral.

The Jap planes were constantly practicing maneuvers over the air strip, swooping low and buzzing us as we worked. The pilots tried to make us duck and scatter for cover, but we never budged. Sometimes a Jap fighter plane would run off the end of the strip and get stuck in the mud, and they would call a detail of American prisoners to push it out. We Air Corps boys knew just what to do. We would crowd behind the plane where the pilot couldn't see us, and push down hard on the ailerons or bump the tail assembly to spring it out of line. We guarantee that some of those Nip fliers never got back from their next mission.

It did no good to protest to the Japs about working on the air strip. All we could do was slow down and accomplish as little work

Do this FOR COLDS

Doctors advise these 5 basic steps, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS		LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	**Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	**Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	**Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	**Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	**Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add – slowly – half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

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Dry Martini, *71 proof*
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Side Car, *60 proof*
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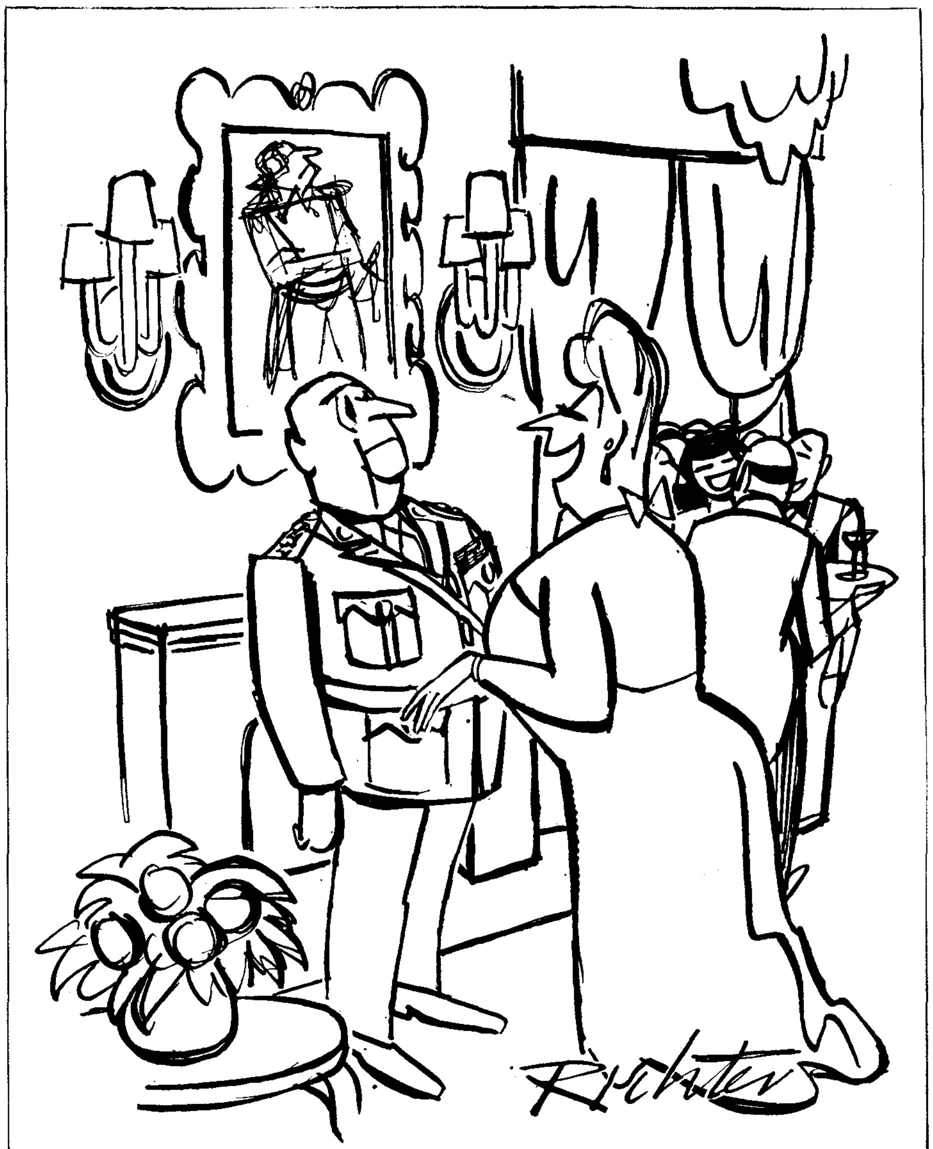


COLLIER'S "Let me congratulate you on your campaign, General. You've got H. V. Kaltenborn in a swivet" MISCHA RICHTER

as we could. The Japs threatened us with physical punishment, solitary confinement, drastic cuts in our already insufficient rations. They made speeches to us at night, pointing out that we were their prisoners and had no rights and must do as they ordered. They reminded us that the Jap soldiers do not surrender. They even pleaded with us, offering us special favors such as increased tobacco rations or more meat if we would work harder.

At last they found a way to make us work. We were digging a drainage ditch at the far end of the strip one afternoon, and we had slowed down almost to a standstill. The shovels rose and fell so deliberately that it looked like a slow-action movie. Lieutenant Hosheda, the Jap commanding officer—Bubble Nose, we called him—finally lost his temper. He selected fifteen Americans at random, and ordered them to quit work altogether. The guards fetched a narrow-gauge railroad rail, and turned it on edge so the sharp side was up.

The fifteen men were made to kneel along the rail, with the middle of their bare shins resting on the knifelike edge. The guards placed round sticks the size of pick handles in the bend of their legs behind the knees to cut off circulation, and made them sit erect with their backs straight, their arms folded high across the chest, and their heads up and eyes straight ahead. Then Hosheda told us that the fifteen would be kept in that position until we had finished all our work and theirs, too.

For the first time, our shovels really flew. We knew what the men were going through: the full weight of their bodies rested on their shins and gradually the rail cut through the skin and into their shinbones. We could see the muscles in their jaws tighten as they bit to keep from yelling with pain, but not one of them let out a peep. We finished the entire job in less than half an hour, but the kneeling men were not allowed to get up until we had cleaned our tools and stacked them in an orderly pile on the field.

When the men stood up at last, the blood began to flow back in their numbed legs, and the agony was unbearable. But Hosheda wasn't satisfied; he ordered us to run the entire two and a half kilometers back to the compound. We had no shoes, the gravel and jagged coral were like sharpened spikes under our bare feet, the fifteen men wobbled and lurched drunkenly on their lifeless legs. But we kept running. We ran so fast we outdistanced those little slant-eyed guards running beside us. They puffed and panted, but they couldn't keep up with us. We ran through the gates in front of them, and we held our heads high and we were glad we were Americans.

That night the first American bomber appeared over Lasang.

A Message from America

We knew it was an American plane the moment we heard it. We had waited two long years to hear that sound. Night after night when the moon was full we would lie awake and imagine the faint drone of American engines in the distant sky. We were on our feet at the first far-off hum. We Air Corps men knew what it was; it didn't stutter like a Nip plane, it percolated with a lovely solid roar. We knew those engines were ours.

Every light in our compound was on. Maybe that would help him find the field. We didn't care what happened to us. Nothing mattered now. We just stood and prayed for him to come.

We could tell by the sound how he was coming. He banked and came down in a dive, and we could hear the wind rushing past his wings. We could hear the roar of those American engines getting louder and louder. It was the most beautiful sound we'd ever heard in our lives. We couldn't shout, we couldn't say anything to each other, we just stood there with the tears running down our faces and waited for the bombs.

Those bombs were from home.

(To be concluded next week)

The Week's Work

Betty Smith

IT SPEAKS well for Ella Winter's standing as a foreign correspondent that men in the same business respect her opinions. When Miss Winter dropped into Collier's office after her return from a six-months tour f duty for the New York Post in Russia. orrespondents Frank Gervasi, Quentin eynolds and Frank Morris gathered around er, asking questions. They wanted to know hat she thought about Russian industry, ussian social developments, Russian postar intentions. When she left, after an hour r so of talk, Gervasi commented, "There's a oman correspondent who knows what it's ll about."

Her article, Stalin's Plans for Germany, . 16, is based on more than formal interews with the members of the Free Germany ommittee in Moscow. She saw these anti-Hitler Germans often enough and over a long nough period to get to know them quite ell. A few of them she had met before, on olidays in Germany. She speaks both German and Russian fluently, which, of course mooths her path to understanding.

Miss Winter traveled to Russia with a Norwegian convoy of 100 ships. It was, she says, perfectly delightful trip, with nine congenial passengers, six men and three women. board her ship, and with fine weather hroughout the month it took to get to Alexndria. The cargo was dynamite.

She flew to Moscow via Teheran and Baku, nd settled at the correspondents' headquarers, Hotel Metropole. From there, she traveled extensively, visiting industrial cities and farming villages, destroyed towns and forward areas where the Germans had been only day or two before. She saw the German oncentration camp in Klooga, Estonia, and alked there with survivors of Nazi brutality. n Moscow she met Prime Minister Church-l, Anthony Eden and General Charles de Gaulle.

This, Miss Winter's third trip to Russia, erved to increase her admiration for that ountry's people, confirming views she expressed in Red Virtue, a book she wrote a ew years ago.

Miss Winter was born in Melbourne, Ausralia, and was educated in England. She got her introduction to politics as a member of the British Labor Party's parliamentary ommittee. She attended the peace confernce in Paris as secretary to Doctor Felix Frankfurter, now a U.S. Supreme Court Justice.

Ella Winter

BETTY SMITH, whose best-selling novel, A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, brought her fame, has written her first short story—The Cancellation, p. 11.

"About this story," she says, "some people will tell me that they know it's a true story. I'll get mad and shout, 'No!' Others will say, 'It's pure imagination. It never happened.' I'll get mad at that, too, and yell, 'It did so happen.' I'll be right both times. I heard that it takes one ton of violet blossoms to make one ounce of violet essence. A blossom is not the essence, but the essence is the distillation of all the blossoms. It seems to me it's that way with a story. You study a hundred small towns to write a generalization about one small town. You converse with a hundred people to get one paragrapn of realistic dialogue. A hundred real people do not make a story. But the writer's imaginary *feeling* about a hundred people may make one real-seeming character in a story.

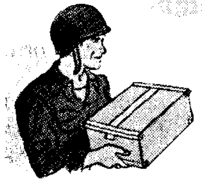
"In the year since my book came out, I've made about twenty train trips—bond-selling tours, personal appearances at Army camps, naval bases, etc. This story is the distillation of those trips. I have some loose statistics. Ten per cent of the time, I had a reservation. Fifty per cent of the time I traveled day coach. Forty per cent of the time I got a last-minute canceled reservation. On these twenty trips, roughly thirty-eight parents, wives or sweethearts read me letters from their men in the services. I observed about eighty servicemen with their faces turned to the train windows—men who didn't want to talk to anyone. Hundreds would talk to anyone at all —they were that lonesome. On eighteen trips, someone in the car had a bottle which he wished to share. I met some soldiers on furlough who were counting the seconds until they got home; I met as many more who said they weren't going home; that they preferred a good time in New York instead. So in about a year, all this accumulated material seemed to make a bale about ten feet each way and weighing a ton. It crowded me. So I subjected it to intense heat and then intense cold. I got a residue of a few ounces of fine powder. I stirred in half a cup of imagination and let it rise until double in bulk. I punched it down and let it rise again. Then I garnished it with my present favorite song, I Dream of You. That's the story of the story.

"Actually, I wrote it this way: I was in New York New Year's eve. I had several invitations to go out. But I felt somber that evening. I thought of all the boys on the fighting lines. I knew I couldn't be happy at a party. So between midnight and four in the morning, I wrote this story, thinking of all the lonely fighting boys away from home. In the morning, I put it in an envelope and addressed it to Collier's. Why that magazine? Because long before my novel came out, one of its editors (Allen Marple, fiction editor) asked me to submit a short story to him sometime. I said I'd submit the first short story I ever wrote. I did, and he accepted it. . . .

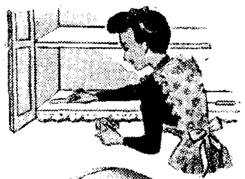
"Personal things: I'm very superstitious. I consider Friday my lucky day and start all important things on that day. I'm superstitious about the number 5 (maybe because both my names have five letters in them). I have one word that I consider my lucky word. The word is 'somber.' Invariably I get this word into everything I write. A lot of people don't believe it, but my real name *is* Betty Smith. I have a nickname, however. It seems sort of funny, but my nickname is 'Elisabeth.' " . . . A. P.

WELL, OF COURSE

I know this is a job for "Scotch" Tape!



. . . **but right now** "Scotch" Brand Tapes are sealing cartons that carry supplies to our armed forces . . . doing so many other war-important jobs that home-front chores must wait.



You've likely shelved a lot of "Scotch" Tape tasks—like mending torn pages and sealing packages and holding shelf paper neatly . . . waiting for the day you can get at them with your first roll of postwar "Scotch" Tape.

But your fighting man's *not* waiting. He's getting all he needs and he'll continue to get it . . . as long as he needs it.

Some day though, you'll get "Scotch" Cellulose Tape to your heart's content . . . and listen—it'll be a *better* transparent tape . . . more convenient, more useful than ever.

SCOTCH Cellulose TAPE

FOR QUALITY . . . look for the "SCOTCH" trademark.

It identifies the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U. S. A. by Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., Saint Paul 6, Minnesota.

SCOTCH Cellulose TAPE
BRAND

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Collier's

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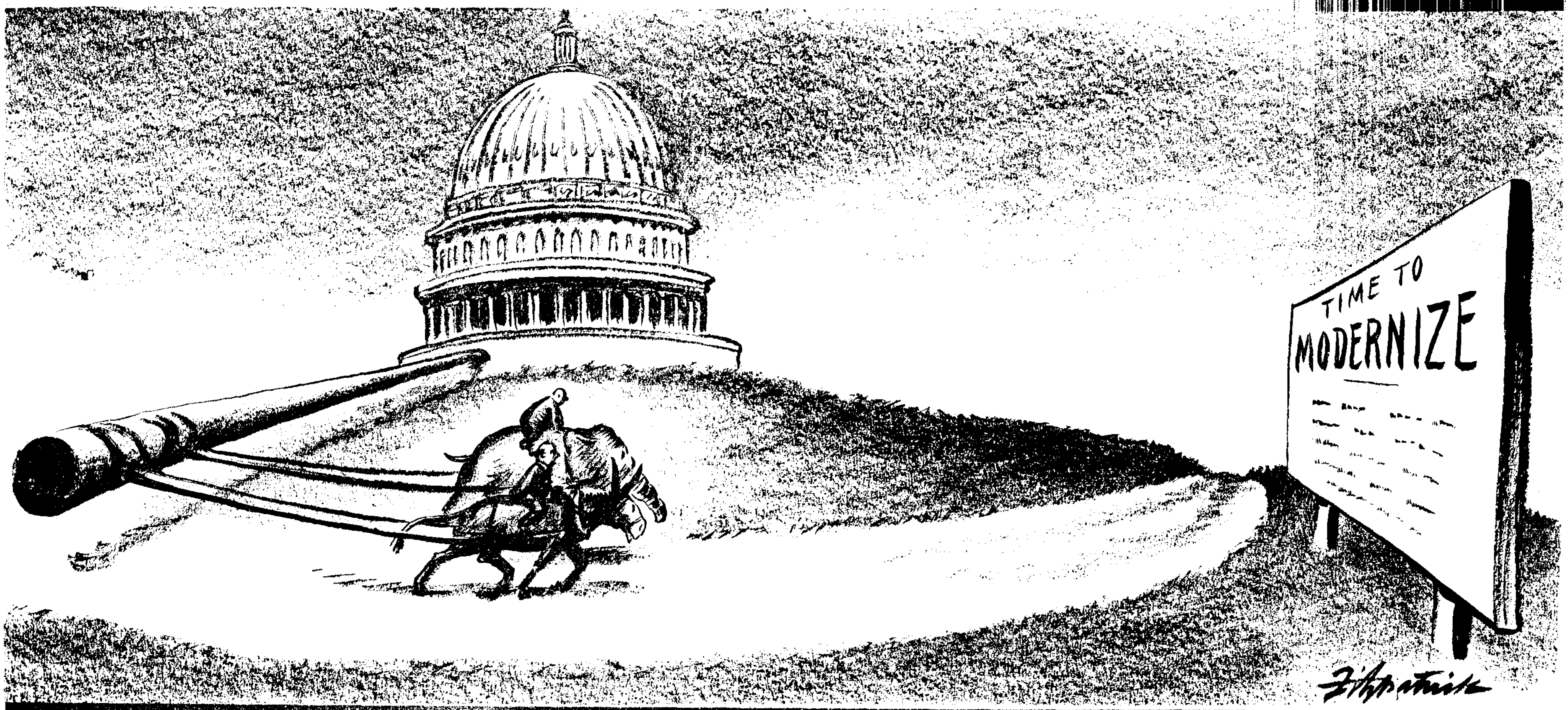
HENRY LA COSSITT
Editor



BRING CONGRESS UP TO DATE

ONE of the great and important lawmaking and deliberative bodies of the modern world is the Congress of the United States. Yet many—probably most—Americans have a peculiarly inconsistent, dual attitude toward this lawmaking body.

To put it in rough English, we kick the Senate and the House around, and discourage their own attempts to modernize their procedures and vote themselves adequate pay and retirement pensions; and then, when they fail to come up with some expected near-miracle, or to act with courage and decisiveness, we kick them around some more.

It is now being proposed by an increasing number of persons that we revise this attitude toward Congress, and that public opinion get behind some reforms and improvements which Congress would be glad to adopt if it were reasonably sure the general public would approve. The most important of these modernizing measures are summed up in a pamphlet recently got out by Robert Heller, Cleveland business consultant, at the request of the National Planning Association.

Mr. Heller makes 14 recommendations all told. They all look good to us, except that there are two which obviously must wait till the end of the government's fight against wartime inflation. These are the recommendations that Senators' and Representatives' salaries be raised from the present $10,000 to $25,000 a year, and that retirement pay be granted beginning at age 55 on a sliding scale up to $10,000 a year. With the government trying to hold the line against inflationary wage increases and rising prices, such measures would not be advisable now. Later on, though, we hope such adjustments in Congressional salaries will be made, and some kind of retirement compensation arranged, so that worries about finances and the future can be lifted off these public servants' minds.

The other Heller reforms could be adopted at any time.

One of them that we particularly like is the suggestion that Congress set up its own research bureau, which can dig up facts and background material in a hurry on any subject at any member's request. Many other government agencies, and virtually all successful business concerns, have research offices, and Congress needs such a tool for the more efficient and better informed conduct of its business.

Another Heller suggestion is that experiments be tried with personal appearances of Cabinet members before House or Senate for question-and-answer sessions. The scheme would be analogous to Messrs. Churchill's and Eden's appearances before the House of Commons to tell why they are acting thus and so.

Safeguards would have to be set up against undue browbeating of Cabinet members by overaggressive lawmakers, against making these sessions sounding boards for pressure groups' pet projects, and so on. But their true purpose could be achieved, after some fumbles and missteps; and that purpose would be to establish closer contact between the Executive and the Legislative branches of the government, and to broadcast information on important national problems in an interesting and dramatic way.

The other Heller recommendations are pretty technical, having mainly to do with speeding Congressional procedure, but we believe they all merit Congress' careful attention. We think the time has come for this great assembly of the American people to bring itself up to date, and for the people to show a friendly interest in any efforts it may make to do so.

MEMORIAL TO THE MAYOS

WE'VE had our share of great and popular physicians in the United States, but we know of none who have been more widely admired than the Mayo brothers of Rochester, Minnesota—Doctors Will and Charlie Mayo, who died within a few weeks of each other in 1939.

It is a pleasure to learn that plans are now afoot to set up a Mayo Memorial of the kind which would gratify the Mayo brothers most. It is to be a big addition to the University of Minnesota's medical school, in the form of a 12-story building to house a memorial auditorium, research laboratories, conference rooms, operating rooms, a nursing school and a postgraduate department.

The building will round out the present excellent University of Minnesota medical school so as to make it more than ever the outstanding institution of the kind between Madison, Wisconsin, and the Pacific Northwest. It will cost about $2,000,000.

Doubtless many of the millions of persons who have either admired the Mayo brothers or benefited in some way from their great contributions to medical science will feel it a privilege to help defray the costs of this memorial.

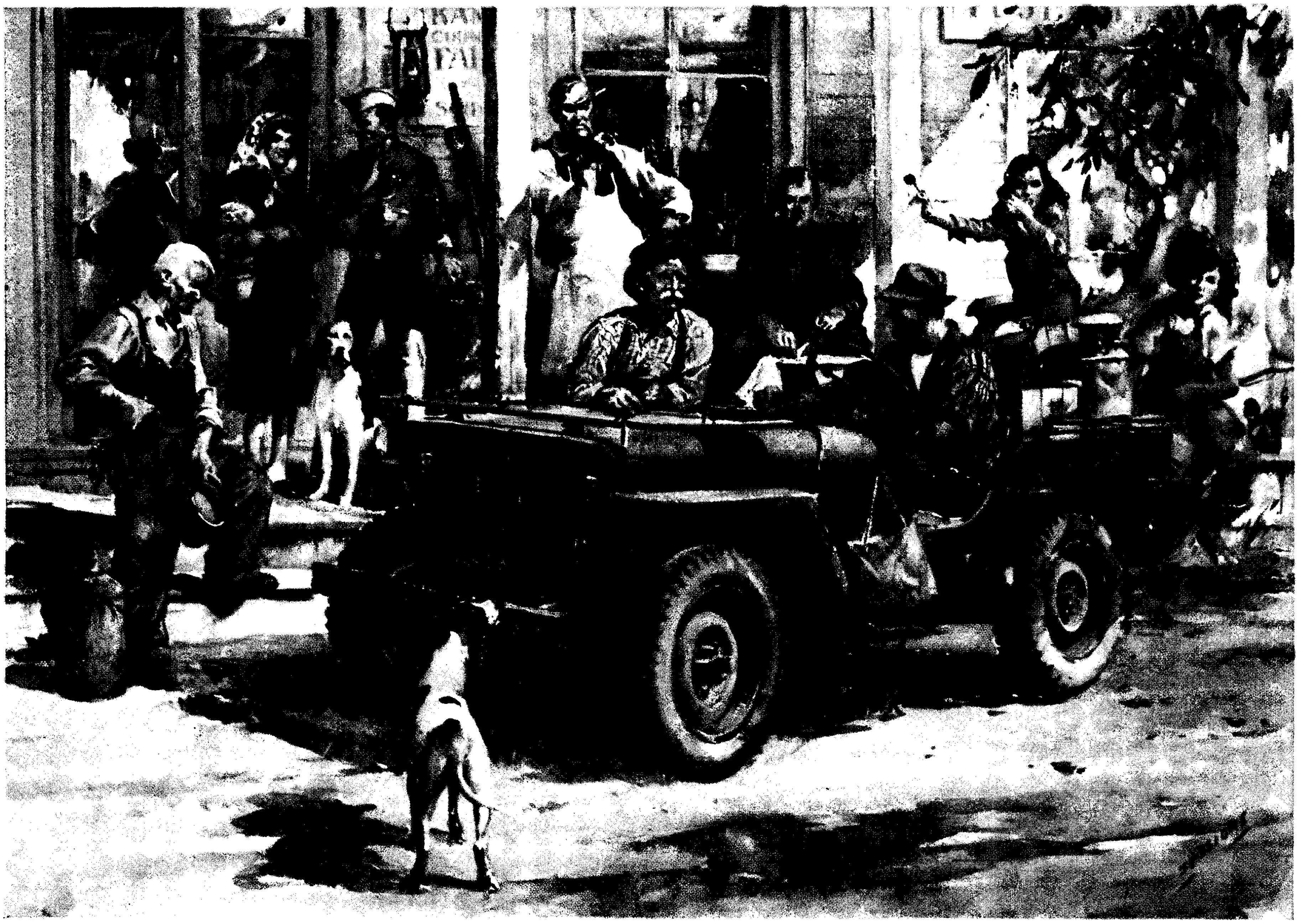
$200,000,000 FOR THE RED CROSS

THE American Red Cross' annual drive begins this month—March—and the goal is $200,000,000; any additional millions gratefully accepted.

It hardly seems necessary, in this fourth year of our participation in World War II, to go into any hand-wringing hysterics or extended appeals on behalf of the American Red Cross. We are all familiar by this time, or we should be, with the organization's outstanding services in innumerable phases of the war effort, at the fighting fronts, in noncombat areas, and on the home front.

The Red Cross is not without its flaws, as is true of any relief, business or other organization anywhere. But its over-all performance, year in and year out, for the alleviation of human suffering, especially in wartime, is so tremendous and far-reaching as to merit contributions from all of us to the limit of our several abilities.

• • *To millions of people all over the world* **"JEEP"** *means* **WILLYS** • •



The Sun Never Sets On the Mighty "Jeep"

JEEP-PLANNING!

" 'Will she pull a plow?' . . . 'What's her draw-bar horse power?' . . . 'Bet she'd be great stuff on a hay loader or a hay hook!' . . . 'Can she do 60 on the highway?' . . . 'How about pulling a binder and running a separator?' . . . 'How about road grading and snow plowing?' . . . 'Will she buzz wood?' . . . 'Will she haul a corn picker and fill a silo?' "

Not only farmers but men in all walks of life and in all kinds of businesses are eyeing the amazing "Jeep", with postwar uses in mind.

On every battlefront and in every country touched by this war both soldiers and civilians link the names "Jeep" and *Willys* together. Are *you* Jeep-planning? Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo 1, Ohio.

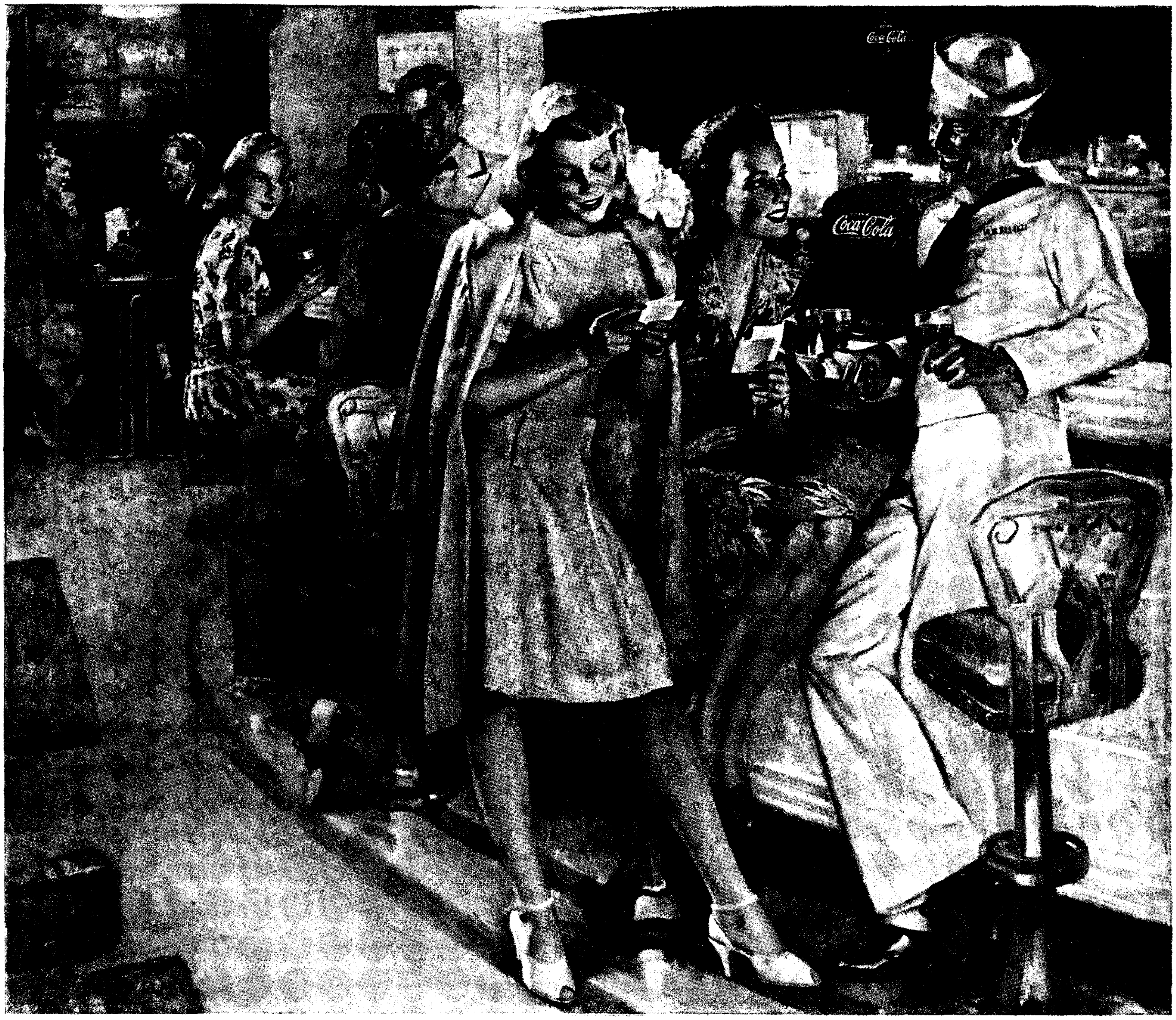
★ ★ ★

A Michigan Farmer says:—

"From where I sit, the tough 'Jeep', with its great war record, has already set a standard for post-war transportation and work. This 'Jeep' is *new, modern*—the kind of equipment that can be made to serve both farm and city at work or at play. Willys has done an *historic* job."

Willys *Builds the Mighty* **'Jeep'**

So glad to see you... Have a Coca-Cola



...or today's friendships help make the future

Down where springtime is on the way... and on up north from there... sentimental is the word for them all. Miss America, G. I. Joe, Mom and Dad, you and the folks next door just naturally want to make friends. When you meet up with someone whom you are glad to see, try the greeting *Have a Coke*. When you invite people to share *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola, they know that you have your hand out and your heart open. Next time you meet, they will want to be the first to say *Have a Coke*.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".

Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK
Coca-Cola
-the global high-sign

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke.

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